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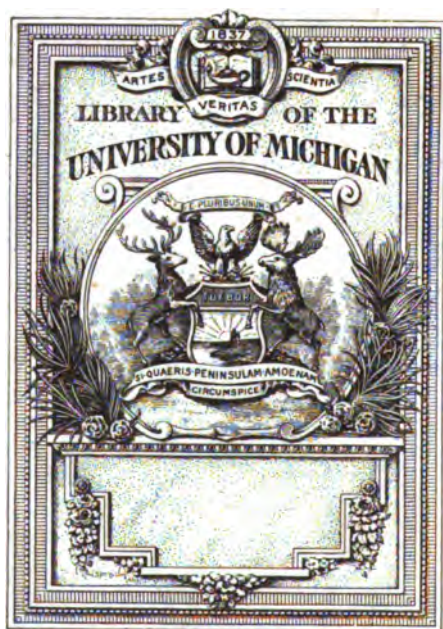
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No. 1.

A BLACKHAWK VETERAN AND AN IOWA PIONEER.

BY J. W. RICH, LIBRARIAN STATE UNIVERSITY, IOWA CITY, IOWA.



JOHN S. TILFORD was born in Clark county, Indiana, July 30, 1811, and died in Vinton, Benton county, Iowa, June 30, 1893. His parents were natives of Rockbridge county, Virginia. The family moved at an early day to Kentucky, thence to Indiana where they made a "clearing" and established a home. The educational opportunities of those early pioneers were conspicuous by their absence. At the age of sixteen the subject of this sketch had never met with one of these opportunities, and so he was apprenticed to a trade, cabinet-making. However, it was not proposed to send him out into the world entirely without educational training, so it was stipulated in the agreement that during the four years' service, he should have "board and four months' schooling." The full four years were served, the board was had, and one week's schooling was enjoyed—or endured. The schooling was cut short because of the worthlessness of the teacher. That was the beginning and ending of school-life for young Tilford.

When the call came for volunteers for the Blackhawk War, the subject of this sketch was one to respond, enlisting at Charlestown, Indiana, July 4, 1832, in a company of U. S. Rangers, under Capt. Lemuel Ford—term of service one year; pay one dollar per day, the soldier finding his own horse and accouterments, except saber and holster pistols. Rations were allowed when they could be had. When rations could not be had, the soldier foraged, and was allowed ten cents a day commutation.

The company marched by way of Indianapolis to Fort Dearborn—now Chicago—where it went into camp for a few days' rest. Resuming the march westward, the company came up with Gen. Winfield Scott, with the regulars and some Illinois volunteers, at Dixon's Ferry, on Rock River. It is probable, though Mr. Tilford could not be certain of it, that Lieut. "Abe" Lincoln was one of the Illinois volunteers at Dixon's Ferry. The march was continued to the Mississippi at Rock Island, though the war was really over before the command reached its destination, having closed with the battle of Bad-Ax in August.

In September, Gen. Scott treated with the Sac and Fox Indians, on the present site of Davenport, and Mr. Tilford was present with his company. On the conclusion of the treaty, the troops crossed back to the east side of the Mississippi and went into camp, where they encountered a more relentless foe than the untamed sons of the forest and prairie—the cholera! So virulent and fatal was the disease that the camp was designated "camp cholera." Mr. Tilford was himself one of the victims, though he fared better than some of his comrades. The disease resisted all efforts of the medical staff, until Gen. Scott, in sheer desperation, so the story goes—and Mr. Tilford's recollection confirms the story—undertook himself to treat a case. He ordered an attendant with a supply of flannels and a pail of brandy to meet him in the tent of a soldier dangerously ill with the disease. The general himself, with coat off and sleeves up, began a vigorous exter-

nal application of the brandy—not forgetting the internal as well. The result was highly satisfactory, and the treatment was ordered continued.

The close of the war did not terminate the service of the Rangers. There were other Indian difficulties to be settled in the Southwest, and marching orders were issued for Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory. The precise date of breaking camp on the Mississippi, I am not able to fix, but a diary kept by the young soldier fixes a date soon after the march began, so that they must have broken camp about the middle of October. The diary which lies before me is brown with age, is water-stained and bears unmistakable evidence of having seen service. It begins abruptly, as though a portion was lost, as is evidently the case. The entries are brief, as might be expected, but they were made with a regularity and constancy that might well make many another would-be diarist envious. From the 25th of October, to the 30th, of the following April not a day is omitted.

The first entry, Oct. 25, 1832, locates the marching column, and the entry is as follows:

“T. 25. This morning is rainy. The Capt. is gone again—never here. Boone company came up. We came together again and took up the line of march; traveled 11 miles; came to the Missouri River opposite City Jefferson, the capital of Missouri. This is a pretty bottom, timber mostly cottonwood—very lofty timber. I don’t like this river, on account of the sand-bars, snags, etc.”

It is not my purpose to publish this diary, or to extract largely from it, though there is a charm about the simple story of the uneducated soldier-boy that is almost irresistible, telling as it does of the marching of a handful of men, poorly armed and equipped as we would now think, through a trackless wilderness into the Indian country.

The day following the above entry, the companies crossed the Missouri “and camped close above the City of Jefferson.” Here they “drew beef” and “salted it away,” but “someone stole it before day.” But notwithstanding the loss of the

beef ration, the march was resumed next morning, in "rain and fog" toward Booneville. On the 28th, they marched through a "hilly, flinty, barren country," and a stream was forded swimming high. On the 29th, a march of thirty miles was made to Booneville. Two days later there was an inspection for pay, but no pay.

November 1st, each man drew "15 to 20 weight of flour to last to Fort Gibson," and the march began the same day. The next day they were cheered by letters from home, brought in by comrades who had been out after "deserters," and on Sunday the 4th, they attended a Methodist meeting in "Pilot Grove Meetinghouse." On the 6th there was snow and it was "cold as Greenland,"—and to add to the discomfort of the weather, "corn is scarce," though the distress in this regard seems to have been relieved two or three days later, for they foraged "corn, whisky, pumpkins, fodder, honey and chickens."

The first Indians were encountered on the 8th, at the crossing of the Osage River, but they were apparently harmless Kickapoos. Corn was worth here "five bits a bushel." James Fork of White River was reached and crossed on the 12th, at a "Delaware town," and the command was about "all sick." Here they pound corn meal to eat, and the next day march over some of "the worst road I ever saw," to a camp on White River, where "corn is a dollar a bushel and the closest neighbor is 25 miles." The Arkansas line is reached on the 15th—"half the men without flour," but corn is found at Fayetteville, for 37 cents a bushel. Snow is encountered again on the 18th and it is again "cold as Greenland."

The territory of the Cherokee Nation is reached on the 19th where there is "snow to lay on the ground—cold and frosty"—and corn, selling for 50 cents a bushel in the evening, goes to a dollar next morning. In the Cherokee Nation they find "rich Indians who own negroes, hogs, horses, and cattle."

The command reached Fort Gibson on Grand River, Nov. 22d, being one month lacking three days on the march from Jefferson City. At the fort they found a garrison of five or six hundred regulars, and "plenty of provisions—flour, pork, beef, etc." The diarist also laconically remarks that there is "plenty of game, ditto Indians."

Without delay the command selected a camp and proceeded to build winter quarters of logs. Tilford and a comrade cut fifty "house-logs" in one day. He seems to have been called upon to do much of the fine work about the new quarters, such as laying floors—of "puncheon" probably—building bunks, making tables, and the like.

There was but little of special interest in the camp during the winter—not many incidents to break the monotony of camp-life. New Year Day was celebrated by the firing of guns and pistols, by the cutting of a bee-tree, and the capturing of a coon. On the 4th of January the camp was flooded by a rise in the river. The record says, "the water is at the door and the horses are on knolls all over the cane-brake—some are swimming;" and the following day the men were engaged in "boating the horses to dry land." Later in the month, there was a court-marshal, though nothing is said as to the occasion for the trial. And a few days later there was an attempt to treat with the Indians, but apparently without success.

Steamboats made frequent trips up and down the river, and they sometimes had hard work to keep off the shoals. On the 19th of February, the steamer Spy came up, "passed the mouth of Grand River and ran aground." The next day application was made at the camp for assistance in getting her off, and several of the soldiers volunteered. They were in the water several hours and were thoroughly chilled. In this condition one of the men attempted to swim ashore and was drowned.

On the 9th of March, young Tilford records of himself that he "come off guard, had cholera morbus, took 60 grains

of calomel and 60 drops of laudanum," from which he suffered severe salivation, though he was alive and "some better" next day—well enough to make record of the fact that there were several hundred Osage Indians in camp to talk treaty. But no treaty was concluded and the Indians began to leave on the 29th.

The month of April passed much as preceding months had passed, until the 21st when orders came to be ready to march west, to the Red River country, by May 1st. The last entry was made in the diary April 30th, when there was a final inspection, and the march began the next day. The orders were to march with one month's rations for a campaign of two months' duration—and it proved to be a hard campaign.

After being a few days out, deserters stole a considerable portion of the flour ration, and during a large part of the campaign, the command was without flour, vegetables or salt, on account of which there was much suffering. The writer hereof had it from Mr. Tilford's own lips, that he at one time offered a dollar for a half-pound of flour. At another time he offered his horse, bridle and saddle for a pound, but found no taker.

While on the march between Canadian and Red rivers, a hunting party was out after buffalo. Sergeant Abbey ran a buffalo into a grove and himself into an Indian camp—and he was never heard of afterwards.

The Rangers returned to Fort Gibson after two months, in a half famished condition, and young Tilford was there mustered out. From there he went to St. Louis and so on to his old home in Indiana, where in the spring of 1834, he embarked in the business of furniture dealing, at the town of Franklin. In April, 1835, he married Margaret J. Young. He was attracted to Iowa on a prospecting tour in 1849, and was so well pleased that he returned in 1851 and bought the beautiful tract of land on which the town of Vinton (Benton county) now stands. A town was already located, about two miles distant, and a post-office established, when Mr. Tilford

bought; but a moderate money consideration settled the fate of the rival town, and left the field to him. A town was at once laid out on the south bank of Cedar River, named Vinton, and the post-office was transferred to the new site.

An incident in connection with the naming of the streets of Vinton is worth mentioning. One particular street, Mr. Tilford insisted on naming Railroad Street, declaring that when the railroad came, it would certainly run through the town on that line. At that time, the iron horse was lost somewhere on the prairies of Illinois, having left Chicago, but not yet having come in sight of the Mississippi. The expectation was realized—the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroad runs through Vinton on Railroad Street.

Mr. Tilford brought his family to Iowa in 1852, and they have always been among the foremost in promoting the material, intellectual, and moral prosperity of the people of the town and surrounding country. Mr. and Mrs. Tilford were two of a band of nine persons to organize the first Presbyterian church in Vinton, June 27, 1852. And both lived to see a membership exceeding five hundred carried on the church rolls at one time, with a fine church edifice over their heads, costing more than \$40,000. To this building Mr. T. was a liberal giver, and he always was liberal in its support. He also carried an open purse when other societies than his own were endeavoring to provide themselves with places of worship.

The lack of early school opportunities, Mr. Tilford felt very keenly, and the knowledge of having missed many advantages and pleasures that many others enjoyed, on account of better early training, made him an earnest supporter of all enterprises, whether public or private, that had for their object the establishing and improvement of schools. A few years ago, he donated several acres of ground, at Vinton, for the establishment of a private academy, contributing money also to aid in the erection of buildings. About two years ago he made another donation of ground, from the block

occupied by his private residence, for the erection of another building for the same institution—Tilford Academy, now one of the most flourishing private academies in the state. This gift was also accompanied with a money subscription.

“Father Tilford,” as he came to be called, always had a pleasant greeting for his friends, a liberal hand and a warm heart for the poor and those in distress. He was a benefactor devoid of ostentation and patronizing airs. That he was loved by the community in which he had so long lived and for whose highest good he always labored was amply shown when the time came to lay him in the last resting place. Business was suspended and nearly the entire community turned out to do him homage.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF IOWA HISTORY, GATHERED FROM THE RECORDS OF CONGRESS.*

BY ELIZABETH H. AVERY, POST-GRADUATE STUDENT IN IOWA COLLEGE, 1893, HAMPTON, IOWA.



THE deplorable fact that much of the original material for the study of Iowa history, especially in the earlier years, has been allowed to disappear, makes a careful investigation of everything accessible doubly important. The most readily available sources of information are probably the Congressional records, and from them the facts presented in this paper are almost exclusively drawn. It will be at once apparent, therefore, that a full, symmetrical presentation has not been attempted.

*The author spent much time in its preparation in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

As intimated there is need of supplement in the matter of discussions which led to the rejection of the first constitution.

We hope in our next number to give such information from one who was prominent in the public discussions and who can give fully the reasons for the popular refusal to accept the boundaries submitted by Act of Congress.

At almost every step the work needs to be supplemented with facts drawn from other sources. The discussion in Congress as to granting the desired boundaries to the State is no more valuable than the discussion in Iowa on the same subject. Much light would perhaps be thrown on the action of Congress, if we could know all the reasons on which the people of the would-be state grounded their demand for the Missouri as their western boundary.

Again, the opinions of Iowa Senators expressed in Congress would have more (or less) weight, if we could know to what extent they were endorsed by their constituents. Whether material anywhere exists for the elucidation of some of these points is doubtful. If it does, it is much to be desired that it should be brought to light and a careful study of it be made. At least in the absence of much that would be worth knowing, it is worth while to learn all that we may.

The references in this paper unless otherwise specified, are to the Congressional *Globe* and its successor the *Record*, for the specified sessions.

In the autumn of 1844 a Constitutional Convention met at Iowa City and framed a constitution which was speedily submitted to Congress together with a memorial, setting forth that the Territory had attained a population of more than 80,000, and expressing their expectation of an early admission under the guarantees of the treaty with France. The enabling act passed by Congress March 3, 1845, made certain changes in the boundaries and rejected some of the propositions of the ordinance appended to the Constitution. The people, however, refused to ratify the Constitution as thus amended, but the work of the second convention which met in 1846 was accepted by Congress and ratified by the people. This bare outline of the steps by which Iowa became a state, is familiar to every one, being found in all the county histories, but the story of the boundary disputes preceding her admission, though much more interesting, is less generally known.

The boundaries demanded for the State in the Constitution

of 1844 were substantially those finally granted, except that from the mouth of the Sioux the northern boundary line was to run north-east to about the present location of Mankato, Minn., thence along the Minnesota River—then called St. Peter's—to the Mississippi River.

(See U. S. Ex. Doc., 1844, Vol. 4, Doc. 5.)

A large slice of what is now Minnesota would thus have been included in the State, while a small corner of Northwestern Iowa would have been left out in the cold.

It at once appeared that there was decided opposition in Congress to granting the desired boundaries on the south, west, and north. The opposition to the southern boundary came from Missouri. As her claim dates back many years, it may be well to consider it before taking up the discussion in Congress.

The Constitution of the State of Missouri defined her western and northern boundaries as follows: "A meridian line passing through the middle of the mouth of the Kansas River, where that river empties into the Missouri * * * to the intersection of the parallel of latitude which passes through the rapids of the river Des Moines, making the said line correspond with the Indian boundary line, thence east from the last point of intersection along said parallel of latitude to the middle of the channel of the main fork of the river Des Moines, etc."

The Indian boundary line was one run in 1816 by John C. Sullivan to settle the boundaries of lands ceded to the United States by the Osage Indians, and is frequently referred to as "Sullivan's line." The description was doubtless supposed to be definite at the time, but the phrase "the rapids of the river Des Moines" proved sufficiently ambiguous to be the pretext for a long and angry dispute between Missouri and Iowa. The whole controversy, when stripped of all extraneous matter, seems to turn almost entirely on the question whether the framers of the constitution intended to designate certain rapids in the Mississippi River opposite the mouth of the

Des Moines, which the early French settlers called "Les rapides de la riviere Des Moines" literally translated—"The rapids of the river Des Moines," or whether they meant rapids in the Des Moines, which as some claimed were to be found at the great bend near where Keosauqua now stands.

In 1831 Missouri added to the memorial regarding annexation of territory on her western border the request that Congress take measures for settling her northern boundary line, saying, it "is vague and indefinite," and "we are not informed of the precise location of the rapids of the river Des Moines."

(See Ex. Doc. 1830-31, Vol. 2, No. 71.)

Gov. Miller, who was a member of the Constitutional Convention, vetoed the memorial on the ground that he was confident the northern boundary was run and marked by Sullivan, though the record could not then be found.

(Reports of U. S. Com. 1841-2, Vol. 4, No. 791.)

The memorial was passed over his veto, but Congress took no action. In 1837 Joseph C. Brown under the authority of the State Legislature of Missouri made a survey. Meantime the Territory of Wisconsin had been organized and viewed with alarm the prospect that Brown's line, considerably farther north than Sullivan's, might be adopted as the boundary and thus encroach upon her limits. Accordingly her delegate in Congress was instructed to use his best exertions to secure the appointment of commissioners to settle the boundary. The claim was put forth in her Legislature that Missouri had accepted the old Indian boundary line without complaint till certain persons interested in the half-breed reservation between the Des Moines and Mississippi hoping to extend their territory, asserted that the rapids were *in* the Des Moines farther north than those in the Mississippi; and that then Missouri took up the claim and provided for the survey as stated above.

Congress authorized the appointment of commissioners, but by that time it had ceased to be any concern of Wisconsin, for the part of her territory west of the Mississippi had been organized as the Territory of Iowa.

The U. S. Commissioner, Albert Miller Lea, made a long report accompanied by several important documents.

(Ex. Doc., 1838-9, Vol. 10, No. 128.)

From this report it appears that Sullivan's line, beginning in the Missouri River opposite the mouth of the Kansas ran one hundred miles north then—*according to the field-notes*—due east one hundred and fifty and one-half miles to the Des Moines River, but for want of proper corrections of the needle, its course was really, as shown by later surveys, north of east by about $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Lea discussed four possible lines.

First—Sullivan's line, which has in its favor the almost uniform reference to the point one hundred miles north of the mouth of the Kansas River as the northwest corner of Missouri. On the other hand it is an oblique line and the law calls for a parallel of latitude. Moreover it does not pass through any rapids of the Des Moines, and hence is not a legal line though from its long use as such, it might be proper to establish it by legislation.

Second—The parallel of latitude passing through the old northwest corner. It is not known whether this line passes through any rapids.

Third—The parallel passing through the Des Moines rapids in the Mississippi. The argument for this is that the rapids are the point of paramount importance in determining the boundary as established by the constitution and that by general notoriety the rapids in the Mississippi were known by the name given in the description.

Fourth—The parallel passing through the rapids in the Des Moines near the Great Bend. This was the line surveyed by Brown in 1837. In favor of this line he refers to letters of John Scott and Wm. Milburn, stating their recollections that these rapids were the ones intended by the framers of the State Constitution.

Lea's conclusion is, that the first line is equitable but not legal, the second line is neither equitable nor legal, and that the third and fourth both fulfill the conditions of the law.

Meantime the Legislature of Missouri had declared Brown's line the northern boundary of the State, and the authorities of Clark county undertook to levy taxes in the adjacent county of Van Buren, Iowa. These attempts were resisted, proclamations were issued, and troops called out on both sides, but no blood was shed and the militia was soon disbanded.

(Ex. Doc. 1841-2, Vol. 3, Doc. 141.)

Subsequent attempts at legislation accomplished nothing, and when Iowa framed her constitution in 1844 she demanded Sullivan's line for her southern boundary. Missouri at once protested in a long memorial.

(Ex. Doc. 1845-6, Vol. 10, No. 104.)

Congress finally left the matter to the decision of the Supreme Court. The unanimous opinion of the judges was in favor of the old Indian line, and they appointed commissioners by whom the line was run and marked with iron pillars at intervals of ten miles. The final settlement of the matter was at the December term, 1850, long after the admission of the State.

(Howard's Reports, Vols. 7, p. 660 & 10, p. 1.)

Coming back now to the time when Iowa applied for admission under the constitution of '44, we find the House Committee on Territories reported a bill for her admission with the desired boundaries, on the ground as stated by Mr. Brown, of Tennessee, the chairman of the committee, that "the people of Iowa, were there, had settled the country, and their voice should be listened to in the matter."

(Globe, Vol. 14, p. 269.)

Mr. Duncan, of Ohio, moved an amendment which, if adopted, would have made the boundary thirty to fifty miles farther north than it is at present, but would have reduced the width of the State by more than one-third. Over this amendment the controversy began. The chief speaker in its favor was Mr. Vinton, of Ohio.

(Globe, Vol. 14, App. p. 330, seq.)

He objected to "having territory formed into large states at the North and small ones at the South."

Mr. Vinton did not doubt that, if Congress would "let the people of Iowa cut and carve for themselves, they would have their State extend to the mouth of the Columbia." His speech was largely a repetition of the arguments he had used in the previous Congress, though he criticised Mr. Rathbun for representing it to be a question between the Northern and Southern States.

It would be interesting to know in this connection on what grounds the people of Iowa, afterwards so ready to assist in preserving the Union, resisted the efforts of the Ohio gentleman to use them in maintaining the balance of power. The political views of the Democratic majority in the Territory may have had something to do with it. But the commercial importance of the Missouri River was probably the most influential factor in determining their action. The fact that they receded from the northern boundary at first proposed, but obstinately clung to the Missouri and the Sioux as their western boundary seems to indicate this. The speech of Mr. Dodge also points in the same direction. He was quite sarcastic in his reply to Mr. Vinton and Mr. Rathbun. To quote his language: "It was most unfortunate for us, sir, that the bill for our admission came before this House when gentlemen from a certain section of the Union, however much they may attempt to deny the fact, were smarting—ay, almost agonizing—under the then recent annexation of Texas. In their phrensy to preserve what they regarded as the balance of political power between the slave and non-slave-holding states, they were prepared to do almost anything, to override the deliberately considered report of one of the most respectable committees of the House, and to vote in favor of State lines, of the propriety and expediency of which they knew almost nothing."

In favor of the western boundary he said, "Looking to a connection with the Pacific Coast and the Asiatic trade the

boundary of the Missouri River is of the utmost importance to us, as it is to any system of internal improvements by which our Mississippi and Missouri towns are to be connected."

He also stated as a serious objection to the boundaries established by the previous Congress that the Des Moines, capable of being made navigable for several hundred miles, and passing through a country of unsurpassed fertility, already becoming densely inhabited, would thereby be cut in two. In concluding the address he admonished the House that "if the amendment of the gentleman from Ohio should prevail they might as well pass a bill for our perpetual exclusion from the Union. Sir, the people of Iowa will never acquiesce in it."

The bill as finally passed accepted the boundaries proposed in the constitution of '46, practically the same as those of '44, except on the North, where the line was $43^{\circ} 30'$ instead of the Minnesota River.

Enough of the debate has been given, I think, to show that it was really one episode in the never-ceasing contest for the balance of power between the different sections of the Union.

Some ten years later, the State Legislature memorialized Congress for the addition of the delta of land between the Missouri and Sioux Rivers and south of $43^{\circ} 30'$. Although the Committee on Public Lands urged the passage of a bill making such addition it was never passed by the House.

(House Jour. 1856.)

The years following the admission of Iowa were years of "storm and stress." Great questions of national policy, involving indeed the very life of the nation, were vigorously, at times angrily, discussed on the floor of Congress, and some of them were fought out on the battle-field. The war record of the State is elsewhere written, but her Congressional record, so far as I know, has never been gathered from the dusty volumes in which it is buried amidst a mass of other material. To indicate briefly, and if possible, with perfect fairness, the views of her Congressmen—and incidentally and by infer-

ence, of her people, upon some of these great questions is all that can be attempted here.

On the subject of slavery and the various compromise measures which were undertaken, Iowa Congressmen always spoke with no uncertain sound, albeit there was a remarkable change in the tone in the course of a few years.

Speaking on the omnibus bill May 28, 1850, and claiming to represent the views of a majority of his constituents, Senator Dodge professed to be opposed to "slavery in the abstract," but said he should support it just as far as it formed a part of the constitution, and claimed that the Democracy of Iowa took their stand against the Wilmot Proviso during the Mexican War and had maintained that position ever since. He professed himself a warm "friend of the admission of California" and "willing and anxious for the passage of the fugitive slave bill." On this last measure he said, "I can answer for my constituents that they are not negro-stealers, though they live right on the borders of a slave State. True; some of the Missourians did once come with their rifles to a certain Quaker settlement after some fugitive slaves and they got them."

(1st Sess. 31 Cong. p. 1085.)

Senator Dodge was probably never a stockholder in the underground railroad.

At the first session of the next Congress, Senator Jones presented some resolutions of the Iowa Legislature, setting forth that, "there has been a disposition in portions of the North and South to set at defiance the compromise measures of the previous Congress and that whatever may be the opinion of individuals as to said measures, it is the duty of all good citizens to carry them out in good faith, seeking their modification or repeal, if such should be necessary, in the manner contemplated in the constitution and the laws."

Senator Jones said he "was certain the resolution reflected the sentiments of the Democratic party and of a small portion of the Whigs of Iowa." The latter party, however, he

said had declared for the Wilmot Proviso in county and state conventions. Representative Clark in presenting the same resolutions in the House said the people of Iowa "are no admirers of the special institutions of the South, but they are willing the people of the South should manage their own affairs in their own way."

(1 Sess. 32 Cong. p. 700.)

During the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Senator Dodge declared himself a "sincere believer in the doctrine of squatter sovereignty;" characterized the bill as "the noblest tribute which has ever yet been offered by the people of the United States to the sovereignty of the people;" denounced unsparingly abolition sentiments; said that Mr. Sumner "was wafted into the Senate upon an abolition tornado, which himself, Wendell Phillips and others succeeded in raising against the compromise measures;" and claimed that, but for the feeling excited by abolitionism, emancipation measures would be set on foot in some of the Southern States. He also said that he and his colleague (Jones), and Senator Sturgeon, of Pennsylvania, were the only three Senators from free states who voted for the fugitive slave law. "Since then," said he, "my colleague has been returned to this body without an objection, so far as I have ever heard, from either Democrat or Whig, on account of the votes to which I have referred."

(1 Sess. 33 Cong., App. pp. 376-382.)

In the House Mr. Henn, the Democratic member, in the course of a speech in favor of the bill said that the Iowa Whigs had three times coalesced with the Abolitionists, and at their last convention had nominated state officers who were subsequently endorsed by the Abolition convention as "sound."

(1 Sess. 33 Cong., App. p. 885, seq.)

Mr. Cook, the Whig representative, published a speech in opposition to the bill which he had intended to give in the House. In this he says, that "the people of Iowa without distinction of party were prompt to endorse and acquiesce in

the compromise measures of 1850, regarding them as a *final settlement* of the subject."

(1 Sess. 34 Cong., App. p. 669, seq.)

So far as I have been able to discover this was the first utterance of Whig sentiments on these questions from any Iowa congressman. But in 1856, Senator Harlan made a long speech on the bill to authorize the people of Kansas to form a constitution and state government in which he argues affirmatively two questions. First: Has Congress power to exclude slavery from the territories? Second: Ought this power to be exercised in the organization of territorial governments where slavery did not previously exist?

(1 Sess. 34, Cong. App., p. 270, seq.)

Senator Jones replying to this speech, asserts that Senator Harlan's sentiments were not those of a majority of the people of Iowa.

(App. p. 405, seq.)

Perhaps he was right, but if so, either the sentiments of the people underwent a rapid change, or their State Legislature misrepresented their views, for in the following winter Congress received a joint resolution of the Iowa Legislature from which I make the following extracts:

"WHEREAS, under the Constitution of the United States, freedom is national and slavery is sectional; believing that the peace, welfare, and honor of the country imperiously require that our national domain shall be preserved free for free homes for free men; and believing it to have been the policy of our fathers, dictated by reason and exalted patriotism, to inhibit the extension of slavery and make freedom the law of our national progress. Therefore,

Resolved, That we are unqualifiedly opposed to the further extension of slavery within the jurisdiction or by the sanction of the general government, and insist that Congress shall exert all constitutional power to preserve our national territory free."

(House Doc. No 38, 3 Sess. 34 Cong.)

The probability is that the popular views in Iowa, as elsewhere, were undergoing a change, for up to the Thirty-third Congress the Iowa delegation in both houses was Democratic—their views on the questions dividing the parties being perhaps sufficiently indicated by the citations previously made. In the Thirty-third Congress one Whig Representative appears, from which time other changes in the delegation are made till the Thirty-sixth Congress, in which all the Congressmen from the state were Republican. In the second session of this Congress, February 15, 1861, Mr. Vandever made a long speech in the House on the state of the Union, the occasion being the report of a committee on the Crittenden resolutions.

(2nd Sess. 36 Con., p. 939, seq.)

In this speech he argued against giving further guarantees for the protection of slavery in the slave states, said the question of all other questions to be settled was the right of secession and appealing to history for evidence of the assertion declared that, "every particle of sovereignty any one of the original thirteen states has was derived through the Union and from no other source."

All through the war period, we find the members from Iowa supporting the measures for arming and emancipating the negroes. In the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress both Senator Grimes (p. 1650, seq.) and Senator Harlan (App. p. 315, seq.), and in the third session Mr. Wilson (p. 680, seq.) made earnest pleas for the former measures. From Mr. Wilson's speech we learn that at the previous election Iowa supported the administration by a larger Republican majority than ever before, and Senator Grimes declares that, "the northwestern states will submit to no temporizing or compromising policy."

Senator Harlan in the course of his remarks made what seems a rather original argument for emancipation. It was in substance this: "The monarchies of Europe have never had any hearty friendship for the Republic and would be glad of any pretext for helping on its destruction. But they can

not interfere with a pretext that will meet the approval of the moral sense of mankind." "They may induce the rebel states to adopt an act of emancipation as a condition of recognition. They can then exhibit the North to the world as persistent prosecutors of a war for dominion and against the interests of humanity."

During the same session of Congress (p. 1357, seq) speaking of the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia he replied with much ability to those Senators who feared amalgamation or wholesale murder as a result of the measure.

In the third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, Senator Grimes told the Senate what the people of Iowa thought of the Emancipation proclamation in the following words: "It came to us while I was canvassing the state preceding the last October election, and it was hailed by loyal men of all parties who were anxious to put down the rebellion * * * as one of the most efficient means of bringing it to a successful conclusion."

But while, so far as I can discover from the records, Iowa Congressmen agreed in favoring emancipation measures, there was division among them on the question of negro suffrage. In the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress (pp. 222-242) Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Price, and Mr. Wilson argued in favor of the bill providing for negro suffrage in the District of Columbia, while Mr. Kasson made a long speech opposing the bill because it did not exclude rebels from voting, because he wanted an intelligence qualification, and because it made no provisions for registration.

From the debate between him and Mr. Price, I gather that at the previous election for Governor in Iowa, negro suffrage was an issue, and that the Democrats put up Col. Thos. H. Benton, Jr., a Republican opposed to the measure, who was defeated, though the Republican majority was cut down from 40,000 to 16,000. It also appears that at a meeting of Davenport citizens resolutions were passed endorsing all the Iowa delegation except Mr. Kasson. He, however, charged that

the majority in Scott county, previously the banner county, was cut down from twelve hundred to fifty or sixty, apparently on this issue.

Before passing on the reconstruction period, I cannot forbear to quote a eulogy on Iowa troops which I find in the records although it hardly comes within the scope of this paper. It is to be found in a speech of Senator Harlan's on the battle of Pittsburgh Landing.

(2 Sess., 37 Cong., p. 2036.) •

He was criticising Gen. Grant for his conduct at that battle, declaring that Iowa troops had no confidence in his fitness to command—the whole passage is curious reading when one remembers the enthusiastic admiration of Iowa and Iowa soldiers for the general in later years—and in the course of his remarks he requested the secretary to read a paragraph from the *St. Louis News*, from which I quote the following sentences:

“Iowa is a young State, but it is the home of heroes. With the present war she has begun a war history that yields in splendor and honor to that of no state in the Union, and no country on the globe. * * * * Her soldiers are as modest as they are brave. * * * * But when the storm of blood begins they are the guiding and governing heroes of the tempest. * * * * When a perilous assault is to be made, somehow or other, there is always an Iowa regiment or the wasted shadow of an Iowa regiment to lead it. * * * * All our western troops have been heroes, but the Iowa troops have been heroes among heroes. The Iowa First, Iowa Second, Iowa Fourth, and Iowa Seventh, are bodies of men who would have given additional luster even to Thermopylæ, Marathon, Austerlitz, or Wagram, and all Americans may be proud of Iowa.”

From the debates on the reconstruction measures numerous citations might be made to show that Senators and Representatives from Iowa were opposed to receiving the rebel states without guarantees of their future loyalty and good faith in

carrying out the Constitutional Amendments. But it is perhaps more important to note their views on the much discussed question of the exact status of the South after the secession acts. As early as the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress in his speech on the militia bill (App. p. 315, seq.) previously alluded to, Senator Harlan argued that states could cease to exist "either through the madness of their own people or in consequence of the superior strength of their enemies," citing as examples Sparta, Judea, Scotland, and Poland; said that the methods employed in suppressing insurrection assumed that the seceded states were no longer states, and they therefore must either be held and governed as territories, or their independence must be acknowledged. In his opinion, of course, the former method should be followed. Later on, in the second session of the Fortieth Congress (p. 1072, seq.) he supported the same view and also held that the governments formed under President Johnson's proclamation of March, 1865, were void, not having been made "in pursuance of any law, state or national, statutory or constitutional," and not being "the fruits of the voluntary action of the people of these states." He thought, however, that such illegalities and informalities might be remedied by act of Congress.

Mr. Loughridge also, in the second session of the Forty-first Congress (App. p. 28), said the people of the rebellious states even during the war were not out of the Union but out of their proper practical relations, that they had forfeited their rights, and that Congress had the power to make any law necessary to guarantee a republican form of government in those states.

At the same session (p. 441, seq.) Mr. Palmer spoke of "the failure to discriminate between the rights of a state which has by its voluntary crimes forfeited its equality of prerogative in the Union and a state which has not," as "a fundamental error."

So far as I am able to learn from the records, there was substantial agreement among the Iowa members on the main

questions of reconstruction with some differences on matters of detail. Mr. Kasson, for example, believed that Congress had no right to establish martial law except where insurrection still existed.

(2 Sess., 39 Cong., p. 1105.)

The question of impeaching President Johnson occupies much of the time of the Fortieth Congress. Mr. James F. Wilson was one of the House Committee but did not favor the majority report, and made a speech Dec. 6, 1867, (App. p. 62, seq.) in which he argued at some length against some of the points made in the report. By the 24th of February, however (p. 1386, seq.), he became convinced that the case was clear through the violation of the tenure of office act. During the same month also, Mr. Allison, Mr. Loughridge, and Mr. Price made speeches favoring the impeachment. (App. pp. 201, seq., 203, seq., 222, seq.) But on the trial of the case in the Senate Senator Grimes rendered his opinion that the President had not been guilty of an impeachable offense in either of the articles preferred by the House and, widely as he differed from his political views and measures, he could not be influenced by that fact in his vote; while Senator Harlan found that the acts of the president "were a clear violation both of the constitution and of the law * * * performed deliberately and wilfully for the purpose of defeating the latter."

When the presidential election of 1876 was in dispute, Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, was a member of the committee that reported in favor of an Electoral Commission, and made a long speech for the measure.

(2 Sess., 44 Cong., pp. 932-935.)

Mr. Pratt, however, opposed it (p. 1037) as creating a tribunal unknown to the constitution. He with Mr. Kasson and Mr. Tufts voted against it. Some expressions of opinion from the people of the state also found their way into the records. Representative Sampson in speaking on the bill says, "I have regretted to find that they [the Iowa people]

were not more earnestly in favor of this measure; but the last word I received, a telegram on yesterday, has the true ring. It was "Hold the fort! Country before party! The people will sustain a peaceful solution! This was signed by men whose Republicanism is as strong and pure as exists in that Republican state which gave to Mr. Hayes whom we hope to see President by fair and righteous means, nearly 60,000 majority."

On the other hand, shortly after the passage of the bill, Senator Wright received and presented in the Senate the protest of Samuel Merrill and about one hundred other citizens of Des Moines. In doing so he said he thought they misapprehended the purport and scope of the act, and that he knew when he voted for it that the Republicans of Iowa would at first be almost unanimously opposed to the measure, since they believed there could be but one honest result.

The questions thus far considered were long ago settled so far as Congressional action could settle them. There remain others which are still to some extent "burning questions," on which I have consulted the records down to the Forty-eighth Congress. Most prominent of these is, perhaps, the tariff. As early as the third session of the Thirty-fourth Congress, resolutions of the Iowa Legislature were presented favoring the repeal of the duty on iron, on account of the expense of building railroads and the fact that the national revenue exceeded expenses.

(House Mis. Doc. No. 51.)

In the first session of the Thirty-sixth Congress (p. 2020, seq.) Mr. Curtis said that he wanted protection afforded business enterprises that would develop the latent resources of Iowa. and in the next Congress he objected to a bill for raising revenue by duty on such articles as tea, coffee, and coarse sugar, on the ground that it would impose much heavier burdens on the people of the northwest than of other sections, and declared that the tax would not be sustained by the country.

(1st Sess. 37 Cong. p. 175.)

In the next Congress Mr. Grinnell argued for a protective

tariff, and said that if he understood the western states they did not intend in future simply to raise grain and send it to Europe, but meant "to build up a noble rivalry between the Mississippi and the Merrimac."

(1st Sess. 38 Cong., p. 2684, seq.)

It was in the second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress however, that Iowa Congressmen first made any extensive remarks on this subject. A bill for providing increased revenue from imports being under consideration Senator Grimes made a long speech in opposition to it. (p. 696, seq.) Evidently times change and opinions with them, for some passages in this speech would have been excellent campaign literature for Democrats to circulate with President Cleveland's free trade message. I quote a few sentences: "Two or three large manufacturing interests in the country, not satisfied with the enormous profits they have realized during the last six years are determined at whatever hazard to put more money in their pockets; and to this end they have persuaded some and coerced other manufacturing interests to unite with them in a great combination demand for what they call protection to American labor, but what some others call robbery of the American laborer and agriculturist. * * * * Mr. President, this mad-dog cry of 'free trade and British gold' passes by me like the idle wind. * * * * I have known nothing so alarming in the whole history of legislation in this country as the methods that have been adopted to secure the passage of this bill. The people have not asked for it * * * it is solely demanded by the manufacturers of iron and a few wool agriculturists and speculators who call themselves the wool-growers of the country." Later in the same day Senator Kirkwood said he had listened with interest to the remarks of Senator Grimes, but had not determined how he should vote. He thought the tendency of the bill was to tax everything the people of Iowa used and to afford very little protection to anything they produced. It appears that he finally voted with Senator Grimes against the bill and said that he

did so because he thought the tariff too high, not because he was opposed to a proper protection of manufacturing interests.

The remarks of the Representatives (pp. 1540-1657) are not quite so definite as those of the Senators, but they seemed to consider the bill, except in the matter of wool, more favorable to the East than to the West.

Mr. Grinnell made a speech (App. p. 147) favoring the protection of "chosen industries," especially wool.

Concerning the tax on tea and coffee, Mr. Loughridge said (2 Sess, 41 Cong. p. 2355 seq.) that it was a war tax which might be entirely abolished; that it was a *per capita* tax, taxing the poor man more than the rich one. Again (p. 2381) he says, "my own impression is that whatever reduction there may be of taxes will be in favor of the wealth of the country and of capital instead of in favor of the poor man and in the interest of labor."

During the same session of Congress, Mr. Allison made a long speech (App. p. 190 seq.) which he probably would be unwilling to subscribe to to-day, so true is it that thinking men are forced at times by argument, by the logic of events, or by some subtler agency to change their views. In this he expressed the opinion that generally the tariff adds to the cost of manufactured articles, said the tariff of '46, though confessedly a tariff for revenue was so far as regards all the great interests of the country as perfect a tariff as we have ever had, and proposed a reduction of twenty per cent on all the leading articles. He also said the duty on wool and woollens though not an intentional fraud acted as a fraud on the great body of the people. As to the effect of high duties, he said, "I warn those who so pertinaciously insist on a retention of these high duties upon necessary articles that they only hasten the time when a more radical change will be made in our tariff laws." Again, (p. 233) "I say it is an injustice to the great body of the people for the manufacturers * * * * * to insist upon a continuance of these exorbitant rates of duty and to denounce men who are against them as in favor of free trade, when the

gentleman knows as do all those men that such a thing as free trade is impossible in this country."

Still another Iowa man, Mr. Cotton, argued against a tariff for protection, (2nd. Sess. 42nd. Cong. p. 1914 seq.) and said that the requests of memorialists praying for it, were "nothing less than requests that Congress should aid them to obtain better prices than they otherwise could," and he did not believe manufacturers who merited success needed any such rates.

In the Forty-third Congress Mr. Allison and Mr. Kasson favored a duty on flax in the interests of western farmers.

(1st. Sess. 43d. Cong. pp. 4368 and 4370.)

They said under the stimulus of such a duty the farmers formerly began its culture, but Congress suddenly cut off the duty, since which it had been raised only for seed. Their claim was that it was simple justice to the farmers to restore the duty. Mr. Kasson said (p. 5402) that he had letters showing that nearly ninety flax-mills went out of existence in consequence of its being placed on the free list. On the general subject of the tariff Mr. Kasson expressed himself as follows: "My whole study in the adjustment of the tariff question is so to arrange it that we do not prohibit the introduction of any article and do not prohibit the manufacture in America of that same article if it is within our power to manufacture it." - (p. 4318.)

In the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress he made a long speech favoring protection but said he thought there was common consent that there should be revision. He expressed the opinion, however, that the politicians in Congress, with rare exceptions, had not sufficient practical acquaintance with the industrial interests of the country to deal with the question properly, and that a commission of experts was desirable. (pp. 2348-2355.)

In the same Congress, Mr. Carpenter expressed himself as opposed to sudden or radical changes in the system under which industries had grown prosperous. (p. 2741.)

Mr. Dering also spoke on the subject, saying that he believed

in "giving reasonable protection to American productions and in encouraging and sustaining our home industries especially those which furnish employment for labor and tend to reduce prices through an increase in the supply of manufactured articles, but he did not "believe in running mad on protection," thought the iron interest had been too exacting, and that any considerable tax on fence wire and lumber which were indispensable to western farmers, would be a discrimination in favor of the few against the many, and said he should vote to put them and sugar very nearly on the free list.

Another important and much discussed question is the Currency. The members from Iowa with substantial unanimity favored the redemption of the public debt in coin, the resumption of specie payment as rapidly as might be safely done with due regard to the business interests of the country, and the issue of nothing but honest money. In the third session of the Fortieth Congress, Mr. Price put himself on record as supporting the bill to strengthen the public credit and to pledge the faith of the United States for the redemption of the notes in coin. (p. 1882.)

Mr. Wright in the Forty-second Congress, (3d. Sess. p. 1105) and Mr. Loughridge in the Forty-third, (1st. Sess. App. p. 215 seq.) expressed themselves as believing that the country needed more money rather than contraction, and the latter gentleman thought a sufficient circulation would be the speediest road to specie resumption and the best guarantee of the public credit.

Mr. Kasson said he had a letter from a farmer in his district "recommending him not to vote for a single measure looking to the depreciation of paper," and he expressed himself strongly in the same direction.

(43 Cong. 1st. Sess. pp. 2965-2967.)

Mr. Cotton said he would "not favor having the Government engage in any financial operations which he would condemn as impolitic in an individual," * * * "would not have the Government break any of its pledges," and again, "in legis-

lating upon the currency nothing should be done to impair its credit." He was "opposed to any severe measures to bring about specie resumption" but thought "we should face steadily in that direction."

(43 Cong. 1st. Sess. pp. 2590-2593.)

Mr. Sampson, while thinking the best possible plan for resumption had perhaps not been adopted, declared that resumption was not the cause of hard times, but that they were rather due to the "enormous indebtedness, national, state, municipal, corporate, and individual," to speculation, extravagance, and misdirection of energies, all growing out of the war. The remedy he proposed was "rigid public and private economy, lightening taxation as much as possible, encouragement and protection to useful and legitimate employment of both labor and capital, very gradual and steady reduction of indebtedness * * * and an abandonment of the theory that we can make absolute money out of paper that will wipe away our national indebtedness."

(1st. Sess. 45 Cong. pp. 498-500.)

At the same session, Mr. Burdick opposed the repeal of the resumption act (App. p. 49 seq.) though he was willing to vote for an extension of time. In his view the cause of hard times was that money did not circulate freely enough, as business men being timid were contracting their business.

Mr. Cummings (App. p. 7) took a similar view and thought it best to set vigorously about the coinage of silver and to postpone action upon the date of resumption.

Mr. Price argued that contraction of the currency had not arisen from resumption but from excessive taxation of the national banks, and hoped Congress would keep its promise of resumption. (pp. 275-280.)

During the third session of the same Congress (p. 1788) he endorsed remarks made by Mr. Garfield to the effect that if Representatives had sense and honesty enough to let the currency alone we should be in a better condition financially than by any other measures.

Mr. Cummings also, speaking in favor of the resumption policy of the Republican party and against "fiat money" thought it best to cease tinkering with the currency.

When the question of remonetization of silver was discussed in the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress, Senator Allison, and Representatives Burdick, Price, and Dering all spoke in favor of the measure, and all denounced in unmistakable terms the coinage of silver dollars of less value than gold dollars.

(Allison pp. 175 and 1055 seq., Burdick App. p. 40, Price pp. 344-348, Dering pp. 589-592.

In the next Congress Senator Kirkwood speaking of the passage of the Allison bill, said, "the country owes a great deal to him for his sound sense and practical sagacity and good statemanship." (On resumption, etc.)

A different note was struck in the First Session of the Forty-sixth Congress by Representative Weaver. He said that the act of 1869 preventing the payment of bonds in greenbacks was a public crime against labor. He favored it at the time being in the condition of Saul on his way to Tarsus, but had gathered light since. He said that silver was demonetized in the interests of capital, and that the resumption act was another step in the great scheme, "It was one of the trinity of infamies," and was passed for the purpose of increasing the bonded debt. And the plea of the Republican party that the Government ought to pay its honest debts was hypocrisy. (pp. 1197-1202.)

It is always difficult to determine just when and how the idea of legislation on any given subject originated. I cannot therefore assert positively that the credit of inaugurating the movement for the regulation of inter-state commerce belongs to Iowa or Iowa statesmen. It is, however, a fact that the matter was brought to the notice of Congress by Iowa men long before any definite action was taken. Representative Walden during the Third Session of the Forty-second Congress presented a joint resolution of the Iowa Legislature

favoring Congressional action to correct alleged oppression of railroads in charging exorbitant rates. He supported the resolutions in an earnest speech saying that the protection of western farmers against the encroachments of railroads had become an imperative duty. (App. p. 63 seq.)

A few days later he spoke again on the subject, charging that the railroads discriminated against Iowa in favor of Chicago and eastern points and insisted that reform could not be too thorough or too speedy. (pp. 1100 and 1101.)

Early in the next Congress Mr. Loughridge introduced a bill which was referred to the Committee on Railroads and Canals. Evidently he was not satisfied that it was not promptly acted upon for a few weeks later he made a speech urging the matter upon the attention of Congress. He said there was no question of more importance than that of cheap transportation, but that the farmers of the west had suffered for years from the extortions of railroad companies and that "the mutterings and rumblings of popular discontent * * * * * among the people of the great Northwest were but the prelude of the coming storm * * * * * the just complaints of the laboring class * * * men who love their country and have given freely of blood and treasure to save this Government; men who will ask nothing but what is right, and who will not always submit to what is wrong.

(43 Cong. 1st. Sess. App. p. 6 seq.)

Mr. McCrary was a member of the Committee and it may possibly have been largely due to his exertions that a bill was finally reported. At least he made the report and argued at length, March 3, 1874, that Congress, had the right to regulate the matter and that it was expedient to do so.

(pp. 1941-1947.)

Messrs. Wilson, Pratt, and Cotton also made speeches in support of the measure.

(pp. 2044-2049, 2144-2146, 2422-2425.)

Mr. Wilson thought the solution of the question was looked for "with an interest second only to that which attaches to the

question of human rights," and that the excessive rates charged for transportation had much to do with the depressed financial condition of the country. During the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress he spoke again (App. p. 278 seq.) complaining that Congress had not acted fairly in this matter, having failed to take any positive action.

The matter still dragged along, and Mr. McDill, in the Forty-seventh Congress (1st. Sess. p. 3083) said he was surprised that there should be any hesitation in taking some action, in view of the facts that there was such general complaint and that there could be so little danger in intrusting the matter to a Commission properly constituted.

These references cover the more important speeches made by Iowa men on the subject and are sufficient to show their urgency to obtain Congressional action.

Some other subjects, as for instance Civil Service Reform, cannot be adequately treated without carrying the investigation to a later date than I had proposed to do in this paper.

The above survey, imperfect as it is, does not, I feel sure, misrepresent the views of Iowa members on any of the subjects taken up. Much fuller quotations might of course have been made at every point. Enough, however, have been given to show that Iowa has been represented by men who were not afraid to say plainly what they thought on national issues and often by those who could speak with vigor and ability. Indeed a careful reading of all the speeches must convince one that Iowa has no reason to be ashamed of her Congressional record as compared with that of other states.*

*The Constitution had been adopted by the Convention. A majority of the delegates composing that Convention were like myself members of the Democratic party and the constitution in its provisions, save its boundary was entirely acceptable to the party leaders as well as rank and file. The office holders of that period and many who hoped to become such in the new state should the constitution be adopted, were earnest in the advocacy of its adoption by the people. The provision regarding the boundary however, which cut us off from Missouri River was objectionable to all the people. The opposition to this adop-

THE LATE GOV. WM. M. STONE.

THE ranks of the Ex-Governors of Iowa which have had no depletion since the death of Ex-Governors Hempstead and Lowe, which both occurred in 1883 have again been broken by the death of Ex-Gov. Wm. M. Stone. Though somewhat broken in health after his resignation as Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, he removed to that new territory to engage with his son in the practice of law and the raising of fruit.

Less than three months before his death, he had purchased only a mile from the city, one of the finest claims in the territory, took possession of it and commenced living on it. A handsome residence was in contemplation of erection, and arrangements had been made for the planting of an eighty acre orchard which was to include such varieties of apples, pears and peaches, as well as the small fruits suitable to that locality. But he did not live to enjoy the fruition of his hopes. He died at Oklahoma City on the 18th of July last

tion was conceived and organized at Burlington. The late Lieut. Governor, Enoch W. Eastman, then a young lawyer and recently from the East was the originator of the Scheme which led to its rejection. He associated with him actively Captain Mills, who lost his life in the Mexican War and who like himself was a young and talented attorney of Burlington. The Hon. Shepherd Laffler, also of Burlington who had presided over the convention lent his aid in a limited manner for the same purpose.

The first two agreed to stump (as it was termed) the Territory, but finding they had an elephant on their hands, they invited my co-operation, assigning to me what was known as the second judicial district of the Territory, there being three districts at that time. I entered actively upon the work as did my associates. Our principal and leading argument against the adoption of the instrument was of course the boundry question, which we used to a good advantage and, as the result showed, successfully. The Constitution was rejected by the people by a majority vote of 421 in a total vote of 14,891, the election having occurred on "The First Monday in April next" which from the perpetual almanac I find to have been the 7th day of April, 1845, and not the 4th day of August, as printed in the Census of Iowa, page 410 of 1885. *Extract from letter of Hon. T. S. Parvin to President J. L. Pickard of the State Historical Society.*

and his remains are now deposited in Knoxville in the bosom of his beloved Iowa, which was during the best part of his life the theater of his best labors.

Ex-Governor Stone was born in Jefferson county, New York, Oct. 14, 1827. When but six years old he went with his parents to Coshocton county, Ohio, where he grew to manhood. The schools in that part of the state were not then of a high grade, and his opportunities for obtaining more than a common education were quite limited. In a new country the means of living were of the first importance, and the labors to secure the necessities of life often supplant the obtaining of an education. At the age of thirteen we find him a hired hand upon a farm, and two years later we find him following in the footsteps of Garfield, the driver of a canal boat team on the towpath of an Ohio canal. Graduating from this at the age of eighteen, he becomes a chair-maker's apprentice. During the six years he was mastering the principles of chair-making, he was also mastering the principles of English Common Law as expounded by Blackstone, and his diploma as chair-maker and lawyer are nearly of even date.

Soon after his admission to the bar he formed a law partnership with Mr. James Matthews, who had been his wise counsellor and had given him encouragement in the pursuit of his studies, and with one of whose daughters he afterwards formed a matrimonial partnership.

In 1854 Mr. Stone came to Knoxville in Marion county where, relinquishing the practice of law, he engaged in journalism, purchasing what is now known as the *Knoxville Journal*. This was before the conception of the Republican party in Iowa. On the third day of January there appeared over the signature "Many Citizens" a call for a state convention to meet at Iowa City on the 22d of Feb. to organize a Republican party. This call is not now traceable to any known source, nor can it be definitely ascertained who was its author, but it is supposed to have first appeared at the suggestion of

Mr. Stone, who attended the convention, took part in its deliberations, was one of the committee on platform, and was associated with such men as J. B. Grinnell, Hiram Price, J. A. Parvin, S. J. Kirkwood and H. W. Lathrop to prepare an address to the people of the state, and he was placed on the ticket as a candidate for one of the presidential electors.

The following year he was elected Judge of the District Court and afterwards re-elected, but before the close of his second term upon hearing of the firing upon Sumpter, he bade good-bye to lawyers, jurors, bailiffs and the bench, returned to his home, raised a company of which he was chosen captain and tendered its services to be employed in the punishment of rebels and traitors and the maintenance of our glorious Union from dissolution.

When the Third Iowa Infantry was organized he was commissioned major by Governor Kirkwood, and was wounded in the battle of Blue Mills. At the battle of Shiloh he was taken prisoner and carried to Selma in Alabama and while there he was paroled and with two other officers was commissioned to go to Richmond the capital of the confederacy, and arrange a cartel for the exchange of prisoners of war. On the 6th of May, 1863, he was commissioned colonel of the 22d Iowa Infantry, and in the bloody charge made by this regiment in the rear of Vicksburg on the 22d of May he was wounded. Previous to this time at the battle before Port Gibson, he had command of his brigade, and Gen. Carr in making a report of that action to his superior officers says, "Col. Wm. M. Stone, 22d Iowa, who succeeded to the command of the Second Brigade took his place with the advance guard, and by his bravery and the admirable management of his brigade he reflects new honor on his noble state."

Being disabled by his wounds from continuing in active service, he returned home and on the 17th of June, with his wounded arm in a sling, was nominated as the Republican candidate for governor. was triumphantly elected, and two years later was re-elected to the same office.

As an army officer he was courageous, bold and daring, and was highly esteemed by his superiors, his associates, and his subordinates. He was held in such high esteem by the members of his old 22d regiment that they had his likeness printed on the badges worn at their late reunion at Des Moines a few weeks ago. His military record was one of the best in the state. While Governor Kirkwood will always be known to posterity as he is now as Iowa's great "War Governor," Governor Stone filled the office of executive of the state during most of his first term before the war was closed, and while he had but little to do in raising our volunteer troops and sending them to the front, his became the pleasant and less arduous duty of welcoming them home.

A contemporary writer in reviewing his life says: "As governor he was vigorous and generally popular with the people. After retiring from office he continued to take an active part in public affairs and was a strong man in the state. * * * He served one term in the legislature, and there as elsewhere he made a good record. When President Harrison came into office he was made assistant commissioner of the General Land Office, which place he filled till last fall when he was promoted to become commissioner in place of Mr. Thos. Carter resigned.

Gov. Stone's record is one of many distinct and notable achievements. Beginning with nothing but a determination to succeed and to make the most of life, he rose rapidly and before he was forty years of age he attained to the highest place in the state government. A man of limited education except that best of all education which is picked up by a man as he goes through life and comes into contact with men and events, by application he fitted himself for the many important duties of life. In political life while strong with the politicians he was still stronger with the masses because of his unvarying tact and sociability. He was always ready to meet the people or make a speech. One of the most forcible and brilliant of the old school of off-hand political speakers,

he was also one of the plainest and most direct, one of the most enthusiastic he inspired the greatest enthusiasm in his hearers. He will long be remembered as one of the most picturesque men of Iowa of his day. A man who had many of the best qualities and achieved what few men can achieve."

Brilliant as a politician, brave as a soldier and officer, and generous and sociable as a man Gov. Stone will long be remembered. Of the nine Iowa Governors from 1860 to 1893, from Kirkwood to Boies, he is the first to die. Yesterday it was a line unbroken during the life-time of a whole generation; to-day one of the earliest and most prominent in a long line of governors is missing.

H. W. LATHROP.

A RETROSPECT.

BY JOHN FLOURNOY HENRY, CITY EDITOR BURLINGTON
HAWK-EYE.



IT WAS on a bright and frosty October morning, the 24th day of the month and colder than this year—a round half century of years ago, that Rev. Wm. Salter, the venerable pastor of the Congregational church of this city came to Burlington; crossed the wide prairies of Illinois and the broad bosom of the Mississippi to cast in his lot with the people of a virgin land.

At the invitation of Rev. Asa Turner, of Denmark, Lee county, agent of the American Home Missionary Society, seven young men lately graduated from the Theological Institute of Andover, Massachusetts, and from that fact taking to themselves the title of the "Andover Band"—now famous in the annals of the church of this state—set out for the new land beyond the Mississippi. Severing the ties of home and kindred, the dear associations of youth, these young men began that long and weary pilgrimage along the path that duty pointed out to them. Long and wearisome were the stages of the journey from the New England states and from New York. After traveling for weeks, partly by rail, by boat

on lake, river and canal, by various routes, the seven rendezvoused at Chicago in the third week of October, 1843.

There the prospect of crossing the wide rolling prairies of Illinois confronted them. No "fast mails" or "Denver expresses" then spanned the distance 'twixt lake and river in six hours; the great Burlington route was undreamt of and the young divinity students sought other means of transportation. At Chicago they found men who had driven from Peoria to the young grain mart at the head of Lake Michigan with loads of wheat. They bargained with the drivers of these wagons, two in number, to carry them and their belongings, consisting of books, trunks and supplies, to the east bank of the Mississippi.

On the 17th day of October the band of seven began the long and wearisome march across the state of Illinois. The party consisted, in the order of their age, of Harvey Adams, Edwin B. Turner, B. A. Spaulding, Horace Hutchinson, Ephraim Adams, Ebenezer Alden, Jr., and William Salter. It was on Wednesday that the long journey was begun and for seven days the wide prairies stretched everywhere to the horizon. Forty miles per day was the average rate of travel and by the Saturday following the village of Galesburg was reached. Their religious training forbade them to travel upon the Sabbath, so that day was passed in rest and devotion. On Monday morning the journey was resumed and, when the shades of evening fell, the dark, silent stream of the Mississippi flowed at their feet.

As they journeyed along the young divinity students were often amused at the various surmises the hardy, hospitable pioneers of the prairies made as to their identity and mission. By some they were thought to be a party of "land sharks," a well-known genus of that time, held in ill-favor by the honest homesteader and tamer of the wild prairie. By others they were called a band of Mormon elders returning to their temple city of Nauvoo, after a successful proselyting tour through England and Europe. But everywhere they went they met with the rude hospitality of the frontier where no man was turned away hungry, and they fared even sumptuously upon quail, prairie chicken, milk and honey.

The early ferryboat of that day had made its final trip when they reached the bank and could not be induced by shouts, halloos and signals to again cross to the Illinois shore to transport thence the band of weary travelers. Not to be

balked, however, five of the young missionaries crossed to the little village of Burlington in a dugout found upon the bank, while two others, one of them William Salter, remained all night to guard the little belongings of the band. The night was passed in a rude shanty found among the trees near the river, and, building a fire against the frosty night air, the two guardians fell asleep with their feet to the fire.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 24, 1843, William Salter first looked across the Father of Waters and saw the active frontier town of Burlington, bathed in the sun-light. Along the river front stretched a row of wooden ware-houses and back of them arose the rocky hills clad in autumn glory. Not a church spire was to be seen; for, although "Old Zion" already resounded with the songs of praise, no spire yet pointed toward the heavenly home pictured by the earnest Methodist exhorter of those times.

In speaking of this eventful period of his life, Dr. Salter says the sight of that mighty, silently flowing stream impressed him more deeply than did the great roaring Niagara which he had stopped to visit on his way to Chicago. He felt instinctively that the fertile valley was pregnant with a greater destiny than was yet imagined for it. He felt that it was to be the home of millions of happy people among whom the arts and the sciences and the truth he came to preach were destined to make long and vigorous strides.

Fifty years ago the ferry landed, as at this day, at the foot of what is now known as Columbia street, and the first man to extend a welcome to Dr. Salter to the territory of Iowa, the princely domain on the west bank of the mighty river, was Mr. James G. Edwards, founder and editor of the *Hawkeye*. He had heard of the arrival of the advance guard the night before and came down to the boat on that Tuesday morning, as Dr. Salter says, in a broad-brimmed hat of gray color, with a hearty invitation to the young missionaries to accompany him to his house to partake of a warm breakfast. Such an invitation was not long debated by those who had passed the night in the scant shelter of the rude shanty, and they followed their generous entertainer to his home, then situated on the site of the present county jail, at the north-west corner of Main and Court streets. The hospitable home was burned down about twenty years ago.

Among the other early and well-known citizens who ex-

tended the hand of welcome to the strangers were the late William H. Starr, formerly known to Dr. Salter in the east, and the late Albert S. Shackford, whom also, he had known as a boy in New Hampshire. Mr. Starr dwelt in a frame house on the southwest corner of Fourth and Washington streets, where what was once known as the Starr house stands to-day. Mr. Shackford was a dry goods merchant doing business on Main street.

The five of the Andover band who had crossed the river in a dug-out on the night of Monday, the 23d, had found quarters at the Western Hotel, conducted by the late James Neally, situated where afterwards the Lawrence House stood, on the southwest corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets. But on the following day the hospitable frontier editor, Mr. Edwards, took the whole number under his wing and made them feel at home at his house. Where he stowed them all away, when night came again, Dr. Salter is unable to state, but he has a distinct remembrance that he himself slept with one or two others *in a trundle bed*. The next morning a little incident gave rise to some good natured pleasantry which, probably, had in it quite as much tender, home feeling as boyish jest. Then, as always since, Dr. Salter was blessed with an aptitude for deep and sweet repose, and he did not make his appearance as promptly as the rest at the early morning meal. Upon inquiry for Salter, the youngest of the party, some one exclaimed, "Oh, he's in his little trundle bed waiting for his mother to come and wake him." Who can say that thoughts of the mother in far-away New England did not fill the dreams of the young soldier of the cross!—but such was the innocent pleasantry and badinage which bound the enthusiastic young students closer together.

There was no Congregational society in the village at that time, but the new school Presbyterian organization possessed many members from the New England states who had Congregational leanings. There were, besides, a Methodist society worshipping in historic "Old Zion," a Catholic congregation and an Episcopal flock watched over by the Rev. Dr. Batchelor.

After a short rest in Burlington the Andover band pressed on to Denmark, Lee county, arriving there Wednesday and being received by the Rev. Asa Turner, pastor of the Congregational church there and agent for the American Home Missionary Society, at whose solicitation and upon whose rep-

resentation of the glorious work to be done for the Master the young missionary band had set out for the west. In a day or two Dr. Salter, in company with his special favorite among his companions, Edwin B. Turner, set out in a wagon to visit the settlements along the Des Moines River. They stopped at Bentonsport and Keosauqua and on Sunday, the 29th, at the latter place *in a blacksmith shop*, (Dr. Salter preached to a little band of earnest Christians his first sermon upon Iowa soil. In the afternoon of the same day at the same place Rev. L. G. Bell, father of the Old School Presbyterian church conducted divine services.

Dr. Salter and his friend Turner next visited Agency City, being entertained at the home of Capt. John Beach, the Indian agent. They soon after returned to Denmark where meetings were being held and where, on the fifth day of November, 1843, Rev. William Salter was regularly ordained a minister of the gospel. The Rev. Asa Turner, Rev. Julius A. Reed and Rev. Reuben Gaylord, afterwards pastor at Danville, conducted the ordination services. While Dr. Salter was doing missionary service in Jackson county, Rev. Horace Hutchinson, before named as one of the "band" had become pastor of the newly organized Congregational society in Burlington. Before a year of his pastorate was ended he was attacked by consumption and in the next year Dr. Salter was several times called upon to assist in and finally to relieve him of his pastoral duties. Upon his death in March, 1846, Dr. Salter was formally invited to accept the pastorate and did so, continuing therein to the present day.

At the time he took charge the church membership numbered about forty. In 1843 the faithful congregated on the Sabbath in a room over a store on Main street, opposite the court house. Frequent changes were made till apparent permanency of location was effected in a store-room on Columbia street, the site of the present McCutcheon House.

The retrospect of these fifty years is rich with promise fulfilled, of faithful, earnest work well done and of reward bestowed with generous hand by a Master who recognizes a faithful steward, a Master who holds out the perhaps near prospect of eternal joy and who fills the remaining days of his beloved servant with peace and content and crowns him with the love and veneration of old and young, rich and poor of all creeds.

Burlington, Iowa, November, 1893.

SAVED BY A CANDLE.*

A TALE OF PIONEER DAYS IN IOWA.

THESE fine autumnal days, that act on the man who has health to be out in the air and enjoy them as does old wine, revive in the mind of A. C. Fulton recollections of some of the falls the people of this state used to have when the prairies were scarcely broken, and when this seemed to all men to be the promised land. In those times, about half a century ago, Davenport, a small but lively and somewhat pretentious frontier town, was noted up and down the Mississippi River, and from east to west as a health resort. People came here from St. Louis and New Orleans and Cincinnati, and other eastern and southern cities, as has often been told, and the old LeClaire House was filled with guests who had plenty of wealth to scatter in the chase for health. Davenport is just as good and true and beautiful and healthful now as she was then; but she is not new any more, and the charm of novelty has been assumed by the lake and mountain resorts far beyond her. The autumn weather now may be just as lovely as it was then, when these pioneers were young, but those days are numbered by them with the other blessings which have brightened as they have taken flight, and they seem, somehow, to have been better than these latter days, whether they were or not.

But the weather in those times was not all good. There were some phenomenal spurts of fine weather, as for example the winter of 1853-54, when farmers plowed all through December, and some of them through January, and when the grass was to be found green and fit for grazing all the season through, but there were some other winters that were rougher, the old settlers think, than any we of these days have to show.

The winter of 1842, for example, is referred to by Mr. Fulton as something awful. November 16, the river here closed, crushing two or three steamboats that had taken refuge at this point, and sinking one of them on the Rock Island shore. On the 18th of the month, two days later, Mr. Fulton crossed at this point on the ice, and the bridge that carried him over then held fast to its abutments till late into the

*Reprinted from the Davenport Democrat

spring, and between the closing and the breaking up of the river was included some of the roughest, rockiest and most grievous winter weather that this part of the country ever say. Unfortunately there was no weather bureau station here then, and we have no records by which to compare it all the way through. In their absence the statements of the pioneers are good enough.

Mr. Fulton recalls one experience of the winter of '42 that still makes him shiver and want a heavier coat whenever he thinks of it. He can bring on a chill in midsummer by reviving its memories.

On this memorable occasion he was driving across the unmarked prairies of interior Iowa in a cutter, drawn by a team of horses. He was out in the neighborhood of Independence, and had gone there to look up practicable water powers, with the idea of building a mill somewhere in that neighborhood, for the local manufacture of the wheat that was then so plentifully grown by the few farmers who had opened farms in that region. He was on his way home, on Sunday, February 26, following an unmarked course toward his next stopping point for there were no roads out there then. A snow storm came on. The term blizzard had not then been given to such phenomena by the Dakota sufferers, but this was a blizzard of undoubted authority and genuineness. The snow came whirling down as it can do in such a storm, hurried along by arctic blasts that were enough to pierce the thickest overcoat and overcome the stoutest heart. In a little while the horizon line was lost. Earth could not be told from sky. Direction was undistinguishable. The instinct of the horses was as much baffled as the skill of their driver. They were lost on the prairie.

Mr. Fulton says he was clad then about as he is now in his comings and goings in this fine fall weather, which is to say that while he was clothed for comfort at this time of the year he was in fine trim for an early death by freezing in such a storm. He had a buffalo robe, and it was about all the protection he had that was worth naming. It was useless to stand still. There was no refuge within many miles, and it was hardly to be hoped that man or team could live to reach it; but the horses plodded on, while the storm held on and the snow whirled past them.

The day passed into the night, and still they made their way ahead, the direction of the wind being their only guide. They

could be sure that it was from the northwest, and they held it to their backs and made tracks as fast as they could toward the comforts of civilization. Morning came, and still the storm held. All through Monday, the horses, unfed and unwatered and unrested, held their way. The man in the sleigh was so stiffened in his buffalo robe wrappings that he could not have cared for them if he had found a place to alight. Monday night came on, and with it no sign of shelter. Monday night passed, and Tuesday morning dawned, and still the cold was intense, and there was no trace of human habitation or possible place of refuge. Tuesday dragged its slow length along, but by this time, tiresome and torturing as they were, the hours did not move slower than the worn-out horses. They had almost reached the limit of their endurance and strength, but they moved forward at a pace compared with which the gait of the average funeral train would have seemed a welcome burst of speed. It could barely be called motion.

It was with feelings of the deepest despair that Mr. Fulton saw the light begin to fade on Tuesday afternoon. The situation was as hopeless then as it had been before, save for the fact that the homes of settlers were a good many miles nearer, but with his fagged team a mile might mean death. Rescue could not be much longer delayed if it was to be worth accepting. In a short time the end would surely come. Cold and hunger were doing their work. The frozen fingers and the well nigh frozen arms could no longer guide the tottering steps of the poor half-dead animals, and they moved, what little they did move, without a master's hand. And in this hopeless, pitiable condition the miserable party of two horses and their master were as night again settled over the white prairies, so black with the abandonment of hope that it was no longer worth while to think of living.

If the reader can bring himself to imagine this case fully and completely, he may be able to understand what a tumult of emotions were aroused in Mr. Fulton's breast when he caught—for a faint, flickering instant—the dimmest kind of a gleam of light through the blackness which rimmed the horizon. It was just a glint that was speedily extinguished, and it was too faint and far away to found hope upon; but it shone again, and clearer. That light meant warmth and food and life, with all that life means; but it was so far away, so dim and distant, and the half-dead team was so near its last strained effort, that it also meant the saddest of all deaths—death within sight of escape and safety.

The horses were turned toward that star of hope, and they dragged, dragged themselves forward, so slowly and painfully that they seemed to stand still. The hours had been long with monotonous despair before, but now they were long with the agony of fear that the way of escape would be barred at the last steps of the retreat. But the horses were still alive, though barely so, and 'barely able to move, and they did make progress, though it was so slow and distressful. Little by little the light grew plainer. What if it should go out? It had been hours since dark fell, and the settlers were all men of steady habits, who went early to bed. What could keep this particular light burning, and how soon might it disappear and leave the wanderer in darkness o miss the window from which it shone?

But it burned on, and after a while it was near enough to show the window panes from which its faint rays were filtered through the rime of frost, and in time the perishing party drew up at the door of Farmer McLoughlin's humble settler's shanty. A shout called him out, and the storm was robbed of its prey.

Mr. Fulton was unable to walk. His feet and legs, and his hands and arms and face and ears were frozen. He was carried into the house. Both feet were planted in one bucket of ice cold snow water, and both arms in another, while wet applications of pulped raw onions were laid upon his face and ears. The frost was drawn with these homely remedies, and amputations and perhaps death was averted. The poor horses escaped death by freezing, but though all possible care was given them, out of gratitude for their heroic effort, they died in a little while, and as long as they lived had bare existence. They never had the spirit of horses after that three days' pull, from Sunday morning till Tuesday night at midnight.

It was a rare chance that placed that candle beacon in Farmer McLoughlin's window. He had killed a beef animal that Tuesday, and that evening he was seized by an unusual fit of industry, and resolved, without any special reason for the resolve except a mere whim, to cut up the carcass and salt down the meat before he quit work that night. The rest of the family retired but he worked on. The candle stood on the table in front of the window, and it reached out over the prairie far enough to catch the frosty eyes of the man in the cutter and guide him home.

During that cold snap, one of the severest of the winter, the

mercury in this city, quite a distance southward of the place where this wandering occurred, registered between twenty-five and twenty-eight below zero. It was a wonder that there were eyes left to see that candle's light.

DEATHS.

JEREMIAH H. MURPHY, ex-member of Congress from the Second Iowa District, died at Washington City, Dec. 11, 1893. He was born in Massachusetts, but came as a child with his parents to Iowa, helping to form the early settlement of Iowa County. His father was Irish and his mother of New England, both possessed of native sagacity and volubility, which descending to their son, with him by education developed into oratory, statesmanship and law-lore. Graduating at the State University in 1859, he studied law, and soon springing to the advance line of his fellows, for years was conspicuous at the bar, on the stump and in Congress, where he served two terms, distinguishing himself by a persistent advocacy of the building of the Hennepin Canal. Mr. Murphy's age was about fifty-five.

HAWKINS TAYLOR, a native of Kentucky and one of the earliest of Iowa's pioneers, died at Washington City, where he had long resided, Nov. 7, 1893, aged eighty. He was a member of the first Territorial Legislature. His memory was brimful of pioneer reminiscences, many of which he has recorded in the publications of the State Historical Society—this quarterly and its fore-runner, *The Annals of Iowa*. A short time before his death he compiled his recollections of early Iowa in suitable form for publication in a book, but the work has not yet been published.

NOTES.

MR. M. W. DAVIS, the Secretary of the Historical Society, has lately received from the State Department at Washington six bound volumes which make a valuable addition to the library of the Society, being the Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, edited under direction of Congress by Francis Wharton, who was for many years Solicitor of the State Department, and from natural aptitude and official opportunity peculiarly well qualified to perform the work.

THE
IOWA
HISTORICAL RECORD

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT

IOWA CITY.

APRIL, 1894.

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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 2.

LUCINDA HUMPHREY HAY.

Brave, loyal Iowa, list to my call;
Build thee a monument graceful and tall;
Build to thy soldier dead. Over all drape
Memory's mantle with flowers and crape.
Thus mourn thy dead. Thus shall thy children know
Of the brave hearts stilled; of the heads lying low
Fallen in battle. There over all cast,
Reverently, sadly, the vail of the past.

But is that all? Is Iowa's marble shaft to tell only of those who fell in action and breathe no word of the thousands of silent fireside battles down deep in the hearts of mother, sister, wife?—battles where love and affection were trampled on by iron destiny, and waged close conflict with loyalty to country? It was up from such battles as these that women arose in answer to the agonizing cry for help from army hospitals. In memory of one of these this sketch is drawn.



LUCINDA HUMPHREY HAY was born near Columbus, in Delaware county, Ohio, September 8th, 1834. When a mere child her father moved to Iowa where she early learned to love her free wild home. She paid a tribute to it in the following lines from a little rhyme written by her when a young girl:

"Now a cottage is reared in the dark rural grove,
Where the Indian maid used to linger and rove;
And a sweet cradle hymn ascends on the breeze,
To be caught by the singing birds in the trees.
Now the fairer white maiden is won and wooed,
'Neath the tree where the blue bird is feeding her brood;
And on Iowa's plains where the wild deer roam
There is cherished another beautiful home."

Lucinda was quick to learn and was able at sixteen years of age, with only such instruction as she had had at our country school, to commence teaching. The small income she derived from that together with the still smaller sums paid her by newspapers and magazines for which she wrote, almost constantly, little poems, stories, &c., enabled her to give herself a little more schooling, first in Denmark Academy, and afterwards in Iowa College. While there she was the only girl in college. She suffered the jeers of men and the suspicious glances of women in consequence, but she who was destined to come in close range with powder and ball, was undaunted by such light artillery. She continued alternately teaching and going to school until the summer of 1861, when she went to Chicago to be with her brother who was taking a theological course there. She very soon gathered about her a little school and was engaged in her favorite occupation. About this time she found an acquaintance and fast friend in Mrs. Eliza C. Porter, wife of Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a Presbyterian minister of Chicago and chaplain of the Chicago Light Artillery. Through her influence and that of the Chicago Sanitary Commission she was induced to go south as a nurse. Her first work was in Savannah, Tenn., in an improvised hospital in a building formerly used as a Seminary. There for several months she labored among the sick and dying, walked unscathed through loathsome small-pox wards, and indeed never considered personal safety when able in any way to alleviate suffering. As an instance of this—one afternoon she had under her charge a number of very sick soldiers. She was at a loss what to do. She felt confident they needed nourishment different from that furnished in the hospital. She thought of her Iowa country home with its brimming pails of new milk. As if in answer to her thought and wish she saw beyond the lines a cow quietly grazing. It was the habit of her life to act quickly and upon impulse. With pail in hand she started forth as the hospital milk-maid. The guard tried to prevent her going, told her she would surely be killed

in the attempt. She answered: "*I must go. What is my life compared with the lives of Union Soldiers? The effort must be made.*" A guard was sent with her. The task was accomplished in safety. The new milk gave new life to the suffering soldier boys. But such scenes as this and such labor as this in which her heart ached constantly for the suffering which she could not lessen, wore on a constitution always delicate and her health gave way, so that rest was absolutely necessary. She gave up her work and came home for a short visit in August, 1862. Then returned to her school work in Chicago, fully determined not to go south again. Early in October however came a letter "To all at Home," dated at Greenwood Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. The letter ran as follows:

"Be not surprised. This is a world of change. Little did I dream of ever coming south again when I bid you good bye at home; but I was sent for by Mrs. Porter who is here in Memphis, and who has had more to do than any other woman in the west towards getting nurses for the hospitals. The Chicago Sanitary Commission seemed to think that no one else could fill my place, and I was advised to give up my work in Chicago and lend a helping hand in this line now while there was a call.

Mrs. Porter is a woman of talent, energy, and withal she has a great soul. She is greatly interested in the poor contrabands and she wished to confer with me in regard to some measures she had in view for their good. For this reason no one else could fill my place. She had a double object in view. I want you all to know that this is no romantic move of my own which is 'just like me,' but that I am walking in the path which seems marked out for me, and in it I hope to be the means of doing much good. Certainly it is a great field of labor and however trying it is now I know I shall never be sorry that I was one of the workers.

The building which I am now in is the Greenwood College. We have a large library locked up, eight pianos, and as many melodeons to which we have access. We have 200 patients, none very sick at present. In the Overton Hospital, to which I expect soon to be removed, there are 700 sick, some I understand are here from the Iowa 3rd. The college grounds here are contracted but very beautiful. Here we sit 'under our own vine and fig tree' while 'the last rose of summer' creeps in at our window to bloom under northern influences. Memphis is a beautiful city. The rich magnolia and the dark foliage of evergreens add to its beauty. Yesterday I spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Porter within the fortifications. The Iowa 6th is encamped here, but I did not get around to their quarters. Hundreds of contrabands are here, and hundreds more at Cairo, Ills. While waiting there for

a boat I visited their quarters, got about fifty of the children in a class and gave them an object lesson to the delight and wonder of the sable crowd that gathered round, many of them exclaiming: 'every inch a lady shore, she's cum from de funder end of de Norf.' There is much dissatisfaction among many of our soldiers in regard to Lincoln's proclamation and they have no way to express their feelings, but by heaping insult and injury upon these poor creatures who are toiling for our army, washing, digging, and cooking for us. Oh, who will care for them? The anthems of freedom must ring through our land ere the spirit of love and peace dawn upon us. A just and holy God reigneth, let us trust in Him. All will be well.

We came down on the boat Eugene which was fired into by the rebels at Randolph, and in return the town was burned by our soldiers. It seemed quite a venture to take this boat on its next trip; but two regiments went down before us to clear out the guerrillas, and we had on board a six pounder which was fired when we came to the place where Randolph had been only two days before. At Fulton, Arkansas, we went ashore with a Captain and Colonel, friends of Mrs. Porter. We had a romantic walk along the ravines and up the bluffs, found the houses all deserted, nothing left but cats, dogs, and negroes. The Captain went into one house, and as the rest of the company followed he met us at the door, greeted us as old friends from the North, took us around the house which was in the utmost confusion, with beds unmade, carpets half torn up, and many books and valuable articles scattered over the floor. He apologized for the appearance of things, assuring us that his 'niggers' had all run away and that his wife knew nothing about work. As we returned to the boat we were hailed by an old colored woman who said that her 'ole massa' and everybody else had run away, and that she owned the whole town.

Overton Hospital, (October 9th. I came up here yesterday to visit the hospital and the matron a very dear friend of mine from Chicago. This morning by mistake I opened the door of the dead room, and was startled to find there three sleeping 'that last long sleep.' They had died in the night. I almost dread again to stand by the sick and dying, but in the strength of God I will try to do my duty."

It is easy to see in this letter the trend her mind was taking. It was the "contraband,"—"the poor contraband,"—and later on the "Freedmen,"—who were at that time flocking in such numbers to Union camps, who enlisted her sympathy. All this came to her naturally. She was to the "manor born." Our father was a "black abolitionist," and her home had always been a depot on the "underground railway." The best the farm could afford was always lavished on the slave traveler, bound for Canada. So, gradually, she gave up army hospital work and turned her attention wholly to the betterment of the

negro; first in the establishment of schools, afterwards in Freedmen's hospitals, but never giving up her school work until she left the sunny, sorrowing south to come home—to die. Again let her letters tell her story.

To her younger sisters she wrote from Fort Pickering, at Memphis, Tenn., November 19th, 1862.

"How I wish I could this morning paint the scenery around me so as to make you feel that you were with me beholding it for yourselves. I will give you a word picture as well as my pencil can sketch it. I am within the fortifications and my home is with Chaplain and Mrs. Porter, who are like a father and mother to me. The building which we occupy is used for a regimental hospital. I have a little room made on purpose for me by setting up boards near the end of the hall, leaving just room enough to set a cot and turn round in at the larger end. At one end there is a door which leads into the Chaplain's room, where our family, consisting of three surgeons, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and myself, meet every day. I am there now writing to you. Our building is situated on the banks of the Mississippi. Come with me. A green slope with here and there a cedar and honey locust marks our path to the steep bank where we stand enraptured gazing on the graceful bend of the river embracing islands in its course. Not far away there is something rising above the water which *you* might mistake for a whale—but it is the rebel boat Beauregard, the grave of 150 rebels, that was sunk here with others at the time of the taking of Memphis. Across on the Arkansas shore there are tall, straight cypress and poplar, and the white armed sycamore adorned by the mistletoe bough, and on this side, the river above is lined with graceful steamers and the beautiful city of Memphis. Below, the scenery becomes more romantic, the deep ravines, the precipice, the magazines in the side of the bank, the numerous piles of cannon balls scattered along the winding pathway under the bluffs, leading around to the contraband village; all makes a pretty picture. Turn your back upon all this scenery and move forward with me a few steps. But again look back, there is a graceful steamer loaded with soldiers coming out on the blue ripples. Now turn away entirely from this communing with nature and our eyes fall upon the various paraphernalia of war. There are the stars and stripes. A wind torn flag under which the muscians frequently practice. When I commenced this letter my whole being was stirred by the sound of the fife and drum playing the dear old 'Star Spangled Banner,' and my feelings deepened as I looked out over the form of a silent sleeper lying under our window. He wakes not at the 'sound of the rolling drum, or the trumpet that speaks of fame.' He was a Norwegian minister enlisted as a private—a soldier of the army and a soldier of the cross. He sleeps in Christ, awaiting the sound of the final trumpet. Such scenes are not rare with us. But to our picture—the soldier's quarters are before us, and to sum up the whole scene—here we are with tents, ambulances, wagons, horses, mules, and men, protected on one side by the little black gun-boats in the river, and on the other by a zig-zag entrenchment extending from the city

about a mile from here around to Mound Jackson. From this to the river there is a natural entrenchment. Just inside the entrenchment is the breast-works, and all along on this embankment the cannon and siege guns are mounted. The sentinels walk to and fro there looking out over the large parade ground watching for the enemy."

Then follows a fine description of the grounds where the soldiers were on review which for want of space we omit.

"Now I presume you are expecting to hear about the hospital and my labors there. The weather is so pleasant and so conducive to health that we have but few sick in comparison with our many soldiers. There seemed to be no call for me in the hospitals, so I turned to teaching. I have a select school about a mile from here of 300 pupils. Come over the parade ground that I told you about, across the wood to the little contraband village, and any of the colored population will point you to our school house. In this village there are nearly two thousand slaves who have escaped the yoke of bondage, and who now live in their own little houses built of new slabs. Very few of them know how to read but I find it a glorious work to teach them. I feel that I have been led by the hand of Providence. I am not alone in the work. Mrs. Porter is the prime mover in it. We are greatly encouraged in our schools. The Captain of the Engineer Department calls almost every day to see if our wants are all supplied. He has charge of the contrabands employed by the Government and looks upon the school as a very important thing."

December 12th, 1862, she wrote from Fort Pickering:

"Nearly three weeks ago thirty-five thousand men went out from here on a march through the enemy's land. They left with music and cheers loud and long, but we are lonely. Our surgeons who seemed almost like brothers to me left, our sick were removed, new troops came in. Our hospitals were almost immediately filled with sick men from the 27th Iowa. They are good fellows. Yesterday we were surprised by the return of part of our troops and two of our surgeons, but they will remain but a day or two. They report that the great army moved on for sixty miles burning fences and houses and gaining subsistence by taking cattle, butter, flour, sugar, honey, and in fact everything that they could, and destroying much that they could not appropriate. They left nothing but darkies, and very many of them joined them on their return. Our men say that on their return the white flag was out at almost every house they passed, and the inhabitants said: 'give us peace on any terms.' 'We did not expect this or we never would have taken up arms—take our slaves—our property—everything—only spare our lives, and give us peace.' Our men helped themselves to everything, invariably saying to them: 'You have given us a strong invitation to come and see you, and of course we expect you to feed us.' I could write much more of interest but have not time now."

To a sister whose husband was in the army she wrote from Ft. Pickering:

"Try to keep up good spirits, for the land is full of mourning and sorrow, but how could so great a thing as the freedom of over three millions of human beings come without being attended with great suffering. In the north homes are made desolate by absent husbands, father, sons, and brothers, while in south thousands lie in hospitals, and thousands more sleep in newly made graves, thousands more are enduring the privations of camp life and thousands are on the weary march or engaged on the field of battle. Thousands of a darker skin are coming up to Shiloh from the land wet with the tears of slaves. All this except the battle field I come in contact with daily. 12000 soldiers are here sick and wounded in the hospitals and probably as many more in camp. About six thousand contrabands are here. The Rev. Mr. Eaton is appointed by the Government to take charge of the contraband in the South West. About two weeks since he bought in on the cars two thousand of them. When he got here it was snowing, and continued to snow for two days and there was no place for the poor creatures but the old cotton shed under which they all gathered. They were barefoot, many of them almost starving; but the Chaplains and some of the Sanitary commission of Chicago turned out their stores of codfish, dried fruit, etc., which saved their lives until other arrangements were made for them. Mr. Eaton has since brought in 2000 more and for the present we have them stowed away in rebel houses which are to be torn down because the way of the cannon in the fort. Hundreds of them are sheltered only by tents. I am now one of the prominent workers.

Such a snow storm as we had, two feet or more in depth, has not been seen here for twenty-five years; but now it is quite mild again, and the grass and the beautiful moss look as green as ever. Keep up a good heart and ever trust in God who doeth all things well. The war will be over soon, I hope, and the broken families united; but if this can not be we must feel that our friends have fallen noble in a cause and all is well. He doeth all things well—trust in Him. Almost three months have I pleasantly spent with Mr. and Mrs. Potter but this is my last night with them. Having been the first teacher among the contrabands in the Southwest I am now recognized as a co-laborer with Rev. J. Eaton—General agent for contrabands in the Southwest, Rev. Lock Meth, agent and Rev. A. S. Fisk, local agent at Memphis. A room was prepared for me to-day at their headquarters, for it seems necessary that I should be nearer my work. We have a large house surrounded with shade trees, and our family will consist of the above named Rev'ds, Mrs. Fisk and myself. We have men—soldiers detailed to help in this great work—some of them we call jay-hawkers as they *will persist*, when authorized by the divines in going out into the country and actually taking from the rebels provisions and everything which is *forced* upon them for the comfort of the contrabands. When shall I see you all again? I have tried several times to come home; but my friends, black and white will not let me leave the field at present. It is work, work, work and I must help."

The following is a copy of a special order which explains itself:

SPECIAL ORDER {

CONTRABAND OFFICE,
JULY, 1st, 1863.

"Miss L. Humphrey is hereby placed in charge of the schools for contraband children in camp Fisk and is authorized to direct in all their arrangements. For school purposes she shall have charge of all the children, unemployed women and men of the camp. She is authorized also to use the labor of such women as she may need in preparing and arranging clothing to keep the children in school order. All persons in said camp or connected in any way with the persons or matters herein referred to are enjoined to lend her every assistance in their power.

Signed,

A. SEVERANCE FISK,
Post Supt. Contraband.

The following is "Appendix D." to chaplain Eaton's report to the Adjutant General. Mr. Eaton was Genl. Supt. of Contrabands for the Department of the Tennessee.

"Early in the Autumn of 1862 from twenty-five to thirty employees in a branch of the U. S. Hospital assembled every evening for instruction. This was the beginning of my school for contrabands at Memphis. We labored under great disadvantages but with such marked success that I sought a larger field of labor and by suggestions of Mrs. Porter, wife of one of our army chaplains, I opened a school Nov. 1st, 1862, at Shiloh, a contraband village of two thousand inhabitants. Here too we labored under great disadvantages, but our little slab home crowded with men, women and children was soon fitted up with windows, seats, bell and blackboards kindly furnished us by Capt. _____ of the Engineering Department. Cards were sent us from Rev. Glen Wood of Chicago, and books furnished by the negroes themselves.

I had one hundred regular pupils whose ages varied from seven to sixty-five years. Of this number fifty learned to read quite intelligibly in two months. I adopted the 'word method' of teaching, relied much on oral instruction and used every means in my power to awaken thought, while my sole object was to educate humanity and not simply the *intellect* of human beings. They were very anxious to learn, desired to support their school and in fact made a beginning to this end. I find them tractable, intuitive and imitative but not usually reflective.

On Jan. 1st, 1863, an examination with other interesting exercises held out of doors closed my work at Shiloh, and now under very different circumstances and with greater encouragement I continue the work, feeling that all my success is due to him who hath given me the field and friends to sustain me in it and strength to work therein."

L. HUMPHREY.

She further wrote of her school at Shiloh:

"They evince a great desire to learn to read the bible. One old lady, sixty-eight years of age, in my school learned the words: 'God is Love.' With this attainment she seemed satisfied, and it is indeed interesting to see her going to the card to read her lesson, which always seems new to her, supported

in her feeble steps by a noble manly son, on whose arm she leans. In other schools elderly persons have been known to kneel and weep over their bibles praying that their understanding might be opened so that they might learn to read its blessed contents.

'Neber, neber did I speck dat de same rod dat stripe my back so much would pint out to me de words of eternal life.' This was the language of an old man who was learning to read God's word while I pointed out to him the words with the overseer's rod which he had brought with him from the plantation."

In this first school at Shiloh she taught some time with no precuniary reward. Afterwards the Am. Missionary Society appointed her as a missionary with a salary of \$200,00 a year. Her school house equipment consisted of bits of boards, card-board, chalk and coal. What love and devotion to the cause must have burned in her heart to have kept her there under such a condition of things! Then too at first there was a great deal of opposition in our army to the negro being there at all. This opposition was sometimes manifested in a very disagreeable way to her. At one time she boarded for a few weeks outside the picket lines. One evening on passing the soldier on duty, he said: "Ha! you are the one who teaches the d——d niggers, I'll shoot you." Whereupon his gun was leveled at her. She replied "shoot," and walked quietly on. He did not shoot. She thought his manly soldier nature rose above his coward hatred for the negro, and she never reported him. She was a hero worshipper; and in those days the man in the "blue," were he black or white, was her hero, and she could excuse insult and injury masked under that uniform.

But as time went by opinions changed; her work was recognized and help came in many ways, and easier, more comfortable times came to her. On July 4th, 1863 she wrote to a brother:—

"I am now moved into camp Fisk where I am at the head of a school of three hundred pupils. Two excellent young ladies with a missionary have their quarters with me in the same cabin. The girls are from Ohio and are assisting me in the school. How I wish you could see me in my little room ten feet square. It is papered with the Independent, and is fitted up so as to look decidedly nice and literary. I have accumulated a great many curiosities and keepsakes, besides quite a library, pictures, maps, book case, globe,

clock, carpet, the *chair of state*, and a cot with clean white pillow cases and sheets. You must not think of me as being deprived of any comfort. The vines have crept in and hang from the logs over-head, helping to beautify my little home. The darkies say—"Dis de parlaw shore! All de balance ob de camp am de kitchen."

In the spring of 1863 she was very sick for many weeks with intermittent fever, but found kind friends who took the best of care of her, but who did not compel her to quit work and come north. So she lingered on, at work and yet not well.

In July she wrote:—

"I have never fully recovered from my sickness, and weakness now compels me to lie on my cot most of my time. But I have contrived a plan so that I can write as well as if I could sit up. I have four cords suspended from the rude logs above me which fasten to the four corners of a board which makes a suspension writing desk. Behind this two elastic bands are suspended which reach my waist and are there buttoned on another which fastens around me. A little pad is fastened on these straps on which I rest my head and neck. You know I am at work on my book 'The Freedmen.'* Our Genl. Supt. has just sent his clerk to inform me that I can have two hours assistance per day in copying. Everybody is kind, everybody helps me to carry out any plan I undertake. I have reason to feel thankful—we are looking for a great victory at Vicksburg."

The following is an extract from the manuscript of "The Freedmen:"

"In order to show the difficulties under which the Hospitals for Freedmen were established, we need mention but a few cases. The one at Memphis, Tenn., the whole history of which is familiar to me, is probably attended with as much interest as any.

In the fall of 1862 a rich widow was ordered to give up this building for the sick of the oppressed race. She did it with reluctance and it was at once appropriated to this purpose. A few weeks afterward I visited it and found the sick and dying lying around—some on the floors and some on bunks with nothing under them but the hard boards. The medical attendance was passable, though everything presented a desolate, comfortless appearance; but a gradual improvement was made by earnest efforts of Chaplain Jeremiah Porter and his good lady. Straw or hay could not be procured and I suggested the idea of making beds of the forest leaves, which were soon gathered and packed into the bunks. A blanket spread over these made a very good bed.

The hospital changing hands nearly every month at last fell into the hands

*The book alluded to was not published as her death prevented its completion.

of one of our army surgeons who managed to procure from the Government bed ticks with some other things, and donated clothing was sent in. All these things the Dr. had packed away in the filthy halls, forbidding to give them to patients until additional improvements could be made. In the mean time, patients, filth and rubbish increased, until to the Dr. usually under the influence of opium, the whole thing began to seem a mountain insurmountable; and he sunk back on his bed of ease, and did little else but to vindicate his profound philosophy, viz: 'A nigger's a nigger, and there is no use to try to do any thing for him.' At one time while the were dead being loaded up for burial, the detailed soldier superintending the work, while sitting on his horse beside the wagon, perceived that one of the men still breathed. 'Why Dr.' said he, 'here is a man who is not dead yet.' 'Never mind' replied the Dr. 'he'll be dead by the time you are ready to bury him.' 'But' said the young soldier, his face glowing with indignation, 'I can see from here that he still breathes and, *no man, if he is black shall be buried alive if I can help it!* I order him to be taken out and put back in the house.' It was done, and the man lived *at least fifteen hours* after this.

This surgeon continued in charge until the camp was established, and with thousands coming in it became necessary to establish another hospital. The Superintendents being too busy themselves to see to it left it entirely with the doctor. Early one bright January morning, while visiting the tents that had just been erected to receive the wanderers, I met one of our detailed soldiers riding around trying to get women to go and clean up the new hospital. He feared that he would not be able to carry out the order, said he had managed to get a few but that when he placed them together and went to find more, they would immediately disperse and conceal themselves somewhere. I offered to assist him and he sat on his horse to keep them together, while I went around to find such as could go as well as not. When we got them together, some of them assured us that they were free and under no obligations to go, that they would sooner go to the grave, etc. We saw clearly they would have to be driven, and feeling it to be their duty to help take care of the sick of their own color, we did not hesitate to compel them to go. But if they must be forced to go what could be expected of them when there? I saw at once the necessity of going with them and the building about a mile distance was pointed out to me. On the way my workers began to become more reconciled to their task, but they begged me not to take them where they would be exposed to small-pox. I told them that we were going to an empty house which they were to clean up to receive the sick, but greatly to my surprise, we found the house full. The sick and dying were lying in the yard and on the porches to keep themselves warm in the heat of the sun, and the floors were completely covered with the most distressed creatures I had ever before beheld. About three rods from the building were two or three tents filled with cases of small-pox. There were over one hundred sick attended by a Hospital Steward who only got one hour's time to devote to them through the day. Two women were there to do the cooking—but they had little else to cook except corn meal, and no way to cook this except in the ashes. When the ash cakes were done they were passed around to all who were able to eat. There was but one pail and cup

except the one used by the cooks—and the sick of small-pox from the tents would come out and call for water. Sometimes their cry was heeded by a wretch of a black man who was placed there as a nurse, and after giving to them, he would take the same cup and pail with the water that was left and pass it around in the house.

What to do first I hardly knew. But the Dr. had demanded help to clean up the house. Looking around I found some conveniences for washing and at once gathered up all the old clothes left by the dead and all the blankets that could be spared by the living. These the women washed thoroughly and agreed to go with me next day to clean the rooms, and now comes the day of experience—such experience as I had never had before, and probably will never have again. When I got my help together and got to the house it was ten o'clock. Five who had died the night before still lay upon the floors with the living who could not turn away from them. The filth and stench cannot be described—but in the midst of this the first thing was to separate the dead from the living. I ordered the nurse before mentioned to carry out the dead—but in the midst of my perplexities he annoyed me as much as possible by raising every possible objection. I met them by taking hold myself sometimes, and sometimes ordering the women to help me. I observed however that he first searched the pockets, putting into his own their contents. I reproved him but he thought he might as well have their money as to bury it and assured me that he would not stay there if he did not get more than Government paid him. In one case he attempted to take from a hand a gold ring—the finger was much swollen and he was making great efforts to take it off when I observed him. This so excited me that I stepped forward assuring him that if he did not stop immediately he would suffer the consequences. He dropped the hand and I turned away but on looking back I saw him cut off the finger and slip it into his pocket. I turned away heartsick, but my emotions changed as rapidly as the scene before me—at one moment deeply perplexed about the task before me—at the next almost yielding to feelings of anger which perhaps the next moment melted like wax before the fire and gave way to the most tender emotions as I passed on from duty to duty, my eyes filling and refilling with tears at the sight of hands outstretched for help I could not render, and eyes turned imploringly upon me. Passing by a little bundle of rags in one corner I observed a little thin hand pushing away the clothes, and listened to the trembling voice of a little girl as she said, 'Please ma'am, buy me a little toffin. If my mammy was here she wouldn't let me be put down in de grown wid-out no toffin—buy me one, please ma'am.' I promised her that I would do so and passed on to another room which as speedily as possible was emptied, cleaned and dried. The women were spreading down the clean bed-clothes and I went to find the little girl, but much to my surprise she was gone. 'Where is the little girl?' I asked. 'She's done gone out,' said an old man, 'she jis opened her mouth like a little robin, den I seed she was done gone out an dey car'd her off.'

We had nearly completed our work for the day and were arranging things outside when my attention was called by the women who pointed to the dead cart just before them. I looked up and perceived that the nurse had just order-

ed the cart which had in it the bodies of five from the small-pox tents, to be driven up in front of the hospital door and was keeping it there awaiting to put in a woman who was dying in the house. There was no evading the truth—the women whom I had promised to keep from exposure to small-pox saw the five black and bloated faces turned towards us as the cart tipped back, and they understood it as well as I did. I told them that we were all exposed myself as well as they, and one of the women added that we were in the line of duty and she believed the Lord would preserve us all.

That night I related something of my experience to the Superintendents and gave them to understand the condition of the hospital. The next day Superintendent Fiske went there with me. We stopped at the old hospital and got the Dr. to accompany us. We could scarcely see the improvements which had been made. The Dr., moved around among the patients, uncovering and manifesting great interest in each case—but much to his surprise he uncovered a man who was suffering from gangrene. His toes had completely separated from his foot and lay decaying in the blanket, and the foot was beginning to fall from the ankle. ‘Why,’ said the Dr. hastily covering it, ‘I ordered this limb to be amputated three weeks ago.’ The Dr. promised to do better if the Chaplain would keep me away. But the hospital soon changed hands and a marked and decided improvement soon followed. This building had become so impregnated with small-pox that it was used for a pest hospital; and comforts and an air of cleanliness began to surround the other one—which have ever since attended it.”

Oh the pity of it all! That such things were, and that one so delicate, so refined, so pure, should come in contact with such filth, such gross negligence, such suffering. For thirty long years I have closed my eyes and ears to these ghastly experiences, and tried to forget that they had ever been. In one sense this has been a harrowing task for me. Yet there was a bright side to that dark south, and Lucinda whose whole heart and soul went out in sympathy for that “oppressed race” found gleams of sunshine in many places.

A letter to her young sisters gives an account of one of those bright vistas. It was written from Contraband Camp, Corinth, Miss.

“You will doubtless be surprised when you learn that I am at Corinth,—but I am only here on a visit—expect to go back to Memphis to-morrow; there to engage in my school. While waiting for my school house to be completed the General Superintendent, also the Assistant Superintendent of Contrabands there, thought best that I should take a little recreation—so they sent me with Chaplain Alexander to visit this camp for which he is Post Superintendent. I really ought to have dated my letter at Contraband Hospital as I am to-night very pleasantly situated at a table with Dr. Humphrey and wife. The Dr. has

charge of this hospital and a most perfect one it is—if it is a *negro* hospital. The Dr. is a noble, successful worker and I am willing to own him as a relative. Strange feelings come over me as I walk over the battle field of Corinth. I cannot now stop to explain to you the many objects of interest here, but you will have an idea of the contraband camp when you see my photograph of it with hundreds of little darkies poking their heads out of the cabin doors, and the 1st black regiment of the Southwest out on drill. I have been up to Mr. Alexander's tent most all day—it is carpeted—has a stove in it, and is very comfortable.

The most perfect order prevails here, and every one is happy. The darkies all say 'We'll die at de Captain's feet—we'll mind what he says and go where he goes if we follow him to the end ob de earf.' They have the same confidence in the Chaplain here that the contrabands at Memphis have in me. We have had a sermon to-day in the log church—As the logs are covered with beautiful green moss inside and out we called it decorated. The text was this 'As he come up out ob de water a turtle-dove lit on his head saying dis is my much loved son dat please me well.'

I am appointed now by the N.Y. Missionary Association to labor as teacher of contrabands at Memphis. They pay me \$200 per year—when you need money let me know, will you? I want to help you on in your studies. I was glad to have your sympathy in the work in which I am engaged. . . . 'Tis moonlight and starlight,—*beautiful*. There is music in the camp tonight—sweet martial music. There's music in the woods around us—the chirrup of frogs at night and the songs of birds by day. I will send you some of the flowers from the garden here which you may cherish. When shall we all be home again? Perhaps never."

The cherished flowers, which grew at Corinth thirty-one years ago this March, still lie in the folded letter.

In the fall of 1863 she made another short visit in the North and at home, but never for a moment forgot her work at Memphis. She spoke in the churches in Galesburg, Ills., and other cities, soliciting aid for the "poor contraband" Upon her return, however, she was called upon to forget her work, and for a time to forget everything else in listening to the old, old story of love, of which she says: "Romance would be tame to what has passed in our cabin home in camp."

She wrote from aboard the steamer Bertha:

"To all at home—I am now on my way to Vicksburg to take notes. There is no danger on the river now, so you must not feel uneasy about me—I shall return to Memphis in about two weeks, when all the friends at home are earnestly requested to be present to go with me to President's Island where you will see me married to Captain H. S. Hay of the 9th Louisiana Vol. I have done but little since my return but to settle this important question—I

never before found a will as strong as my own. However I am now fully reconciled and must say that I am proud of my warrior. I know now how better to sympathize with those of my friends who have husbands in the army. A few nights ago we expected an attack on our camp. The Captain commands this detachment and therefore must be the leader in case of an attack. It was with the greatest interest that his men gathered around him and promised to be faithful to their guns. He placed them in the best possible position for the night and promised to be with them at three in the morning. I did not sleep much that night. Capt. Hay has been our Superintendent for the last nine months and has not an enemy in camp or in the Department. Dr. Wright our camp surgeon said to me—'The Captain is not a polished man but probably you might hunt the world over and not find one more true, more noble, more brave, and good.' If I am unhappy it will be my own fault. He would give up his life for me."

To her brother at Galesburg she wrote shortly after her marriage.

"You will be surprised to learn that I have changed my name since my return here, as it was far from being my intention when I saw you last. But we know not what lies before us. I thought I was determined to remain single while there is such a work before us as there is at the present time. I turned from love and wealth in Chicago and hastened here to my field of labor where I hoped this question would not again come up—but it came, and I yielded. My husband, Capt. H. S. Hay is a brave soldier, a noble officer, and a man of great nobility of character. He loves me, I might almost say, idolizes me. He is now acting Major in command of the detachment at this post. Our colored soldiers are noble fellows. I am still busy on my book and will not promise to write to you often until I complete it."

After her marriage on Christmas day, 1863, she wrote home but seldom for several months, and then came many hurried short letters—Oh, so full of home-sickness. At last her husband obtained leave of absence and they came home the last of August, 1864. After a few weeks he returned to his post, and she remained with her sister, Mrs. Casebeer, near the old homestead at Tipton. There, after giving to the world a frail new life, she was unable to rally, and her own life went out a few days before Christmas, 1864. Her husband was with her when she died and sadly mourned her. Her nature was deeply religious. In early life she became a member of the Congregational church, and was ever a zealous christian. Her perfect faith, her child-like confidence in God, in heaven, in all the teachings of the church, are evident

in everything she ever wrote, and tenderly expressed in a letter written in March, 1863, to a sister who had a short time before buried a beloved daughter.


"It was God's will that she should go. If you can bring your mind into this condition, then you can all sympathize with each other in your bereavement and as you bear each other's burdens the trial will lessen and the desolate spot in your family which you speak of will brighten up with the memory of her who has only gone before you to the 'shining shore;' your light has not gone out; she has only carried it on beyond your mortal vision. Her songs are not hushed. You may hear them again, for memory will echo them back to you, and you will think of her as being absent, and yet present, singing and smiling with the angels. She is yours as much now as ever, though she is a treasure laid up in heaven. She even seems nearer to me than any of you do, and the thought of her often leads my mind away from the vices and distress around me to the rest for the weary."

I have said that in one sense this has been a harrowing task for me—true, but in another it has been a task beloved. During the past few weeks the sister who was so much my senior has been with me, near me—still young, her face, her voice, her manner, just as she died, a bride but of a year. Our dead never grow old. We have changed places. I am now the elder; and as her voice so long stilled, yet so clearly heard to-night, falls upon my ear in gentle reproof, in kindly advice, in love, in sympathy, in helpfulness, I wonder how one so young should have known and felt and experienced so much of the sadness of earth and yet left no shadow of it in the memory of her bright young life—so full of promise and hope—so early closed.

EMMA HUMPHREY HADDOCK.

Iowa City, March 19, 1894.

OTHER FRAGMENTS OF IOWA HISTORY.

N THE January RECORD, Miss Avery's article upon "Fragments of Iowa History as drawn from Congressional Record" expressed the need of supplementary study of the causes which led to the rejection by the people of the constitution of 1844. A brief note appended gave the views of the only living participant in the public discussion which led to its rejection. It is hoped that a full treatment of the subject by Hon. T. S. Parvin may yet be presented to the readers of the RECORD.

After the Congressional act of March 3rd, 1845, which accepted with modifications the constitution submitted to Congress by the convention of 1844, was certified to the Territorial Legislature, a bill was introduced providing for the submission of the constitution as originally drafted to the people. The constitution with congressional modification had been rejected by vote of the people April 7th, 1845. Upon May 31, 1845, Hon. James M. Morgan of Des Moines County, speaker of the house left the chair and addressed the Representatives in favor of the bill, first answering Mr. Munger from Henry County who had declared that three blunders had been committed:—1st. "The presentation of the constitution to Congress for ratification before it had been adopted by the people." 2nd. The present "attempt of the Legislature to submit the constitution to the people for their vote." 3rd. "The whole management of the question by the delegate in Congress was one big blunder from beginning to end."

Mr. Morgan answered the first charge of Mr. Munger by saying "that the members of the convention" (which framed the constitution) "never supposed for a moment, nor had they, nor anybody else any reason to suppose, that Congress would have even attempted much less accomplished so scandalous a mutilation of our boundaries." To the second "blunder" Mr. Morgan makes reply—much of which is not

pertinent to the end we have in view, but giving as a reason for the submission of the constitution by legislative enactment after it had been rejected by the people—the admitted excellence of the document.

"I am prepared to say that this constitution which has been so much carped at and sneered at by its enemies, which has been made the butt of ridicule by all the half-fledged politicians among us—and against which the Whig prints of this Territory weekly fulminate their philippics and slaver forth their venom * * * will compare favorably, aye, triumphantly with any constitution in existence. * * * I am anxious to see it submitted to them (the people) in such form as that they can consistently vote upon it, and in such shape as they can safely vote for it, * * * now that it is freed from the slander and embarrassment cast upon it by the Congressional amendments."

A freedom secured by the defeat at the polls, since to a large majority of the people the constitution was acceptable and was defeated solely on the ground of the Congressional action touching the boundaries. It is evident also from remarks quoted above that political partisanship had its influence in defeating the constitution aside from the objectionable boundary question. On the other hand some of the dominant party were looking forward to the offices and were ready to accept the constitution with its amendments: Others felt sure that the Congressional provisions were so presented that a vote for the constitution did not approve the boundaries.

"A few contended, that if the constitution should be adopted by the people, an acceptance or ratification of the amendments would not necessarily follow * * * but a large majority contended that the questions were undoubtedly and irrevocably joined, and that there was therefore no opportunity allowed us to vote upon them separately. These conflicting opinions coming together as they did just upon the eve of the election, produced their natural result—a general and wide-spread confusion in the public mind—and, sir, it was in the midst of this confusion and because of this confusion that the constitution went down. That it sank under the weight of these fatal, odious, and outrageous amendments (no one will pretend to doubt that such was the case) is to me, at least, a not less painful than well known fact, for I was in the field of its struggles, and I can say with confidence that I saw scores of the most devoted friends of the constitution and of state government march to the ballot box and vote against the constitution upon the simple and avowed ground that they believed that if they voted for it they would at the same time necessarily and unavoidably vote for the Congressional boundaries also."

Mr. Morgan evidently felt that wise management of the matter while pending in Congress would have placed the amendments in such form as to have permitted a separate vote upon the boundary question—and that the constitution would have been adopted except that a second convention would necessarily be called to act upon the boundary amendments proposed by Congress, and that a proper presentation of the matter before Congress would then have brought about a reversal of their previous action.

Upon the third “blunder” in which Mr. Munger charges the delegate in Congress with acting “treacherously” Mr. Morgan speaks cautiously in his defence. He attributes the acts of the delegate not, as had been charged:

“That he was over solicitous for an immediate organization of State Government at all hazards, and at all sacrifices with the view of becoming the recipient of its highest honors, as has been more than hinted at by the gentleman from Henry, but that he was governed by higher and purer motives—by a laudable desire, sir, to carry out what he honestly believed to be the will of his constituents. * * * That in his zealous efforts to serve his constituents, the delegate did more than was desired of him. This is an error, however, if it may be called an error, for which a public servant may be more fairly excused than justly censured.”

One act of the delegate, the issue of a circular to his constituents in which he says “we can never obtain one more square mile of territory than is prescribed to us by the Congressional boundaries,” Mr. Morgan considers an unfortunate admission which may prevent any future modification of Congressional action.

Mr. Morgan then addresses himself to a statement of the reasons which should have weight with the people in contending for the original boundaries asked for in the constitution of 1844—to-wit: State of Missouri upon the south—the St. Peter’s river upon the north—and the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers upon the East and West respectively.

“The people of the territory should contend for the extended boundaries because without them there would remain but few inducements to go into a state organization, whilst with them there would be every motive to take that step. These boundaries form of themselves several hundred miles of steam-

boat navigation, and embrace within their limits some 60,000 square miles of the best farming lands in the world, together with inexhaustible mineral resources, and all imaginable facilities for manufacturing purposes. We thus have before us, sir, at a single glance, the great interests to be secured to us, provided we can obtain the original boundaries. Let us treat this question, then, in a spirit of patriotism commensurate with its importance to us and to posterity. Let us raise our thoughts and shape our acts above the party expedients of the day. Let us throw behind us all paltry considerations of party and with them the insignificant capital which might be lugged in to affect the choice of a delegate to Congress—let us cast behind us all petty considerations of this description and endeavor to elevate our minds to a level with the high interests at stake and to expand our views to a proper appreciation of the subject. Let us forget that we are acting for ourselves, and endeavor to realize the great fact that we are acting for posterity. * * * Let us keep our minds, our hearts and our eyes, constantly directed toward the future, that great future, sir, which is to rise up in judgment upon our acts, and to weigh out to us that meed of praise which shall be due to our forethought and firmness or that share of censure which shall be due to our stupidity and folly. * * * The whole responsibility of the decision of this question then, whether for good or for evil, depends upon this Legislature. * * * Suppose that we as a Legislature should provide in the bill before us for a dismemberment of the Territory, or that, we as a people should agree to accept the Congressional boundaries--what, sir, would be the consequences to our power, our prosperity, our prospects? Why, sir, we should be confined to a single stream in the way of navigation, and to a comparatively small district of country for settlement and subsistence. The immediate result of this would be to drive from us many enterprising citizens, to discourage and dishearten those who would remain, and put a sudden and everlasting stop to immigration. * * * Sir, it had been a favorite and rather fashionable argument with some, though it has not been urged upon this floor, that under the extended boundaries two great rival interests would spring up—one on the Mississippi and one upon the Missouri, that these interests would soon come into conflict, and that commercial jealousies and political struggles of an unpleasant character would soon result. Now, sir, this assumption or apprehension is not justified by experience. Our nearest neighbor—the State of Illinois—is not only surrounded, but intersected by navigable waters and we hear of no conflicts nor clashing of interests there * * * excepting such as grow out of the party contests of the times. In my humble opinion, sir, prejudices, heart burnings, and ill blood would much more naturally arise * * * under the boundaries which Congress has prescribed for us; as, in the event of their adoption, the border settlers of our own state would be thrown upon the Missouri for a market, the very force of circumstances would estrange them from all duty and attachment to our state; their labor and their wealth would be drawn from us and be made to flow steadily into the lap of a rival state, which would soon outstrip us by thus having the power to levy contributions upon our own people."

Mr. Morgan argues for making the Missouri our western boundary with much earnestness and expresses his conviction that those residing in the northern portions of the Territory should also insist upon the St. Peter's as their boundary line. He then urges the right of the people to demand the extended boundaries:

"Because they made their settlements here with a view to obtaining them. * * * What, sir, would be the condition of the present population of Iowa had not its settlers understood from the start that they were to obtain these extended boundaries? Why, sir, with the exception perhaps of a few settlements immediately upon the banks of the Mississippi, the whole Territory would have remained to this hour a perfect wilderness, and for this reason, sir, that any other boundaries than those proposed would have cut the people off from all of those agricultural and commercial advantages to which men naturally look when entering upon the settlement of a new country. * * * They (the people) have the right and it is their duty to demand of Congress that this fraud and this outrage shall not be visited upon them."

Mr. Morgan then treats of the reasons which were urged in Congress for their change of boundaries but as this subject is discussed quite fully by Miss Avery (See January HISTORICAL RECORD pages 14—17) it needs no repetition here. He closes his speech with a recital of his reasons for believing that a resubmission of our claims to Congress would result in the concession of the boundaries desired.

"These reasons are two-fold, *first*, a sense of justice arising from the sober second thought of Congress—*secondly*, political considerations. I have no doubt, sir, but that, upon reflection, and after hearing another statement of the case, Congress will be tempted to retrace its steps, and act with the wisdom which should characterize so exalted a body, and with that magnanimity which has heretofore been the glory of the American Congress.

"In addition to this political considerations will arise which must necessarily weigh upon the minds of members from all parts of the Union. Sir, when the Senators from Florida shall take their seats upon the floor of the Senate, the East, the Center, and the West will feel suddenly and sensibly the weight which is so soon to disturb the now evenly balanced scales, and they will be compelled to cast about them for a counterpoise to preserve the equilibrium of the government.*

*Since the memorable admission of Missouri and Maine there had been observed the disposition to keep an equilibrium between slave and free states in the senate, and states were admitted in pairs—Florida and Iowa being thus paired.

“Their eyes will naturally be directed toward us, and when they see us halting and holding back, and ascertain the cause of our delay, I think the great probability is that they will beg us to come forward and bid us to enter upon our own terms.

“The North, too, will see that being a part of the old Louisiana Territory, and cut off by nature from all communication with the East, we must naturally and unavoidably find our market at the South and continue to find it there, so long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall roll their floods in their present direction. The North will have the sagacity to see this—and that same sagacity—that inborn principle of our race—will teach them that, ‘where the treasure is there will the heart be also.’ The North, sir, will see that, cut off as we are, geographically, commercially, and politically from all communication with the East, they will have nothing to gain, and everything to lose by the erection of a series of new states west of the Mississippi River, every one of which, from the force of circumstances, from geographical and commercial connections, must unite politically and will unite politically and forever with the South. These circumstances then, will decide the question for the North, and induce northern members to labor for our admission with the original boundaries. The Middle States will have but little to say in the matter, or, if they have an opinion, it must be in our favor, as an increased number of Senators would render the Middle States more than ever the prey and sport of the balance.”

This is an exact copy, but it must be admitted does not add force to Mr. Morgan’s contention except it be meant to imply that the admission of Iowa would diminish the *balance* and so lessen the danger to the Middle States.

“The western states will repudiate the new fallacy, that to keep up the weight of the West in the government it is necessary to have a larger representation in a body which has never been, and never can be, the representative of the masses or of any particular or peculiar sectional interests.”

The reason urged in Congress for the reduction of our proposed boundaries was the importance of having a larger number of states formed out of free territory so that the south might not gain preponderance in the Senate. Mr. Morgan assumes that the number of States does not determine the preponderance in Congress as a whole, for the lower house represents the popular will and this depends upon population.

“Hence I am led to believe that western members moved by that sympathy which they must naturally feel in the affairs of a near neighbor, will be induced to take us by the hand, and guide us safely and triumphantly through the ordeal which awaits us. The people of the South, possessing as they do a district of country sufficient in extent to keep up the political balance for all time to come, will of course have no objection to any boundaries we may propose, whilst a sense

of justice to themselves, seeing that we are allied to each other by the strong ties of interest, will induce them to throw their whole weight in our favor.

"These are the considerations, sir, which, in my opinion, will, when properly impressed upon the minds of members of Congress, induce that body to welcome us with open arms and hail our admission into the Union with a shout of sincere and heartfelt joy."

The prediction proved true, for by Act of Congress, August 4th, 1846, acceptable boundaries were defined. A second convention which met May 4, 1846, submitted a constitution to the people of the Territory. A vote ratifying the same was taken August 3rd, 1846, just one day previous to the Congressional action which must have been taken without any knowledge of the results of the popular vote, but with a full understanding of the wishes of the people as expressed in the constitution itself.

The only departure from the original contention as to boundaries was upon the North—a change from the proposed "parallel running through the mouth of the Blue Earth" to the parallel of $43^{\circ} 30'$, our present boundary. The final act of admission was perfected December 28, 1846.

J. L. PICKARD.

THE WESTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1804 AND 1806.

BY WM. SALTER, D.D., BURLINGTON, IOWA.

IN THE Expedition of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri river, and to the Pacific ocean, those famous explorers passed a month along the western border of Iowa, or upon that part of the Missouri river which stretches from the southwest corner of the State to the mouth of the Big Sioux river. They left their camp on the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Missouri river, May 14, 1804, and reached the point where the Southern boundary of Iowa

abuts the Missouri river on the 18th of July. From this point they were thirty-five days in reaching the mouth of the Big Sioux, a distance of 314 miles by the windings of the river according to their calculation. In September, 1806, they retraced the same distance in six days. The following extracts are from that portion of their Narrative which covers this distance [New Edition by Elliott Coues, 4 vols., published by Francis P. Harper, N. Y., 1893]:

July 18, 1804.—The country around is divided into prairies, with little timber, except upon low points and islands, and near creeks, and consisting of cottonwood, mulberry, elm and sycamore.

July 19.—We camped on the western extremity of an island in the middle of the river, having made 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The sand-bars passed to-day are more numerous, and the rolling sands more frequent and dangerous than any we have seen; these obstacles increasing as we approach the Platte river. The Missouri is wider here than below, where the timber on the banks resists the current; while here the prairies are more easily washed and undermined. Great quantities of young geese are seen. For the last few days the hunters have brought no quadruped but deer.

July 20.—A heavy dew last night; this morning foggy and cool. We passed a small willow island to the east, and a creek on the west about 25 yards wide, called by the French L'Eau qui Pleure, or Weeping Water, which empties just above a cliff of brown clay. Thence to another island, and a third, and fourth, at the head of which we camped; in all 18 miles. The party who walked on the shore found the plains to the west rich, but parched with frequent fires; no timber except scattering trees about the sources of the runs. On the east is a similar prairie country. The river continues to fall. A large yellow wolf was killed this day.

For a month past the party have been troubled with boils under the arms and on the legs, and occasionally dysentery. After some days the tumors disappeared without assistance except a poultice of bark of the elm or of Indian meal. We ascribe the disorder to the muddiness of the river water.

July 21.—By aid of a breeze from the southeast we passed at about ten miles a willow-island on the west, near highlands, covered with timber at the bank, and formed of limestone with cemented shells. On the opposite side the land is cut through at high water by small channels forming a number of islands. The wind lulled at 7 o'clock, and we reached in the rain the mouth of the Platte at the distance of fourteen miles. The highlands on the west which had accompanied us for the last eight or ten miles stopped at about three quarters of a mile from the entrance of the Platte. Here is the dividing line between what is called the "Upper" and "Lower" Missouri. A number of wolves were seen, and heard around us in the evening.

July 22—26.—We found on the east side a high and shaded situation at the distance of ten miles from the Platte. We camped here [White-catfish camp,

lat. 41 degrees, 3 minutes, 11 seconds], intending to make the requisite observations, and to send for the neighboring tribes for the purpose of making known the recent change in the government, and the wish of the United States to cultivate their friendship. Immediately behind is a plain about five miles wide, one half covered with wood, the other dry and elevated. We stayed here several days, dried our provisions, made oars, and prepared dispatches and maps of the country for the President of the United States. The hunters have found game scarce; they have seen deer, turkeys and grouse; we have an abundance of ripe grapes; catfish very common, and easily taken; one of our men caught a white catfish.

In the present season the Indians go out on the prairies to hunt the buffalo; but as we discovered hunters' tracks, and observed the plains on fire in the direction of their villages, we hoped they might have returned to gather the green Indian corn, and we dispatched two men to the Ottoe or Pawnee villages with a present of tobacco and an invitation to the chiefs to visit us. They returned after two days' absence; though they saw fresh tracks of a small party, they found no Indians.

The Ottoes were once a powerful nation. Their village is on the south side of the Platte, about thirty miles from its mouth. Five leagues above them reside the Pawnees.

July 27.—We set sail with a pleasant breeze. At 10½ miles from our camp we examined a curious collection of graves or mounds on the west side of the river. A tract of about 200 acres is covered with mounds of different heights, shapes and sizes; some of sand; some of both earth and sand; the largest nearest the river. They indicate the ancient village of the Ottoes before they retired to the protection of the Pawnees.

July 28.—We reached a bluff on the east side, the first highlands on this side since we left the Nodaway (July 8). Above is a creek which we called Indian Knob creek (it rises in Shelby County, runs through Harrison County, and empties into the Missouri, near Crescent City, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa).

A little below the bluff is the spot where the Ajauway Indians formerly lived. They were a branch of the Ottoes, and emigrated from this place to the river Des Moines. From this village to Floyd's river the hills retire from the Missouri. The country thus abandoned of the hills is open, and timber is in small quantities, so that though the plain is rich, and covered with high grass, the want of wood renders it less calculated for cultivation.

Our hunter brought to us in the evening a Missouri Indian whom he found with two others dressing an elk; they were friendly, gave him some of the meat, and one agreed to accompany him. He is of the few remaining Missouris who live with the Ottoes; he belongs to a small party whose camp is four miles from the river, and says the body of the nation is hunting buffalo on the plains.

July 29.—We sent this Indian back with an invitation to the others to meet us above on the river. We passed Boyer's creek, stopped to dine under a shade near the high land on the west, and caught several large catfish. Above this high land we observed the traces of a great hurricane which passed the river obliquely from northwest to southeast, and tore up large trees some of

which, perfectly sound, and four feet in diameter, were snapped off near the ground.

July 30.—We camped on the west side of the river to wait for the Ottoes. From the bluffs we enjoy a beautiful view of the river and adjoining country. At a distance varying from four to ten miles, and of a height between 70 and 300 feet, two parallel ranges of high land afford a passage to the Missouri which enriches the low grounds between. In its winding course it nourishes the willow-islands, the scattered cottonwood, elm, sycamore, linden, and ash; and the groves are interspersed with hickory, walnut, coffee-nut, and oak.

July 31.—The meridian altitude made the latitude of our camp 41 degrees, 18 minutes, 1 second. The hunters supplied us with deer, turkeys, geese, and beaver; one of the last was caught alive, and in a short time was perfectly tamed. Catfish are abundant, and we have seen a buffalo fish. One of our men brought in an animal called by the Pawnees, Chocartoosh, by the French blaireau, or badger. The evening is cool, yet mosquitoes are very troublesome.

August 1-2.—We waited with anxiety the return of our messenger to the Ottoes. Our apprehensions were relieved by the arrival of about 14 Ottoo and Missouri Indians, who came at sunset on the 2nd, accompanied by a Frenchman who resided among them and interpreted for us. We sent them some roasted meat, pork, flour, and meal; in return they made us a present of water-melons.

August 3.—The Indians were assembled under an awning formed with the mainsail. A speech was made to them announcing the change of the government, our promise of protection, and giving advice as to their conduct. The six chiefs replied, each in turn according to his rank. We then proceeded to distribute our presents. We gave to this place the name of Council-bluff [at a later day the sight of Fort Calhoun, in Washington Co., Nebraska]; the situation is exceedingly favorable for a fort and trading-factory. The ceremonies of the council being concluded, we set sail in the afternoon.

August 4.—A violent wind, accompanied by rain, purified and cooled the atmosphere last night. We reached a narrow part of the river where the channel is confined within a space of 200 yards by a sand-point on the east and a bend on the west; the banks are washing away, the trees falling in, and the channel is filled with buried logs. At fifteen miles we camped. The hills on both sides of the river are nearly twelve or fifteen miles from each other; those of the east containing some timber, while the hills of the west are without covering, except scattering wood in ravines and near the creeks; rich plains and prairies occupy the intermediate space.

August 5.—We set out early and by our oars made twenty miles, though the river was crowded with sand-bars. On both sides the prairies extend along the river; the banks covered with quantities of grapes, of which three different species are ripe. We had rain, attended by high wind; thunder-storms are less frequent than in the Atlantic States at this season: snakes too are less frequent, though we killed one to-day. We fixed our camp on the east side (in what is now Harrison Co., Iowa.)

In the evening Captain Clark in pursuing some game in an eastern direction found himself at a distance of 370 yards of the camp, at a point of the river

whence we had come twelve miles. When the water is high, this peninsula is overflowed; and judging from the customary changes in the river, a few years, will force the main current of the river across, and leave the great bend dry. The lowland between the parallel ranges of hills seems formed of mud or ooze of the river, mixed with sand and clay. The sand of the neighboring banks accumulates with that brought down the stream, and forms sand-bars projecting into the river; these drive the channel to the opposite bank, the loose texture of which it undermines and at length deserts its ancient bed for a new and shorter passage. Thus the banks are constantly falling and the river changing its bed.

August 6.—After a violent storm of wind and rain from the northwest we passed a large island to the east. In the channel separating it from the shore, a creek called Soldier's river enters.

August 7.—Another storm from the northwest last evening. Having the wind from the north, we rowed seventeen miles and camped on the east shore. We dispatched four men back to the Ottoo village, and sent presents to the Ottoes and Missouris, and requested them to join us at the Omaha village where a peace might be concluded between them.

August 8.—At two miles distance, we came to a part of the river where there was concealed timber difficult to pass. The wind was from the northwest, and we proceeded in safety. At six miles a river enters on the east side, called by the Sioux Eaneahwadepon, Stone river; by the French, Petite Riviere des Sioux, or Little Sioux river. At its confluence it is eighty yards wide. Our Sioux interpreter, Mr. Durlon, who has been to the sources of it and knows the adjoining country, says that it rises within about nine miles of the river Des Moines. Two miles beyond Little Sioux river is a long island which we called Pelican island from the numbers of that bird feeding on it; one being killed, we poured into his bag five gallons of water. An elk was shot; snakes are rare in this part. A meridian altitude near the Little Sioux river made the latitude 41 degrees, 42 minutes, 34 seconds. We camped on the east side [Monona Co., Iowa.]

August 9.—A thick fog detained us until past 7 o'clock, after which we proceeded with a gentle breeze from the southeast. At $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles we reached a point of high land on the left, near which the river has forced a channel across a peninsula, leaving on the right a circuit of twelve or eighteen miles, which is recognized by the ponds and islands it contains. At seventeen and a half miles we reached a point on the east where we camped. The hills are at a great distance from the river for the last several days; the land on both sides is low, and covered with cottonwood and abundance of grape-vines. An elk was seen to-day, a turkey was shot, and near our camp is a beaver-den; mosquitoes more troublesome than ever the last two days.

August 10.—At $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles came to Coupee a Jacques, where the river has found a new bed and abridged a circuit of several miles; at $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to a cliff of yellow stone on the left, the first highland near the river above the Council-bluff. After passing a number of sand-bars we reached a willow island at the distance of $22\frac{1}{4}$ miles, which we were enabled to do with our oars and a wind from the southwest, and camped on the east side [Monona Co., Iowa.]

August 11.—At nearly five miles we halted on the west side for the purpose of examining a spot where Blackbird, one of the great chiefs of the Omahas was buried who died of smallpox about four years ago. A hill of yellow soft sandstone rises from the river in bluffs of various heights, till it ends in a knoll about 300 feet above the water; on the top a mound, twelve feet in diameter at the base, six feet high, is raised over the body; a pole about eight feet high is fixed in the center, on which we placed a white flag bordered with red, white and blue. Blackbird seems to have been a personage of great consideration; for since his death he has been supplied with provisions from time to time by the superstitions regard of the Omahas. We descended to the river and passed a small creek called Waucandipeeche (Bad Spirit). Near this creek the Omahas had a village and lost 400 of their nation by the malady which destroyed Blackbird. We camped in a bend of the river on the east side at 17 miles distance [near Badger Lake, Monona Co., Iowa]. The course of the river has been crooked; we observed a number of places where the old channel is filled up, or is becoming covered with willow and cottonwood. Great numbers of herrons are observed, and mosquitoes annoy us very much.

August 12.—Made 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. A prairie wolf came near the bank and barked at us; we attempted unsuccessfully to take him. We camped on a sand-island in a bend ["apparently just over the border of Woodbury Co., Iowa."].

August 13.—Set out at daylight with a breeze from the southeast; came to a spot on the west side where, in 1795-6, J. Mackay had a trading establishment which he called Fort Charles. At 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, formed a camp on a sand-bar to the west side of the river opposite the lower point of a large island. From this place detached Sergeant Ordway and four men to the Omaha village with a flag and a present to induce the Omahas to come and hold a council with us.

August 14.—Sergeant Ordway returned, having seen no tracks of Indians.

August 15.—The accounts of the effects of the smallpox on the Omahas are most distressing. They had been a military and powerful people, but when they saw their strength wasting before a malady they could not resist their frenzy was extreme; they burnt their village, and many put their wives and children to death, to save them from so cruel affliction, and that all might go together to some better country.

August 16-17.—We still waited for the Indians. In order to bring in any neighboring tribes we set the prairies on fire. This is the signal made by traders to apprise the Indians of their arrival; it is also used between different nations to indicate an event which they have previously agreed to announce in that way.

August 18.—The party sent on the 7th to the Ottoes arrived with the Indians, consisting of Weahrushhah, or Little Thief, Shongotongo, or Big Horn, whom we had seen on the 3rd, with six other chiefs and a French interpreter. We met them under a shade and, after a repast with which we supplied them, inquired into the origin of the war between them and the Omahas, which they related with great frankness. It seems that two of the Missouris went to the the Omahas to steal horses, but were detected and killed; the Ottoes and Missouris thought themselves bound to avenge their compan-

ions, and the whole nations were obliged to share in the dispute. They are also in fear of a war from the Pawnees whose village they entered this summer, while the inhabitants were hunting, and stole their corn. This ingenuous confession did not make us less desirous of negotiating a peace for them. But no Indians have as yet been attracted by our fire. The evening was closed by a dance.

August 19.—The chiefs and warriors being assembled at 10 o'clock, we renewed our advice. All replied in turn, and the presents were then distributed. The names of these warriors, besides those mentioned, were of the Missouri—Karkapaha or Crow's Head, Nenasawa or Black Cat; of the Otoes—Sananona or Iron Eyes, Neswaunja or Big Ox, Stageaunja or Big Blue Eyes, Wasashaco or Brave Man. These people are almost naked, having no covering except a breech-cloth round the middle, with a loose blanket or buffalo robe painted thrown over them.

August 20.—The Indians mounted their horses and left us, having received a canister of whiskey at parting. We then set sail, and after passing two islands came to on the east side under some bluffs, the first near the river since we left the Ayauwa village [July 28].

Here we had the misfortune to lose one of our sergeants, Charles Floyd. He was yesterday seized with a bilious colic, and all our care and attention were ineffectual to relieve him. A little before his death he said to Captain Clark, "I am going to leave you;" his strength failed as he added, "I want you to write me a letter." He died with a composure which justified the high opinion we had formed of his firmness and good conduct. He was buried on the top of the bluff with the honors due to a brave soldier; the place of his interment was marked by a cedar post on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed. We gave his name to this place. About a mile beyond is a small river which we called Floyd's river where we camped.

August 21.—A breeze from the southeast carries us by a small willow creek (Perry creek) about a mile and half above Floyd's river. Here began a range of bluffs [site of Sioux City] which continued till near the mouth of the Great Sioux river. This river comes in from the north and is about a 110 yards wide. Our Sioux interpreter says that the Sioux river is navigable to the Falls, and beyond; that its sources are near those of the St. Peter's; that below the Falls a creek falls in from the east, after passing through cliffs of red rock, of which rock the Indians make their pipes. The necessity of procuring this article has introduced a sort of law of nations which makes the banks of the creek sacred, and gives hostile tribes a right of asylum at these quarries.

From the mouth of the Big Sioux north to latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$ that river constitutes the western boundary of Iowa. Lewis and Clark passed up the Missouri river, and on to the Pacific ocean. Upon their return two years afterwards they reached the mouth of the Big Sioux, September 4, 1806, and five days later they passed where is now the southwestern corner of Iowa. The following extracts cover this period:

September 4, 1806.—We stopped at noon near Floyd's bluff. On ascending the hill we found that the grave had been opened, and was half uncovered. We filled it up, and then continued down to our old camp near the Omaha village [Aug. 13-20, 1804].

September 5, 1806.—Passed Bluestone bluff [camp of Aug. 9, 1804], where the river leaves the high lands and meanders through a low, rich bottom, and at night camped, after making 73 miles.

September 6, 1806.—Near the Little Sioux river we met a trading boat belonging to Mr. August Chouteau, of St. Louis, with several men on their way to trade with the Yanktons at the Jacques river. We obtained from them a gallon of whiskey, and gave each of the party a dram, the first spirituous liquor any have tasted since the 4th of July, 1805. After remaining with them for some time we went on to a sand-bar, 30 miles from our last camp, where we passed the night.

Sunday, September 7, 1806.—A little above Soldier's river we stopped to dine on elk, of which we killed three, and at night, after making 44 miles, camped on a sand-bar, where we hoped in vain to escape mosquitoes.

September 8, 1806.—Stopped for a short time at the Council bluffs to examine the situation of the place; were confirmed in our belief that it would be a very eligible spot for a trading-establishment. Anxious to reach the Platte, we plied our oars so well that by night we had made 73 miles, and landed at our camp of July 22—26, 1804, twelve miles above the Platte. We had occasion to remark the wonderful evaporation from the Missouri, which does not appear to contain more water, nor its channel to be wider, than] at 1000 miles nearer its source, though within that space it receives about twenty rivers, some of considerable width, and a great number of creeks.

September 9, 1806.—By 8 o'clock we passed the Platte; the current of the Missouri becomes more rapid, and the obstructions from fallen timber increase. The river-bottoms are extensive, rich, and covered with tall, large timber, which is still more abundant in the ravines. As we advance so rapidly, the change of climate is very perceptible, the air is more sultry, and the nights so warm that a thin blanket is sufficient, though a few days ago two were not burdensome. Late in the afternoon we camped opposite Baldpated prairie (northwest corner of Atchison Co., Mo.), after a journey of 73 miles.

RELICS OF GEN. JACKSON'S TIME.



AT NO time in the history of our country, if we except the revolutionary Whig and Tory period of 1775 to 1783, and the era of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, have the animosities of the members of political parties been more bitter, their strifes more intense, or their contests fought with more determined

persistence, or their victories celebrated with more satisfaction and jubilant expression by the victors than during the time whose leading event was the veto by General Jackson of the bill passed by Congress in 1832 for the rechartering of the United States Bank. So elated were the enemies of the bank over the prospect of the final closing up of that financial institution that the leading men among them in New York City gave expression to joy over it by having the veto message printed and distributed on white satin and a failure to respond financially for this purpose by those in official position was regarded as a want of party fealty. This printing on satin was repeated in different parts of the state.

A copy of the message thus printed and issued as an extra by the *Cayuga Patriot* at Auburn, N. Y., has passed down into the hands of Dr. W. H. Dickinson, of Des Moines, who has presented it to the Historical Society and it is prized as one of its choicest historical relics. In size it is 18x24 inches, printed in ordinary sized newspaper type and columns and it is nearly as legible as if printed but a few days ago on good paper. It is in a frame under glass, and it occupies a conspicuous position in the room.

Another relic of General Jackson's time is an electioneering sheet, headed "Some of the Bloody Deeds of General Jackson." In its time it was known as "The Coffin Handbill." It is a sheet 12x20 inches, and has twenty-three coffins printed on its face, purporting to be the coffins of that number of persons who had been condemned to death by General Jackson. Most of them met death under sentence of courtmartial. It hangs in a frame on the wall.

Two other relics are a couple of ballots cast for General Jackson for president and Martin Van Buren for vice-president in Louisiana in 1832. On one there is in addition to the names of Jackson and Van Buren, and the five presidential electors, the picture of a live oak tree and this motto, "Honor and gratitude to the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory." On the other "Our country must and

shall be DEFENDED. We will enjoy our LIBERTY or PERISH in the last ditch."—*Jackson.*

These tickets were brought home by Sergeant Virgil Hartsock, of Co. F., 22d Iowa Infantry on his return from the war.
H. W. LATHROP.

The following literary gem was read by its author at a recent Anniversary of the Nineteenth Century Club, a literary organization of women, now in its eleventh year of existence. It is our hope to obtain other productions of like character for the RECORD.
EDITOR.

PROMETHEUS.

"The crone heaps up dry sticks and, at the blaze,
Warms wrinkled hands. Children stretch tired limbs
To the kind warmth. The greedy smith for gold
Is forging chains. And happy lovers go
Slow wandering, two and two, to fix the place
Whereon shall stand, in nearing blissful time,
Their household hearth.

Well, let them chain me now.

I conquered. I brought fire, blest boon, to these.
I would not let Zeus see the hurt it gave
To shut me here in this huge round of rocks
With all my teeming plans void in my brain.
I walked like bridegroom to his marriage rites,
And leaned upon this stone. Hephaestos, though,
Me pitied as he drove the shackles home.
Know they, old crone, young child, love and smith,
Whence came this comfort of life's deadly ill,
This helper of life's gain? Sometimes, perchance,
They say, 'Prometheus brought us fire, and then
He disappeared.' Perchance 'tis asked by one
Some slight degree more moved, 'And when, and how?'
But no one knows.

I do not often groan or cry aloud,
But sometimes, when Zeus' dreadful bird, more fierce,
Tears deeper in, I groan, and then they say—
Those strong, whole-bodied ones down on the plain,
'The thunder rolls on Caucasus to-night.'
Sometimes I sigh—could I but bend my knees!

And then, 'Dost hear the wind wail through the pines?'
 So on. The strong right arm of Herakles
 I wait. But this—this wrings my heart, that when
 Set free, at last, by Io's mighty son,
 I shall by all men be forgotten quite."

I read old Aeschylus one summer day.
 Prometheus' woes pressed on me; saddest this
 Of all I deemed that, one should do for men
 A blessed deed, and then that men should live
 Unmindful, caring not—the most—to know
 Who did them weal.
 And thinking thus that summer day, to me
 The sighing wind across the waste of time
 Wafted his sigh to know himself forgot.

CELIA A. M. CURRIER.

A NEW IOWA BOOK.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, IOWA'S WAR
 GOVERNOR, BY HON. H. W. LATHROP.



HE writing of biography is never an easy task. A warm personal friend of the man whose life he portrays needs to hold a constant rein upon inclination. An enemy will surely betray prejudice. A stranger, who can learn only from materials furnished by others or from utterances of the man himself, may be the fairest biographer, if he knows enough of the environment of his subject to make wise choice of material. Autobiography is supposed to be the fairest presentation of what the man would choose to have said about himself for the benefit of posterity, but posterity may not always share in the estimate the writer has put upon himself.

Biography should be history. History is best written after those who made it have passed away and all prejudices have been allayed. Much that may appear important to active participants will become trivial in after years.

The biography of most men is of necessity brief. But when a man has for a generation occupied a prominent position, the record of his life must be culled from a mass of material, every item of which may be important in some connection but must be cut down or omitted in some cases, that the book may be within the reach of those for whose benefit it is designed and may be within readable compass.

Biographies for the reading public are in these busy days necessarily brief.

As to the structure of biographies, one prominent characteristic of the subject may be selected, and events of the life displaying that characteristic will be properly arranged in chronological order.

If the man be many sided the grouping of facts touching his life are best presented topically. This latter statement is true also if the subject of the biography has in different environment displayed his varied characteristics—each prominent as circumstances determined.

In the work before us, Mr. Lathrop has presented chiefly that side of Governor Kirkwood's life which was turned to public view and admiration during the stirring times of our civil war, and in the midst of the events to which the civil war gave prominence, as those once in rebellion return to their allegiance.

He has properly presented Governor Kirkwood's attitude toward American slavery, and has brought forward the first state paper which advocated its extinction in an inaugural message following the removal of General Fremont.

The book reviewed is written by a warm personal friend of Governor Kirkwood. It is also in an important sense, an auto-biography, as the work has passed under the critical eye of the governor who is still a townsman of the author. This fact, which in many cases would make the task a most delicate one, has served an excellent purpose, since the modesty and the sterling common sense of the living subject have been a constant check upon the inclination of the friendly

author. The reader may therefore be sure that his attention is not called to words of flattery or of overpraise.

The governor is presented largely in his own letters, addresses and messages, to the publication of which he gives his sanction.

The title "Iowa's War Governor" indicates the setting of the gems selected.

His times called out the sterling worth of Governor Kirkwood. A man of the people, honest and earnest, wonderfully gifted in his power to present his opinions in clear phrase with the light of apt illustration shining through at the most vital points, showing his sincerity in every word he uttered Governor Kirkwood is worthy the tribute paid to him in the work of Mr. Lathrop.

A lover of the Union as he had loved it from his boyhood—and with the heart-love he bore and still bears to Iowa, he set himself like a rock against every wave of disloyalty, acted promptly and vigorously to shield Iowa from the semblance of a half-hearted support of the Union, spared no pains to secure for Iowa volunteers proper recognition, and has missed no opportunity to maintain the rights Iowa's volunteer soldiery have earned for themselves.

Every reader of the book must admire the sagacity and the firmness of the man who answering the call of the government for troops still made ample provision for the protection of Iowa's southern border from rebel invasion and her western border from savage attacks by excited Indian tribes. No other "War Governor" had like responsibilities.

From his treatment of the "Coppoc Case" in Virginia, to the outbreak of the "Tally War" in Iowa, Governor Kirkwood showed remarkable firmness coupled with great legal acumen.

His comprehension of great public questions was so clear and his ability to state his convictions so marked, as to win for him attention accorded to but few men, when as Governor, Senator, Secretary, or as political canvasser, he made public addresses.

The book as has been intimated is largely autobiographical.

Every lover of his state should read the book which tells what was done for her in most trying times through the personal effort and the personal influence of Samuel J. Kirkwood.

The book is published by the author and may be obtained upon application to H. W. Lathrop, Iowa City. Price, \$3.50.
J. L. PICKARD.

THEN AND NOW.



SOME years before the great civil war, on a pleasant day in May, a young printer and his wife landed in a new Iowa town, where they were to start a little newspaper. While waiting for the completion of an elm and basswood house in which they were to live, the pair took lodgings at one of the two hotels. The landlord had just put on "a heap of style," as he regarded it, by bringing in overland—one hundred and sixty miles, by stage—a very skillful colored cook—"William," as the boarders at once learned to call him. Now, William was not only well up in his "profession"—could cook meat and vegetables "fit for a king," while his bread, biscuits, puddings and pies were very near, if not altogether faultless—but he was amiable, kind, and pleasant to everybody. This was not due to a lively expectation of "tips," for the "tip" was then scarcely known throughout all our broad land, and by no means in a little frontier Iowa hamlet. The fact of the matter is, that William was "a born gentleman," competent for his work, genial, kind and true, respected and trusted implicitly by every body who knew him. He was

"a man for a' that, and a' that,"

and was getting along very nicely. But one day the bright little lady boarder was sitting at the window in her corner room, on the second floor, when this is what occurred: Wil-

liam was in the back yard cutting and splitting wood, like the always industrious worker that he was. Just then, a white man somewhat under the influence of "sod-corn" whiskey, came down the prairie-grassed street on horseback. Seeing the man of color, he exclaimed, "Well, what have we got here? Why, as sure as the world, a —— nigger! Say, you —— black rascal, what in —— are you here for?"—and he rode close up to the yard fence.

William, taken all aback, was evidently alarmed. He stopped work and put his axe on his shoulder, quietly replying, "I'se de cook ob dis yere hotel, Massa." "Well, you'll git out of this town! Blank county ain't big enough to hold me and any —— nigger! You'll leave *now*! Start your boots!" Saying this, he dismounted, hitched his horse and passed through the little gate into the yard. William was quite dumbfounded, not knowing what to say or do. That was in the days of slavery through all the South, when a colored man had very few rights which rough, unfeeling white men cared to respect even in a free state.

Just then, the landlord, hearing the loud, profane language, came to the back door. William still stood with his axe on his shoulder, and the drunken fellow at once most falsely asserted that the cook had "drawn" the implement to strike *him*! This William denied, and vainly attempted to explain that he was chopping wood, when the white fellow came along and began his abusive talk. But the landlord was a person of altogether base, low instincts, wholly lacking the manliness to take the part of his faithful, *sober* servant. He spoke up at once in an angry manner—"William, go right into the house and mind your —— business!"

The colored man therefore dropped his axe and disappeared through the door, while the landlord instead of righteously taking a club to the drunken disturber of the peace, plied his smooth tongue in a useless effort to reconcile him to *letting* "the nigger" remain to do the cooking.

William did not stay long in that town, where he was lia-

ble to be thus brutally interrupted while performing honest labor. He long ago disappeared among the nameless, forgotten millions. The pioneer landlord and his wife have been dead for a quarter of a century. The little woman whose blood boiled as she heard and saw this hitherto unwritten episode in pioneer Iowa history, is no longer in the land of the living. The individual, however, who thought Blank county was too small an abiding place for himself and a quiet, praiseworthy colored man, "still lives," sobered and dignified, in green old age. He has changed his politics several times, and has long been a member in excellent standing of one of the popular churches. His mental obfuscation at the time he essayed to drive a man out of the town and county on account of his color, would no doubt render his memory somewhat misty touching that event; but it is to be hoped that he is now actuated by a broader charity, and that he has atoned for his old-time, most wicked and unchristian intolerance. But strange as it may appear in this last decade of the century, less than forty years ago there was many a place even in our great free state, where just such incidents might have transpired, and been allowed to pass with no rebuke—except to the helpless and unoffending colored person. People who were born not more than thirty years ago can scarcely believe such a state of things to have been possible. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. How times change, and how men change with them!

WILDS OF WESTERN IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

CANTO I.

Thy ever reaching fields, charmingly grand
I ravished view, and with a trembling hand,
Seizing my slumb'ring Lyre its humble strains
Waken; and quick, while o'er my spirit reigns
This magic spell, and all my feelings seem
In harmony, I make thy charms my theme.

Distrustful of myself, how much I fear
A lack of skill! but while my Muse is near,
To tune my harp, to guide my hand and fling
Her own inspired notes on Music's airy wing,
Which now, a pent-up fire within my soul,
Groans to be free, I'll bid the numbers roll.

The man of selfish mood, though great in lore,
Who looking so superficially o'er
The rest of nature, sees no charms at all,
Sees nothing here in thee; yea and will call
Thee a gloomy, desolate wild, and haste
Himself away as from some lonely waste,
Some desert place, dreary, barren and dry,
Where dread simoons are fiercely sweeping by.
But firmly now thy fascinating charms
Hold me, as some fond lover holds in arms
His maid, and as the captive one, meanwhile
Her face aglow with mingled blush and smile,
Betrays the love she scarcely dare make known,
So now thy captivating power I own.

But seldom sung has been thy worthy name,
For little known has been thy hidden fame,
Save by the savage tribes who dearly loved,
While o'er thy bright elysian fields they roved,
In head-long chase or wild nomadic tour,
(Free as the air they breathed) to drink thy pure,
Romantic beauties in.

Ah well they knew,
Though wild themselves, and sometimes cruel too,
Thy charms; and much they grieved to leave behind
Their native plains, in distant fields to find
A future and uncertain dwelling-place,
And yield these charms to men of paler face.

How oft, while pensively I wend along
Over thy vast domain, a mingled throng
Of images and strange conjectures roll
Through all the hidden chambers of my soul;
And oft, involuntarily, I've thought,
Did God give thee this form, when He from naught
Commanded all the Universe? or has
Some mighty freak of wild Old Nature, as
By magic art she tried her skillful hand,
Since vast creation's dawn, changed all this land
From ruder state to all the charming grace

Which rests serenely on thy smiling face?
 While thus I've mused, as often have I said,
 "Sure this was once the proud Old Ocean's bed.
 At length her billows, starting as by fear,
 Grandly receding left their impress here."

And oft when wandering out at evening time,
 And in the west the restless sun, sublime,
 Was hiding fast his gloriously bright
 And wondrous form, and lingering floods of light
 Fell o'er the earth, while here and there were seen
 Behind eclipsing hills, in each ravine
 And shallow place, shadows to fall,
 Like wide-strewn fragments of a tattered pall;
 While hills and mounds all luminous were made,
 Causing a mingled view of light and shade,
 I've said, "How emblematic this of human life,
 With all its quiet and its fearful strife
 That ends in victory, its toil and rest,
 Afflictions which convulse the throbbing breast,
 And that most holy calm which afterward
 Comes o'er the soul, while sweet a voice is heard
 Exclaiming, 'Peace! Be still!' and even when
 At length the last great struggle comes, ah! then
 To feel that we can say, 'No evil will
 I know or fear, for Thou art with me still,'
 And more, 'Thy rod and staff they comfort me.
 And now, O Grave where is thy victory?
 O Death where is thy sting?"

This is the light
 And shade of mortal life, its day and night;
 And thus 'tis seen that this our world, to those
 Alone who make it so hath fears and woes
 Of constant stay—anticipated grief,
 Or real ill from which there's no relief;
 For hath not Inspiration said aright,
 "To righteous men, arising, comes a light
 In darkness?" then all at once their fears have fled,
 And having nothing now that they can dread,
 By faith's great light, cheerful they look above,
 And then beyond, and feel a warmer love
 For Him whose people must be tried, a trust
 More strong in Him whose ways are ever just.
 They feel a purer heart, the silver tried,
 Evil o'ercome, afflictions sanctified;
 They have a brighter and happier soul,

The darkness flees, and quickly o'er them roll
Bright beaming waves of bliss; and when shall fall
The gloom of death, a light transcending all
Bursts forth, refulgent—eternal—Ah! See!
It is the light of Immortality.

IOWA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

TO Miss Delia Hutchinson who for three months and more had charge of the registry desk in the Iowa building **THE RECORD** is indebted for the following facts:

The Iowa building was the most favorably located of all the State buildings and was the most attractive by reason of its interior decorations all made of cereals and grasses—the products of the State. Similar decorations were found in Iowa's pavilion in the agricultural hall.

In the educational exhibit in which Iowa's record for literacy would lead one to expect special features of excellence there was a great lack of general presentation, resulting as is said from the State's meagre appropriation. The long continued uncertainty as to opportunity for display of educational work prevented teachers from supplying the State's deficiency from private funds. The Iowa Register contains over 60,000 names of which number not less than 50,000 are names of residents of the State.

No special exercises were held in the building except in observance of dedication of the building October 22, 1892—of the opening of the building May 1, 1893, and of press day August 4th, 1893.

Upon the first occasion the program consisted of a prayer by Rev. Dr. Green, of Cedar Rapids.

Presentation to the Governor by Hon. J. O. Crosby, president of Iowa commission. Reception address and tender to the United States commission by Governor Boies.

Response of Director General Davis. Poem written by Maj. S. H. M. Byers read by Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber. Oration by Hon. E. P. Seeds.

Music throughout the exercises was rendered by Phinney's Iowa State Band. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mrs. Norton, the audience joining in the chorus with band accompanying. Exercises closed with doxology and benediction.

Upon the second occasion after a brief address by President Crosby, of the Iowa commission, Hon. W. M. McFarland, Secretary of State, made the formal opening address.

Upon the third occasion Hon. J. W. Jarnagin, of Montezuma, commissioner of the sixth district, delivered an address of welcome, responded to by Hon. Lafayette Young, of Des Moines, president of the Iowa Press Association.

EARLY IOWA POLITICS.*



IOWA as a territory, and the first eight years of her statehood, was rock-rootedly Democratic. At the expiration of that time the birth of the new "Republican" party, which took the place of the old Whig party (of which Henry Clay had always been the prominent type), the Kansas-Nebraska agitation, the nomination by the Democratic party of an exceedingly weak ticket, and by the Republicans of a very strong one, resulted in the complete overthrow of Democracy in the state, and the election of James W. Grimes, of Burlington, as governor.

Gov. Grimes had many advantages. He had served several terms in the legislature, stood with the foremost at the Iowa bar, was a good debater and very much in earnest and conscientious in his advocacy and defense of the tenets of the new party, and was, in fact, one of the brainiest and solidest

*"Old Settler" in Dubuque Herald.

men that has ever represented his party in the State. Later he was elected United States Senator, and in that capacity voted against the impeachment of President Johnson.

The Democratic convention which nominated a candidate for governor at that election, came together without any settled policy as to a candidate. Several very good men were brought forward, but none of them succeeded in getting a nomination. Finally, and as a last resort, and mainly to beat "the other fellows," the convention tumbled over to and nominated Curtis Bates, of Des Moines.

Mr. Bates, though negatively a good man, had no physical or mental force, and made no canvass, or but a very inefficient one, and though often challenged by his aggressive competitor to a joint debate, always and persistently declined meeting that gentleman on the stump. A few appointments were made for him which he filled as best he could, with Mr. Grimes following closely after him. Finally, it is said that Bates having an appointment to "lecture" at Cedar Rapids one evening, learned at supper time that Grimes had caught up with him, was in town, and in fact was going to follow him in speaking, when he hurriedly skipped the town. Poor Bates! He was a good fellow and no one blamed him.

The convention had imposed upon him without his knowledge or consent, a task for which he had no liking, and to which he was not adapted. But I have inadvertently gone away ahead of the hounds.

The first governor, a Democrat, was Ansel Briggs, of Jackson county. He was a good man, of good common sense, conservative and honest, and gave the State a good administration. With him Elisha Cutler, of Van Buren county, was elected Secretary of State; Joseph T. Fales, of Des Moines county, Auditor of State, and Morgan Reno, of Johnson county, Treasurer. The governor, under the first constitution of the State, served four years; the State officers then, as now, for two years.

At the end of the first biennial period the Democrats nomi-

nated and elected Josiah H. Bonney, of Van Buren county, Secretary of State, and Fales and Reno to succeed themselves as Auditor and Treasurer.

The "silk stocking" Whigs of that day said that Briggs was only a "stage driver." Well, he had been a stage driver, and showed his skill at driving four-in-hand by "getting there" in good shape.

When the end of the Briggs administration was approaching, the Democrats met in convention, the largest which up to that time had ever been held in the State, to nominate a successor and other State officers. A protracted contest ensued, Edward Johnstone, of Lee county, having the lead for ten or more balloting, with Stephen Hempstead, of Dubuque county, a good second.

At this stage a comparatively new arrival from Ohio, known as "Delusion" Smith was brought forward and, developing considerable strength on two or three balloting, Mr. Johnstone withdrew from the contest, and Mr. Hempstead was nominated with a rush. The ticket was completed by the nomination of George W. McCleary, of Louisa county, for Secretary; William Pattee, of Lee county, for Auditor; and Israel Riester, of the "Hairy Nation," as Davis county was then called, for Treasurer, all of whom were subsequently elected.

Meanwhile the Whig party held their convention and nominated James Harlan, who has since been a United States Senator and Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, for governor. A short time before the election it was discovered that Mr. Harlan would lack a few days, not a month, of the age required by the constitution, for governor. He was consequently dropped and James L. Thompson, a local Methodist preacher of Johnson county, substituted in his place. I do not remember the balance of the ticket, except that the venerable W. H. Seevers, of Mahaska county, late an honored member of the Supreme Court of the State, was nominated for Auditor against Mr. Pattee.

At the next election, occurring at the middle of the Hempstead administration, Mr. McCleary and Mr. Pattee succeeded themselves as Secretary and Auditor respectively.

And this was the last State election carried by the Democratic party of Iowa until the triumphant election of Governor Boies in 1889. Hempstead was the last Democratic governor. Glorious old "Steve!" An honest, square man, a scholar and a statesman! A most genial, dignified and courteous gentleman. Peace to his ashes.

Of these two governors, and the State officers of the eight years of the Democratic regime, and who succeeded so well in laying broad and deep the foundations of Iowa's subsequent greatness, all have died.

The first State legislature of Iowa met in December, 1848, Gen. Brown, of Lee county, an old army veteran, became speaker of the house, and Thomas Hughes was elected president of the Senate. There was no lieutenant-governor then. Leaving out the Senator and three Representatives of Lee county, the Whigs and Democrats were equal in numbers. The Lee county men were known as "possum" Democrats, representing the "settlers" as against the "decree" in regard to land titles on the half-breed tract in their county.

On election in joint session they held the balance of power. They wanted to vote for a Democrat for United Senator Senator, but it must be one of their own choosing. This was Jonathan McCarty, an Indiana man of ability.

After several attempts, day after day, to elect a Senator, without success, the Whigs made a deal with the possums, the terms of which were that they, the Whigs, would at the next meeting all vote for McCarty (all but two or three, who were conveniently absent). Next day a vote was taken for Senator, and when the vote was nearly through, McCarty wanting but one vote to elect him, the absent Whigs came in just in time, had their names called, and all voted for some other man. The possums were mad, the joint convention broke up in a row, never met again and Iowa was not repre-

sented in the United State Senate during the next two years of its statehood.

The following story leaked out during the last days of that legislature: The Senate, being the first, had to be classified half of them to hold two years and half for four years. A committee was appointed, of which the Senator from High Henry, a Whig, was chairman, to prepare the ballots, "long term," "short term," and arrange for the drawing, which was to take place after dinner. At that time people used black sand on their writing instead of a paper blotter, so Mr. Chairman wrote "long term" and sanded it very heavily, and "short term" very lightly or without sand, putting his Whig friends "onto" the game before the drawing, and passing the hat on their side first. All but one or two Whigs got long terms, while the guileless Democrats were cut off in their youth. Verily, something was known of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain before the coming of the "heathen Chinee" to this country.

DEATHS.

GEORGE C. BAKER, formerly of Des Moines, Iowa, died March 24th, 1894, in Washington, D. C., aged fifty years. He was the inventor of a submarine torpedo boat, for the purchase of which Congress at its last session made an appropriation of \$250,000. His remains were interred at Des Moines.

REV. E. D. NEILL, for many years secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society and a professor in McAllester College, St. Paul, died at his home in St. Paul last December at the age of seventy-five years. He had been the life of the historical work which was done in Minnesota during his time.

CAPT. M. W. ATWOOD died at his home in Newton, Iowa, March 28th, 1894. During the civil war he commanded Company K, of the 28th Iowa, and made for himself a rec-

ord of patriotism and gallantry. Subsequently he represented Jasper county in the lower house of the legislature, besides filling various minor places of public trust.

HON. J. W. McDILL died at his home in Creston, March 1, 1894, aged almost sixty years, having been born March 4, 1834, at Monroe, Butler county, Ohio. While a young man he removed to Union county, Iowa, entering the profession of law. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Judge, and in 1870, before the expiration of his term as judge, was elected to Congress. He was appointed a member of the first board of Railroad Commissioners for Iowa. When Governor Kirkwood resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate to accept one in President Garfield's cabinet in 1881, McDill was elected to fill out his term, and on the expiration of his term as Senator he was reappointed Railroad Commissioner. At Miami University, Ohio, he was a collegian with Benjamin Harrison, who while president appointed him U. S. Interstate Commerce Commissioner, which office he was holding at the time of his death. He was the author of a paper which appeared in the October number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD for 1891, entitled "The Making of Iowa," which attracted attention and elicited discussion.

BENTON J. HALL, born in Ohio, but a resident of Iowa since his early childhood, died at his home in Burlington, January 5th, 1894, aged fifty-nine years. He was the only son of the late J. C. Hall, of the Iowa Supreme Court, and the nephew of the late Augustus Hall, one of the early members of Congress from Iowa, representing the Second District when Iowa was divided into two districts. He (Benton J. Hall) was a member of the lower House of the Thirteenth, and of the Senate in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth General Assemblies, and was elected a member of the House of Representatives in Congress in 1884. He was Commissioner of Patents during President Cleveland's first administration. Besides being eminent at the bar and in politics Mr. Hall had a bent for geological science and for literature. It is note-

worthy that the office of Commissioner of Patents after having been laid down by the late Hon. Charles Mason in 1857, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, should again go to a citizen of Burlington. Forty years ago, just before the "Know Nothing" and anti-slavery upheaval in the State politics of August, 1854, the brothers Hall above referred to, with A. C. Dodge, mainly controlled the Federal and State patronage of the southern half of Iowa, and the mantle of their influence fell upon the son and nephew, who, had he lived, would have filled the measure of their stature.

NOTES.

WE welcome to our corps of goodly assistants four new contributors: Hon. J. W. Rich, librarian of the State University, whose biographical sketch of John S. Tilford, the founder of Vinton, formed the first article; Miss Elizabeth H. Avery, of Hampton, whose industrious research, just criticism and pleasing style, gave to her paper "Some Fragments of Iowa History" composing the second article of the January number, more than ordinary interest; Mrs. Emma Humphrey Haddock, wife of the Hon. W. J. Haddock, Secretary of the Board of Regents of the State University, who has the distinction of being the first lady admitted to practice in the Federal courts in Iowa, whose touching sketch of the brief life of her heroic sister, Mrs. Lucinda Humphrey Hay, appears as the first article of this number, and Mrs. Celia A. M. Currier, wife of Prof. A. N. Currier, dean of the Academic Department of the University, whose classic verse also graces this issue. We hope the papers mentioned are not to be the last as well as the first we shall be able to present from the authors named, but that from time to time we shall have more from these valued sources.

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Very sincerely,
William Lloyd Garrison

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WILLIAM G. HAMMOND.

WILLIAM GARDINER HAMMOND was born at Newport, Rhode Island, May 3rd, 1829, graduated, A. B., from Amherst, 1849 (President Seeley was a class-mate), and A. M., 1852.

After study in the office of a practitioner in New York City, he was admitted to the bar and entered into partnership with his preceptor. This brought him into connection with an extensive business and the ill health of his partner threw the responsibility of it largely upon him.

After some years his health failed and he traveled in Europe and on returning came to Iowa, 1863, engaging in the practice of law for a time at Anamosa.

Whilst at Anamosa he was married (May 3rd, 1866) to Miss Juliet Roberts, who, with their daughter, their only child, survives him.

In 1867 he removed to Des Moines, intending to engage in practice but became connected with the Iowa Law School and when the School was brought to Iowa City, as the Law Department of the State University of Iowa, he came with it and was made the head of the School (the title of Chancellor being conferred in 1870). For several years he was the only resident professor of law in the Department, the other instructors being lecturers.

In 1881 he resigned his position in the State University of

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Iowa and accepted the position of Dean of the St. Louis Law School, the Law Department of the Washington University, which he filled until the date of his death, April 12, 1894.

While at Anamosa, he made a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

While at Iowa City, he published (1876) an edition of Sander's Justinian, and (1880) an edition of Lieber's Hermeneutics.

In 1890 he published his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries.

From 1889 to his death he was at the head of the Committee on Legal Education of the American Bar Association, and the elaborate reports of that committee found in the proceedings of the Association for 1890, 1891 and 1892, were in the main his work.

His lectures on the History of the Common Law were commenced while he was at Des Moines and elaborated at Iowa City. While he was at St. Louis, they were still further extended to thirty in number, and were delivered at the Boston Law School, at the Michigan University Law School and at Iowa City, as well as at St. Louis. The last time that any of them were delivered, was at Iowa City, in January of this year. He had such familiarity with the subject, such thorough command of his faculties and such ready use of the choicest and most fitting language, that, although he was weak and his throat was sore so that he spoke with great difficulty, he delivered five lectures on this last occasion, composed of matter selected from the whole series, without having before him any manuscript whatever, yet in such perfect form that they might well have been printed just as he uttered them.

Dr. Hammond's connection with the State University is sketched by Mrs. Emma Haddock, as follows:

A year after the organization of the Iowa Law School in Des Moines, he was called there as a member of its Faculty.

In June, 1868, the Board of Regents passed resolutions establishing a Law Department in the University. At a special meeting of the Board in

1870

September some changes were made in the organization of the department by incorporating with the Law Department, the Iowa Law School, which had for three years been in operation in Des Moines. The Faculty of the Iowa Law School became, by action of the Board, the Faculty of the Law Department of the University. Wm. G. Hammond was made Principal of the Department and University Professor of Law.

He moved here with his family and entered immediately upon his duties. Under his careful management the department grew and prospered. In June, 1870, the title of Chancellor was conferred upon him by the Board. For thirteen years he stood at the head of the department, and to his known ability, his untiring energy, and special adaptability to the work, is due the surprising growth and development of the department. In his letter of resignation to the Board, written February 22, 1881, he said: "It gives me great pleasure to be able to say with entire sincerity that in my judgment the Law Department was never more prosperous and its future prospects never brighter than now. At no time in all the fifteen years of my connection with the school has there been a stronger or more efficient Faculty than that which I leave behind me."

His resignation was accepted with reluctance and regret. In the complimentary resolutions placed upon record at the time is the following tribute: "The earnest devotion of the Chancellor to his work, his broad and generous scholarship, his spotless integrity of character, his unchanging loyalty to the general good of the University, and his personal interest in the welfare and success of his pupils have contributed so largely to the upbuilding of the Law Department that he may feel justly proud of the reputation the Department now holds in this and in other states."

In June, 1890, Chancellor Hammond delivered the University address at Commencement and was that year elected to deliver special lectures in the Law Department on the History of the Common Law, and in that way he has been connected with the Law Faculty here ever since. He gave his last lectures here at the opening of the present year. Now his labors are closed. Only with death ceased his interest in, and love for the Iowa Law School. His loss will be sorely felt by all his old students, between whom and himself there existed the warmest friendship. It will be felt in the profession who have learned to know him through his writings. It will be felt in the world of letters in that an author and man of eminent scholarship is no more. It will be felt by all who knew him in that so much that was good and true in him goes from us in his death.

Dr. Hammond was of average height and of slender form. He would impress a stranger as being a man whose sedentary life had enfeebled his constitution. For the few years of the writer's personal acquaintance with him, he suffered at times from serious illness, and was reduced in strength, but rarely was he absent from the class room.

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In his bearing he was courtly and would attract attention as no ordinary man. He was a "gentleman of the old school" winning regard and at the same time keeping his acquaintances somewhat aloof.

To a mother of queenly presence and of gracious manners he was without doubt indebted for his dignity of address which gave one the impression of reserve almost of coldness. It was not in his nature to secure many *intimate* friends. Few, if any, could be on terms of familiarity with him upon the plane of ordinary social life. No one could meet him, however, in conversation upon themes which absorbed his attention without finding him genial and approachable in the highest degree. In conversation he displayed a charming personality nor did his readiness to interest and to instruct impress one unfavorably even when he took the larger share in the colloquy as he would do unconsciously while aglow with his subject. Here, too, he inherited from his mother ease and grace in expression. To his mother he was a loyal devotee and those who prized her companionship, or who showed her any attention were admitted to the inner circle of his friendship.

His high toned social nature endeared him to men of refinement, while to men whose chief delight is in frivolous conversation and idle jesting he was a perfect stranger from choice -- and a constant reproof where choice was not permitted him.

In approaching a stranger he studied the attitude of the person toward himself somewhat critically before he bestowed confidence. He was sensitive to the manner in which he was met by those with whom he came in daily contact, and always responded pleasantly to greetings which betokened esteem. Any lack of courtesy he could not easily forget, even though it were unintentional.

Dr. Hammond was no exception to the class of men who possess a highly sensitive temperament. He had a pride in the place he occupied and would not deprive it of the highest

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title obtaining in the best institutions of the land. The title Chancellor was therefore conferred by his own choice and in response to his own wish. It was farthest from his thought that place could confer honor upon himself, but he rejoiced in the opportunity which place gave him to confer dignity upon it. In this he was an ambitious man but his ambition was of the nobler sort. His ambition to elevate his office and then to make himself worthy the place he filled ruled his every thought.

Details seemed to have no fascination for him. It is easy to find in this a reason for his abandonment of the practice of the law as soon as the opportunity presented itself to become a teacher of the law. Here he found full scope for his philosophic turn of mind.

To the study of the history of the Common Law he devoted himself with increasing interest until the day of his death. By devotion to this one branch of legal study he became "*facile princeps*" and is recognized as an authority without a superior in the United States.

Dr. Hammond's acquaintance with history was extensive. It was not superficial, confined to the memorizing of dates and events. He saw in surface indications a ferment in the mass to the analysis of which he gave his most earnest thought. Each element was then traced through its development in racial or individual characteristics to its genesis in conditions outside of human control.

Dr. Hammond delivered June 17, 1890, the Commencement oration before the graduates of the Law and Collegiate Departments of the State University of Iowa. His subject was "Public Education." He begins with a scholarly contrast between ancient and modern civilizations through which his scientific treatment of history is prominent. He then proceeds as follows:

It is only in this carefully guarded manner that I venture to state the two propositions to which at last I ask your attention as the end and purpose of all I have to say:



First, that the peculiar feature of modern civilization which I have tried to point out,—the mutual control of the fellow members of society over each other's conduct, for the welfare and happiness of all, by law in the form of reciprocal rights and duties,—is the result, in large measure—perhaps we may even say in the largest measure—of another factor of modern civilization, *i. e.*, *public education*.

And second, that public education unknown to the ancient world, began with, has always been rooted in, and must live or die, flourish or decline with the *University*.

He sees advance possible under modern conditions and warns his hearers against slavish adherence to the past in the following pertinent illustration:

The great merits of State provision for the education of its citizens is that it can never fall into the clutches of private interests, or be made subservient to the prejudices of a past age. With every new generation the power that controls it must be renewed. There may be those who regard it as a benefit to our older colleges that they are anchored fast to the creeds or the political principles of the 16th, the 17th, or the 18th century. I do not wish to discuss the question whether these were better or worse than those of the 19th. My position is that in either case this anchoring is a mistake. All educational institutions are only means for bringing the new generation to a point where they may be of most service to their own contemporaries. To serve that end, they must go forward with the great stream of History. The boat locked to the shore may be in a better or worse place than that to which the stream would carry it. In either case it cannot serve the purpose of him who would, him who must, by the law of his being advance with the stream.

In all matters pertaining to history he took a deep interest, and for many years he served without compensation as President of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

Nearly one thousand volumes of newspaper files were rescued during his presidency from a large collection of papers carelessly kept in the basement of the building occupied by the Society, and after binding were placed in cases easy of access. These files are of incalculable value to the State collection, some of them being the only complete files in existence. Dr. Hammond's life work was begun in Iowa and the Law Department of the State University of Iowa is an enduring monument to his worth.

It gives the writer pleasure to include in this sketch the following estimate of Dr. Hammond prepared by his long

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time associate and his successor in the Chancellorship—
Hon. L. W. Ross:

1. My acquaintance with Chancellor Hammond began in 1868 when the Iowa Law School and its Faculty were merged in the Law Department of the University. He was made Dean of the Law Faculty, but his title was subsequently, at his own request, changed to that of "Chancellor of the Law Department." To him, the State and the friends of the Department are largely indebted for the first thirteen years' development of the work. He had the confidence of the Trustees and Regents, and had white paper to write on.

2. Chancellor Hammond was a man of marked personality. His type was that of a gentleman of former times—English, rather than American. His manners were very gracious. His mother was gracious, and the son, in this respect, was like her. And yet, I doubt if any one ever succeeded in getting near to him in reality. He seemed near, and yet was really far away. He disciplined his students, but their following was as much due to what he seemed to be, as to what he really was, and as to the instruction imparted by him. He was, doubtless, the foremost legal scholar in the West. He was rich in the "History of the Law," and yet he scarcely seemed in touch with the jurisprudence of our times. Still, his students and many learned men, believed in him, and cheerfully conceded that he was fuller than any of his cotemporaries. He was a charming conversationalist, did most of the talking, was always engaging, and often helpful by way of suggestion. Herein his personality was most noticeable.

3. Chancellor Hammond was a good judge of human nature, and of human work. He was on fair terms with his associates. At the same time, in discussing their merits with others, as he was wont to do at times, his personal views were freely expressed. His chief concern during his thirteen years of labor as head of the Department, was to perpetuate its life and usefulness. And on his visits subsequently, he gave many tokens of continued affection.

4. Chancellor Hammond had a great deal of material collected for use in writing a book, which for convenience he denominated a "History of the Law." Out of this material, and with his ability, a book, valuable to the profession, the country, and the times, might have been written. I think it was his purpose, of years' duration, to write the book. My hope is that he may have left it in manuscript.

The work to which Chancellor Ross refers is without doubt in manuscript in the form of lectures, which he has given at the State University of Iowa for four years past—the last occasion but a few months before his death.

Dr. Hammond's linguistic attainments were of a high order. He readily translated into terse English matter which inter-

ested him in the writings of Latin, Greek, French, German and Spanish authors. His command of English was perfect. In conversation and in *extempore* address he seemed never at a loss for the word best expressing the thought he had in mind. To exactness in speech and in writing he had schooled himself. He was never a rapid writer because of his purpose to produce a finished article. His epistolary correspondence was for the same reason infrequent. In his pursuit of knowledge he gained many valued correspondents both at home and abroad. His chirography was as clear as his thought, and the last word of a friendly letter was as faultlessly formed as the first.

Dr. Hammond as a teacher and inspirer of youth was at his best. His influence is universally conceded by those who were fortunate enough to be under his instruction. The sentiment of all is expressed in a few extracts taken from letters. An appreciative letter was written to the *Iowa Capital*, published at Des Moines, by Hon. E. P. Seeds, of the Supreme Bench of New Mexico, in which he says:

"Chancellor Hammond impressed his personality upon the school directly in his administration of its affairs and in his lectures upon various topics of the law—and indirectly by the interest which he aroused in the students for the philosophy of law in contradistinction to its practical application. He was not a practical lawyer, but he was far from being a mere theorist. He possessed in a high degree the genius for thorough teaching, for such character of instruction as brought out the best in the student. Those students who listened to and apprehended his lectures upon the Common Law, must, in after life, in the practice of their profession, have felt the inspiration then given to work laboriously, not for that which floats upon the surface of the law, but for those underlying principles which, in the long run, justify to the world the power and righteousness of positive law. I think that it is not too high praise to say that the Iowa Law School, when he was at the head of it, was Dr. Hammond. Such a character ought not to be forgotten by the State which he has honored, and I, therefore, suggest that the Regents of the University take some practical steps to found a permanent memorial to his honor in the school."

Hon. W. W. Baldwin, of Burlington, writes:

"Dr. Hammond was a man I sincerely loved and for whom I had the very highest respect. His portrait has been for years on the wall of my office, where I see it every day. His life was devoted to a noble work in a noble way."

J. L. Carney, of Marshalltown, writes:

"Dr. Hammond was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew, highly respected and beloved by me as by his pupils generally. I always remember him with a very great deal of pleasure."

A writer in the *Green Bag* published in Boston, says:

"Dr. Hammond was one of the leaders in legal education in the United States from the time of his taking charge of the Law Department of the University of the State of Iowa until his death. His labors in connection with the committee on legal education in the American Bar Association, are well known to law educators.

His lectures on the history of the Common Law, about thirty in number, were planned and to some extent written while he was serving as Chancellor of the Law Department of the State University of Iowa. He was pre-eminently the authority in this country on that subject, and his lectures if published would be of the highest and most permanent value. His loss will be sorely felt by all his old students, between whom and himself there existed the warmest friendship. It will be felt in the profession who have learned to know him through his writings. It will be felt in the world of letters in that the author and man of eminent scholarship is no more."

The following tribute is from the man more intimately acquainted with Dr. Hammond than any other man in Iowa. Judge Wright was his associate in the Law Department of the State University, from its organization until his removal to St. Louis:

DES MOINES, IOWA, May 29, 1894.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:— You ask a brief estimate of my long time and esteemed friend, Chancellor William G. Hammond.

I knew him as a lawyer before and after his connection with the law school. In 1865, Judge Cole and myself, as you know, started a school at Des Moines, which, in 1868, was transferred to the State University, and which was indeed the beginning of the present very successful Law Department. By reason of our judicial engagements we looked for someone who could give his time almost exclusively to the work of instruction, and prevailed upon the after Chancellor, who was just then about to settle in Des Moines, to take the place. After that and until 1881—when he severed his connection with the Department— I knew him quite intimately, and came to appreciate more and more his almost unequalled aptitude as a lecturer and teacher.

The Chancellor was a student of the law. As a practitioner in the struggles incident to the trial table in our nisi prius courts he never would have had marked success. In argument on legal propositions, however, in the highest courts he would and did always command respect. For he was a profound thinker, a most ready and entertaining writer, and as a talker

either before the court, law class, or as a lecturer upon the law, and especially its history and science,—the most interesting. He thought, however better behind his pen than on his feet,—before the highest courts, than a jury. Timid and distrustful of himself, he needed, for appreciation, in his own estimate, the learned and attentive tribunal rather than a mixed audience, or, if I may so speak, the “rough and tumble” contest of a trial in the average western court.

As a teacher and lecturer he was equalled by few. This grew out of his thorough prior preparation, his continued careful study of the law—its philosophy and history—as well as his love of the work, and his devotion to young men, and a constant desire to start and train them for the profession of his choice,—a profession which he regarded as intimately connected with the upbuilding and safety of the State and Nation.

He was as guileless as he was learned. Of the arts and machinations of the outside world, he knew but little. A good law book had more charms for him than a good bargain. He thought more of books and of mastering the great work before him than of money. I don't think he was a money getter or a money saver; but he was a devoted husband and father, loved his country, his home and his chosen work, was an honest and true man, an able lawyer and successful teacher; and his loss to the State and our institutions no one can estimate. It is eminently due to his memory, therefore, that the proposed “bronze bust” should be procured by the graduates of the school and placed in its library as soon as possible.

Yours most respectfully,

GEO. G. WRIGHT.

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

MRS. ISADORE BAKER.

THE triumph of the Merrimac 'twas known on land and sea,
And the forces of the Union held in balance tremblingly,
For our naval guard of honor, the Cumberland so brave,
Had been wrecked in open combat and lost beneath the wave:
While the martyr frigate Congress reddened wide the lurid night,
With the flame of blood and conquest, the victory of might.

The St. Lawrence, Minnesota and Roanoke, aground,
The Merrimac fast anchored by Craney Island sound,
In harbor, waiting warily, impatiently, the fray;
No hope but in God's mercy for the Union troops at day.

But athwart the midnight blackness there gleams a steadfast star;
'Tis the battery of rescue, the Monitor afar;
'Tis the cheese-box on the raft, that the rebels laughed to scorn,
It, too, is waiting, warily, impatiently, the morn.

Dawned that cloudless Sunday morning in majesty serene,
Around, the heaven of nature smiled upon the glowing scene,
But the hearts of men were anguished for the conflict, Southern-won,
By the taking of this fortress, were a gate to Washington!

At nine o'clock, the Merrimac, with consorts moving slow,
Opened with iron broadsides the siege of Fort Monroe.
'Twere but sport these wooden gun-boats—how the splinters fly abaft!—
From the dauntless Minnesota, quick disabled, fore and aft.

But the iron turret answers deep as roar of rending rock,
And the vaunted Gibraltar reels, recoils, beneath the shock.
Can it be that Yankee cheese-box is a demon in disguise,
With those cursed guns whose echo seems to vault the very skies?

Never Greek hurled Greek in contest more Olympiac defiance:
'Twas a test of skill and valor and the mastery of science.

* * * * *

Hours raged that mighty duel—lurid duel by the sea,
And the Union cause no longer held in balance tremblingly,

For the haughty wounded Merrimac, sore-smitten by defeat,
Bore away across the waters with her signal of retreat;
And 'tis well that song and story should embalm this victory,
For the record of their glory is immortal history.

THE EASTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1805-6.

BY REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D.D., BURLINGTON, IOWA.

NEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, the first to conduct an expedition up the Mississippi river to its sources by order of the Government of the United States, was a native of Trenton, New Jersey, where he was born January 5th, 1779. His father served in the army of the Revolution, and was Captain of U. S. Infantry in 1792, and was promoted to the rank of Major in 1800. At the age of twenty

the son received a commission as an ensign, and at the age of twenty-one he was promoted to be 1st Lieutenant U. S. Infantry. At the age of twenty-six he was designated by General James Wilkinson, then commanding at St. Louis, to conduct an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi, under instructions "to take the course of the river, calculate distances by time, note rivers, highlands, islands, rapids, mines, quarries, timber, Indian villages, with reflections on the winds and weather, to conciliate the Indians and attach them to the United States, to ascertain the population and residence of the several Indian nations, and the quantity and species of skins and furs they barter per annum, and their relative price to goods, the tracts of country on which they make their hunts and the people with whom they trade, and to examine strictly for an intermediate point between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, suitable for a military post, and also on the Wisconsin near its mouth for a similar establishment."

Lieutenant Pike sailed from St. Louis on this expedition on the 9th August, 1805, with Serjeant Henry Kennerman, Corporals William E. Meek and Samuel Bradley, and seventeen privates, in a keel boat seventy feet long, provisioned for four months. After a series of rainy weather for the first six days, which damaged all their biscuit, and getting fast twice on sawyers or sunken trees, which compelled them partially to unload, and at another time staving in a plank on a sawyer which nearly sunk the boat, they reached the mouth of Des Moines river on the 20th of August, at an estimated distance of 243 miles from St. Louis. The following extracts are from Lieutenant Pike's journal, and from his letters to General Wilkinson, which were published in Philadelphia, 1810.

Tuesday, August 20, 1805.-- Arrived at the foot of the Rapids De Moÿen at 7 o'clock; and, although no soul on board had passed them, we commenced ascending them immediately. Our boat being large and moderately loaded, we found great difficulty. The river all the way through is from $\frac{3}{4}$ to a mile wide. The rapids are eleven miles long, with successive ridges and shoals extending from shore to shore. The first has the greatest fall, and is the most difficult to ascend. The channel (a bad one) is on the

east side in passing the two first bars, then passes under the edge of the third, crosses to the west, and ascends on that side all the way to the Sac village. The shoals continue the whole distance. We had passed the first and most difficult shoal when we were met by Mr. William Ewing (an agent appointed to reside with the Sacs, to teach them agriculture, under the instructions of P. Choteau, at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum) with a French interpreter, four chiefs and fifteen men of the Sac nation in their canoes, bearing a flag of the U. S. They came down to assist me up the rapids, and took out thirteen of my heaviest barrels, and put two of their men in the barge to pilot us up. Louis Tisson, the interpreter, had calculated on going with me as my interpreter, and appeared much disappointed when I told him I had no instructions to that effect; he said he had promised to discover mines which no person knew but himself; but, as I conceive him much of a hypocrite, and possessing great gasconism, I am happy he was not chosen for my voyage.

Arrived at the house of Mr. Ewing, opposite the village, at dusk. The land on both sides of the rapids is hilly, but a rich soil. Distance, sixteen miles.

Aug. 21st.—All the chief men of the village, which consists of 13 lodges, came over to my encampment; I spoke to them to the following purport: "That their great father, the President of the U. S., wishing to be more intimately acquainted with the situation and wants of the different nations of red people in our newly acquired territory of Louisiana, had ordered the General (Wilkinson) to send a number of his young warriors in different directions, to take them by the hand, and make enquiries; that I was authorized to choose situations for their trading establishments, and wished to be informed if that place would be considered by them as central; that I was sorry to hear of the murder which had been committed on the river below; and that in their treaty (made at St. Louis with William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory and of the District of Louisiana, Nov. 3, 1804), they engaged to apprehend all traders who came amongst them without license."

I then presented them with some tobacco, knives, and whiskey. They said that their young warriors and the whole nation was glad to see me amongst them; they ascribed the killing of the two men on the river below to the Kickapoos, and expressed great regret at it: being but a part of the nation, they could not determine as to the situation of the trading houses, but thought this place central for the Sacs, Reynards, Iowas of the De Moyen, Sioux from the head of said river, and Puants (Winnebagos) of the riviere De Roche; and finally, they thanked me for my tobacco, knives, and whiskey. I embarked and made six miles above the village. Encamped on a sand bar. One canoe of savages passed.

August 22d.—Embarked at 5 a.m.; hard head-winds; passed a great number of islands; the river very wide and full of sand bars. Distance, 23 miles.

August 23d.—Cool morning; came on $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles, where on the west shore there is a very handsome situation for a garrison. The channel of the river passes under the hill, which is about 60 feet perpendicular, and

level on the top. Four hundred yards in the rear there is a small prairie of 8 or ten acres, which would be a convenient spot for gardens; and on the east side of the river a beautiful prospect over a large prairie: to crown all, immediately under the hill is a limestone spring, sufficient for the consumption of a regiment. The landing is bold and safe, and at the lower part of the hill a road may be made for a team in half an hour. Black and white oak timber in abundance. The mountain continues about two miles, and has five springs bursting from it in that distance (Site of the city of Burlington.—After reaching Prairie du Chien, Lt. Pike wrote to Gen. Wilkinson of "this place as the best to answer his instructions relative to the intermediate post between Prairie du Chien and St. Louis. It is on the hill about 40 miles above the river de Moyen rapids on the west side of the river, in about $41^{\circ} 2'$ north latitude").

Met four Indians and two squaws; landed with them; gave them one quart of *made* whiskey, a few biscuit, and some salt. I requested some venison of them; they pretended they could not understand me, but after we left them they held up two hams, and halloed and laughed at us in derision. Passed nine horses on shore, and saw many signs of Indians. Passed a handsome prairie on the east side, and encamped at its head. Three batteaux from Michilimackinac stopped at our camp; the property, we were told, of Mr. Myers Michals. We were also informed that the largest Sac village was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out on the prairie, and that this prairie was called half-way to the prairie Des Chiens from St. Louis.

August 24th.—Passed a number of islands. Before dinner, Corporal Bradley and myself took our guns and went on shore; we got behind a savannah, following a stream we conceived a branch of the river, but which led us at least two leagues from it. My two dogs gave out on the prairie, owing to the heat, high grass, and want of water; thinking they would come on, we continued our march. We heard the report of a gun, and supposing it to be from our boat answered it; shortly after we passed an Indian trail which appeared as if the persons had been hurried, I presume at the report of our guns; for with this people all strangers are enemies. Shortly after we struck the river, and the boat appeared in view; two of my men volunteered to go in search of my dogs. Encamped on the west shore, nearly opposite to a chalk bank. My two men returned not, and it was extraordinary, as they knew my boat never waited for any person on shore. We fired a blunderbuss at three different times, to let them know where we lay. Distance $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Sunday, August 25th.—Stopt on the sand bank prairie on the east side, from which you have a beautiful prospect down the river. Our boat leaked very fast, but we secured her inside with oakum and tallow as nearly to prevent the leak. Fired a blunderbuss all day, as signals for our men. passed the river Iowa. Encamped at night on the prairie marked Grant's prairie. Distance 28 miles. About ten miles up the Iowa river on its right bank is a village of the Iowas.

August 26th.—Rain, with a very hard head-wind. Towed our boat about nine miles to where the river Hills (?) joins the Mississippi. Here I

expected to find the two men I had lost, but was disappointed. The mercury in Reaumer at 13°; yesterday, 26°. Met two pirogues full of Indians, who beckoned us to put to shore, but we continued our course. This day very severe on the men. Distance 28½ miles; beautiful prairies on the west generally, in some places very rich land, with black walnut and hickory timber.

August 27th.—Embarked early; cold north wind, mercury 10°, wind hard ahead, obliged to tow the boat all day. Passed one pirogue of Indians, also the Riviere De Roche late in the day. Some Indians, who were encamped there, embarked in their canoes and ascended the river before us. Encamped about four miles above the Riviere De Roche, on the west shore (site of the City of Davenport). This day passed a pole on a prairie, on which five dogs were hanging. Distance 22 miles.

August 28th.—About an hour after we had embarked, we arrived at the camp of Mr. James Aird, a Scotch gentleman of Michilimackinac. He had encamped with some goods on the beach, and was repairing his boat which had been injured in crossing the rapids, at the foot of which we now were. He had sent three boats back for the goods left behind. Breakfasted with him and obtained considerable information. Commenced ascending the rapids; carried away our rudder in the first; after getting it repaired, the wind raised, and we hoisted sail; although entire strangers, we sailed through them with a perfect gale blowing all the time; had we struck a rock, in all probability we would have bilged and sunk. We were so fortunate as to pass without touching. Met Mr. Aird's boats, which had pilots, fast on the rocks. Those shoals are a continued chain of rocks extending in some places from shore to shore, about 18 miles in length. They afford more water than those of De Moyen, but are much more rapid.

August 29th.—Breakfasted at the Reynard village above the rapids; this is the first village of the Reynards. I expected to have found my two men here, but was disappointed. The chief informed me by signs that they could march to Prairie Des Chien in four days, and promised to furnish them with moccasins, and put them on their rout. Set sail at 4 p. m., and made at least four knots an hour; was disposed to sail all night, but the wind lulling we encamped on the point of an island on the west shore. Distance 20 miles.

August 30th.—Embarked at 5 o'clock; wind fair, not very high; sailed all day; passed four pirogues of Indians. Distance 43 miles.

August 31st.—Embarked early; passed one pirogue of Indians; also, two encampments; one on a beautiful eminence, on the west side of the river. This place had the appearance of an old town (site of Bellevue, Jackson Co.). Sailed almost all day. Distance 31½ miles.

Sunday, Sept. 1st.—Embarked early; wind fair; arrived at the lead-mines at 12 o'clock. We were saluted with a field piece, and received with every mark of attention, by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses at the house, and it was six miles to where the mines were worked; it was impossible to make a report by actual inspection. I therefore proposed ten queries. The answers seem to carry with them a semblance of

equivocation. He said as to the date of the grant of the mines from the savages, the date of confirmation by the Spaniards, and the extent of the grant, that a copy of the grant is in Mr. Soulard's office in St. Louis; that in extent it was 28 or 27 leagues long, and from one to three broad; that 75 per cent of the mineral is lead, that from 20 to 40,000 pounds of lead was made per annum, all in pigs, that he manufactured neither bar, sheet-lead, nor shot, and that he had seen some copper, but having no person sufficiently acquainted with chemistry to make the proper experiment he could not say as to the proportion it bore to the lead.

Dined with Mr. Dubuque, who informed me that the Sioux and Sauteurs (Chippeways) were as warmly engaged in opposition as ever; that not long since the former killed 15 Sauteurs, who on the 10th August in return killed 10 Sioux at the entrance of the St. Peters; and that a war-party of Sacs, Reynards, and Puants, of 200 warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but the chief having an unfavorable dream had persuaded them to return, and I would meet them on my voyage.

At this place I was introduced to a chief called the Raven of the Reynards. He made a flowery speech which I answered in few words, accompanied by a small present.

I had given up all hopes of my two men, and was about to embark, when a peroque arrived in which they were with a Mr. Blondeau and two Indians, whom that gentleman had engaged above the rapids of Rock River. The two soldiers had been six days without any thing to eat except muscles, when they met Mr. Aird, by whose humanity and attention their strength and spirits were in a measure restored, and they were enabled to reach the Reynard village where they met Mr. Blondeau. I discharged the hire of the Indians, and gave Mr. B. a passage to Prairie du Chien. Left the lead mines at 4 o'clock. Distance 25 miles.

Sept. 2d.—After making two short reaches, we commenced one, 30 miles in length; the wind serving, we just made it, and encamped on the east side opposite the mouth of the Turkey river. In the course of the day we landed to shoot pigeons; the moment a gun was fired, some Indians on the shore above us ran down and put off in their perouques; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that the women and children were frightened at the name of an American boat, and that the men held us in great respect, conceiving us quarrelsome, brave, and very much for war. This information I used as prudence suggested. We stopt at an encampment about three miles below the town, where they gave us some excellent plums. They despatched a peroque to the village to give notice of our arrival. Distance 40 miles.

Sept. 3d.—Embarked at a pretty early hour; met two perouques of family Indians; they asked Mr. Blondeau, "if we were for war, or going to war?" I now experienced the good effect of having some person on board who could speak their language; for they presented me with three pair of ducks, and venison sufficient for all our crew, one day; in return, I made them some trifling presents. Afterwards met two perouques, carrying some of the warriors spoken of on the 1st inst. They kept at a distance until

spoken to by Mr. Blondeau, when they informed him that their party had proceeded up as high as Lake Pepin, without effecting anything.

It is surprising what a dread the Indians in this quarter have of the Americans. I have often seen them go round islands to avoid meeting my boat. It appears that the traders have taken pains to impress upon the minds of the savages the idea of our being a vindictive, ferocious and war-like people. This impression was perhaps made with no good intention; but when they find that our conduct towards them is guided by magnanimity and justice, instead of operating in an injurious manner, it will have the effect to make them reverence at the same time they fear us. Distance 25 miles.

Sept. 4th.—Breakfasted just below the Ouisconsin (Wisconsin river). Arrived at Prairie des Chiens about 11 o'clock, took quarters at Captain Fisher's (captain of militia and justice of the peace) and were politely received by him and Mr. Frazer.

Sept. 5th.—Embarked about half-past ten o'clock in a Schenectady boat, to go to the mouth of the Wisconsin, in order to take the latitude, and look at the situation of the adjacent hills for a post, accompanied by Judge Fisher, Mr. Frazer, and Mr. Woods. We ascended the hill on the west side of the Mississippi, and made choice of a spot which I thought most eligible, being level on the top, having a spring in the rear, and commanding a view of the country around (site of the city of McGregor). A shower came on, and we returned to the village, without having ascended the Wisconsin. Marked four trees with A, B, C, D, and squared the sides of one in the centre.

Sept. 6th.—Had a small council with the Puants, and a chief of the Lower band of the Sioux. Visited and laid out a position for a post on a hill called the *Petit Gris*, on the Wisconsin, about three miles above its mouth. The Puants never have any white interpreters, nor have the Fols Avoin nation (Menomonees). In my council, I spoke to a Frenchman, he to a Sioux, who interpreted to some of the Puants.

Sept. 7th. My men beat all the villagers jumping and hopping.

Sunday, Sept. 8th. Embarked at half-past 11 o'clock in two batteaux; wind fair and fresh; embarrassed and cramped in my new boats with provision and baggage. I embarked two interpreters, Pierre Rosseau, to perform the whole voyage; Joseph Reinulle, paid by Mr. Frazer to accompany me as high as the Falls of St. Anthony. Mr. Frazer is a young gentleman, born in Vermont, but has latterly resided in Canada, clerk to Mr. Blakely, of Montreal. I am much indebted to the attention of this gentleman; he procured for me every thing in his power that I stood in need of; dispatched his bark canoes, and remained himself to go with me. His design was to winter with some of the Sioux bands. We sailed well, came 18 miles and encamped on the west bank.

I must not omit to bear testimony to the politeness of all the principal inhabitants of the village. There is however a material distinction in the nature of those attentions: the kindness of the Americans, Messrs. Fisher,

Frazer, and Woods, seemed the spontaneous effusions of good will and partiality to their countrymen; it extended to the accommodation, convenience, exercises, and pastimes of my men, and, whenever they proved superior to the French, they showed their pleasure. But the French Canadians appeared attentive rather from their natural good manners than sincere friendship; however it produced from them the same effect that natural good will did in the others.

Sept. 9th. Embarked early; dined at Cape Garlic, or Garlic river, after which we came to an island on the east side, about five miles below the river Iowa (Upper Iowa), and encamped. Rained before sunset. Distance 28 miles.

Sept. 10th. Rain continuing, we remained at camp. Having shot at some pigeons, the report was heard at the Sioux lodges (the same to whom I had spoken on the 6th at Prairie du Chien), when La Feuille sent down six of his young men to inform me that "he had waited three days with men, but last night they had began to drink, and he would receive me on the next day with his people sober." I returned answer that the season was advanced, and, if the rain ceased, I must go on. Mr. Frazer and the interpreter went home with the Indians. We embarked about 1 o'clock. Frazer returned, and informed me that the chief acquiesced in my reasons for pressing forward, and had prepared a pipe to present me, by way of letter, to show the Sioux above, with a message to inform them that I was a chief of their new father's, and that he wished me treated with friendship and respect. On our arrival opposite the lodges, the men were paraded on the bank with their guns in their hands. They saluted us with ball, with what might be termed three rounds; which I returned with three rounds from each boat with my blunderbusses. The Indians had all been drinking, and some of them tried to see how near the boat they could strike. They struck on every side of us. I landed, sword in hand and pistols in my belt. I was met on the bank by the chief, and invited to his lodge. As soon as my guards were formed and sentinels posted, I accompanied him. At the chief's lodge I found a clean mat and pillow for me to sit on, and the above-mentioned pipe on a pair of small crutches before me. The chief sat on my right, my interpreter and Mr. Frazer on my left. After smoking, the chief said "that notwithstanding he had seen me at the Prairie (Sept. 6th), he was happy to take me by the hand amongst his own people, and show his young men the respect due to their new father; that when at St. Louis in the spring his father had told him that if he looked down the river he would see one of his young warriors coming up: He now found it true, and he was happy to see me, who knew the Great Spirit was the father of all, both the white and the red people." He now presented me with a pipe to show to the Upper bands a token of our good understanding. He had provided something to eat, but, if I could not eat it, to give it to my young men.

I replied that although I had told him at the Prairie my business up the Mississippi, I would relate it to him again. I mentioned the different objects I had in view, the posts to be established, and above all, to make

peace between the Sioux and Sauteurs. I accepted his pipe with pleasure as a gift of a great man, "the chief of four bands."

I then eat of the dinner he had provided. It was very grateful. It was of wild rye and venison, of which I sent four bowls to my men. Afterwards I went to a dance which was attended with many curious manoeuvres, men and women danced indiscriminately dressed in the gayest manner. Each had in hand a small skin of some description, and would run up, point their skin, and give a puff with their breath, when the person blown at, man or woman, would fall, and appear lifeless or in agony, but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their medicine, or dance of religion. Not every person is admitted to the society; persons wishing to join must first make presents to the value of forty or fifty dollars, and then are admitted with great ceremony. I returned to my boat, sent for the chief and presented him with two carrots of tobacco, four knives, half a pound of vermilion, and one quart of salt. Mr. Frazer asked liberty to present them some rum; we made them up a keg between us of eight gallons, two gallons of whiskey. Soldiers were appointed to keep the crowd from my boats, who drove back men, women, and children when they came near. At my departure their soldiers said, "As I have shaken hands with their chief, they must shake hands with my soldiers;" in which request I willingly indulged them. We embarked about half-past 3 o'clock, came three miles, and encamped on the west side.

Sept. 11th. Embarked at 7 o'clock; rain, and winds ahead and cold all day; supposed to have come 16 miles.

Lieutenant Pike had now passed the point where the northern boundary line of Iowa strikes the Mississippi. More than seven months elapsed before his return to this point. During those months he had overcome every obstacle to his Expedition. Upon the closing of the Mississippi by ice, he had marched seven hundred miles with eleven soldiers and an interpreter to the sources of the great river, "through as many hardships as almost any party of Americans ever experienced by cold and hunger." He had established over that vast region the authority of the United States, and supplanted the British flag, which he found flying at the posts of British traders, by the flag of the United States.

Descending the river in the spring of 1806, he was from the 16th to the 27th of April in retracing his voyage along what is now the eastern border of Iowa. The following extracts from his Journal cover this period:

April 16th, 1806. Passed the prairie De Cross, and encamped on the west shore, a few hundred yards below where I had encamped on the tenth day of September in ascending. Killed a goose flying; shot at some pigeons at our camp, and was answered from behind an island with two guns; we returned them, and were replied to by two more. This day the trees appeared in bloom. Snow might still be seen on the sides of the hills. Distance 75 miles.

April 17th. Put off early, and arrived at Wabasha's band at 11 o'clock, where I detained all day for him, but he alone of the hunters remained out all night. Left some powder and tobacco for him. The Sioux presented me with a kettle of boiled meat and a deer. I here received information that the Puants had killed some white men below.

April 18th. Departed from our encampment very early; stopped to breakfast at the Painted Rock; arrived at the Prairie Des Chiens at 2 o'clock, and were received by crowds on the bank. Took up my quarters at Mr. Fisher's. A Mr. Jerreau, from Cahokia, is here, who embarks to-morrow for St. Louis. I wrote to General Wilkinson by him. I was called on by a number of chiefs, Reynards, Sioux of the Des Moyan, etc. The Winnebagos were here intending, as I was informed, to deliver some of the murderers to me. Received a great deal of news from the States and Europe, both civil and military.

April 19th. Six canoes arrived from the upper part of St. Peter's with the Yanc tong chiefs from the head of that river. Their appearance was indeed savage, much more so than any nation I have yet seen. Prepared my boat for sail. Gave notice to the Puants that I had business to do with them the next day. A band of the Gens Du Lac arrived. Took into my pay as interpreter Mr. Y. Reinville.

Sunday, April 20th. Held a council with the Puant chiefs, and demanded of them the murderers of their nation; they required till to-morrow to consider of it; made a written demand of the magistrates to take depositions concerning the late murders. Had a private conversation with Wabasha. This afternoon they had a great game of the cross, on the prairie, between the Sioux on one side, and the Puants and Reynards on the other. The ball is made of some hard substance, covered with leather; the cross sticks are round and net work, with handles three feet long. The parties being ready, and bets to the amount sometimes of some thousand dollars agreed upon, the goals are set up on the prairie at the distance of half a mile. The ball is thrown up in the middle, and each party strives to drive it to the opposite goal; and when either party gains the first rubber, which is driving it quick round the post, the ball is again taken to the center, the ground changed, and the contest renewed; and this is continued until one side gains four times, which decides the bet.

It is an interesting sight to see two or three hundred naked savages contending on the plain who shall bear off the palm of victory, as he who drives the ball round the goal is much shouted at by his companions. It sometimes happens that one catches the ball in his racket, and depending on his speed endeavors to carry it to the goal, and, when he finds himself too

closely pursued, he hurls it with great force and dexterity to an amazing distance, where there are flankers of both parties ready to receive it; it seldom touches the ground, but is sometimes kept in the air for hours before either party can gain a victory. In the game which I witnessed the Sioux were victorious, more from their skill in throwing the ball than by their swiftness, for I thought the Puants and Reynards the swiftest runners.

April 21st.—Was sent for by La Feville; in a long conversation he spoke of the general jealousy of his nation toward their chiefs; and although it might occasion some of the Sioux displeasure, he did not hesitate to declare that he looked on the Nez Corbeau as the man of most sense in their nation, and that it would be generally acceptable if he was reinstated in his rank. Upon my return I was sent for by the Red Thunder, chief of the Yanc-tons, the most savage band of the Sioux. He was prepared with the most elegant pipes and robes I ever saw; he said that white blood had never been shed in the village of the Yanc-tongs, even when rum was permitted: that Mr. Murdoch Cameron arrived at his village last autumn, and he invited him to eat, gave him corn as a bird; that Cameron informed him of the prohibition of rum, and was the only person who afterwards sold it in the village. After this I held a council with the Puants. Spent the evening with Mr. Wilmot, one of the best informed and most gentlemanly men in the place.

April 22d.—Held a council with the Sioux and Puants; the latter delivered up their medals and flags (British).

April 23d.—After closing my accounts, at half-past 12 o'clock, left the Prairie; at the lower end of it was saluted by seventeen lodges of the Puants. Met a barge, by which I received a letter from my lady; further on, met one batteaux and one canoe of traders; passed one trader's camp. Arrived at Mr. Dubuque's at 10 o'clock at night; found traders encamped at the entrance with forty or fifty Indians; obtained some information from Mr. D. and requested him to write me on certain points. After we had boiled our victuals, I divided my men into four watches and put off, wind ahead. Observed for the first time half-formed leaves on the trees.

April 24th.—Used our oars until 10 o'clock, and then floated while breakfasting. At this time two barges, one bark and two wooden canoes passed us under full sail; by one I sent back a letter to Mr. Dubuque, that I had forgotten to deliver. Stopped at dark to cook supper, after which rowed under the windward shore, expecting we could make headway with four oars, wind very hard ahead; but were blown on the lee shore in a few moments, when all hands were summoned, and we again made with difficulty to windward; came to, placed one sentry on my bow, and all hands beside went to sleep. It rained; before morning, the water overflowed my bed in the bottom of the boat, having no cover or extra accommodation, as it might have retarded my voyage.

April 25th.—Obliged to unship our mast to prevent its rolling overboard with the swell. Passed the first Reynard village at 12 o'clock; counted eighteen lodges. Stopped at the prairie on the left, about the middle of the the rapids, where there is a beautiful cove or harbor. There were three

lodges of Indians here, but none of them came near us. Shortly after we had left this, observed a barge under sail, with the U. S. flag, which upon our being seen put to shore on the Big Island, about three miles above Stony river, where I also landed. It proved to be Captain Many, of the artillerists, who was in search of some Osage prisoners among the Sacs and Reynards. He informed me that at the village of Stony Point the Indians evinced a strong disposition to commit hostilities; that he was met at the mouth of the river by an old Indian who said that all the inhabitants of the village were in a state of intoxication, and advised him to go up alone. This advice he rejected, and when they arrived there they were saluted by the appellation of "Bloody Americans," who had killed such a person's father, such a person's mother, brother, etc. The women carried off the guns and other arms, and concealed them. He then crossed the river opposite to the village, and was followed by a number of Indians, with pistols under their blankets. They would listen to no conference relating to the delivery of the prisoners, but demanded why he wore a plume in his hat, and declared they looked on it as a mark of war, and immediately decorated themselves with raven's feathers, worn only in cases of hostility. We regretted that our orders would not permit our punishing the scoundrels, as by a *coup de main* we might easily have carried the village [These Indians were long known as the "British Band;" in the war of 1812 they sided with the British. Removed from their village to the west side of the Mississippi in 1831, they were the chief instigators of the Black Hawk war in 1832]. Gave Captain Many a note of introduction to Messrs. Fisher, Wilmot and Dubuque, and every information in my power. We sat up late conversing.

April 26th. Capt. Many and myself took breakfast and embarked; Capt. Many under full sail. We descended by all the sinuosity of the shore to avoid the wind and the tremendous swell of the waves. Encamped on Grant's prairie, where we had encamped on the 25th August when ascending. There was one Indian and family present, to whom I gave some corn.

Sunday, April 27th. It cleared off during the night. We embarked early, and came from eight or ten leagues above the river Iowa to the establishment at the lower Sac village by sundown, a distance of nearly 48 leagues. Here I met with Messrs Maxwell and Blondeau; took the deposition of the former on the subject of the Indians' intoxication at this place, for they were all drunk. They had stolen a horse from the establishment, and offered to bring it back for liquor, but laughed at them when offered a blanket and powder. Passed two canoes and two barges. At the establishment received two letters from Mrs. Pike, took with us Corporal Eddy and the other soldier whom Capt. Many had left. Rowed with four oars all night. A citizen took passage with me.

Lieutenant Pike reached St. Louis on the 30th of April after an absence of eight months and twenty-two days. The following extracts are from his "Observations" in the appendix to his Journal:

Deer are pretty numerous from the river De Moyen up. In ascending Iowa river thirty-six miles you come to a fork, the right branch of which is called Red Cedar river from the quantity of that wood on its banks; it is navigable for batteaux near 300 miles, where it branches out into three forks, called the Turkey's foot. Those forks shortly after lose themselves in Rice lakes. Between the Iowa river and Turkey river on the west you find the Wabisipinekan river. It coasts along the Red Cedar river in a parallel direction, and scarcely any wood on its banks. The next water met with was the Great Macoketh, and twenty leagues higher is the little river of the same name. These two rivers appear to approach each other, and have nothing remarkable excepting lead mines, which are *said* to be on their banks. Half a league up Turkey river, on the right bank, is the third village of the Reynards, at which place they raise sufficient corn to supply all the permanent and transient inhabitants of the Prairie des Chiens. From thence to the Ouisconsin the high hills are perceptible on both sides, but on the west almost border the river the whole distance. The Saques and Reynards formerly lived on the Ouisconsin, but were drove off by the Sauteaux (Chippeways). They were accustomed to raise a great deal of corn and beans, the soil being excellent. The present village of the Prairie des Chiens was first settled in the year 1783; the first settlers were Mr. Giard, Mr. Antaya, and Mr. Dubuque. The old village is about a mile below the present one, and had existed during the time the French possessed the country. It derives its name from a family of Reynards who formerly lived there, distinguished by the appellation of Dogs. The present village was settled under the English government, and the ground was purchased from the Reynard Indians. It consists of eighteen dwelling houses in two streets, in front of a small pond or marsh, and eight in the rear; part of the houses are framed; in place of weatherboarding, there are small logs let into mortises made in the uprights, joined close, daubed on the outside with clay, and handsomely white-washed within. The inside furniture of their houses is decent, and in those of the wealthy displays a degree of elegance and taste. There are eight houses scattered round the country; also on the west side of the Mississippi there are three houses, situated on a small stream called the Giard's river; making in the village and vicinity 37 houses, which it will not be too much to calculate at ten persons each, a population of 370; but this will not answer for the spring or autumn, as there are then at least 5 or 600 white persons. This is owing to the concourse of traders and their engagees from Michilimackinac and other parts, who make this their last stage, previous to launching into the savage wilderness. They again meet here in the spring on their return from their wintering grounds, accompanied by 3 or 400 Indians, when they hold a *fair*; the one disposes of remnants of goods, and the other reserved peltries. It is astonishing there are not more murders and affrays at this place, as there meets such a heterogenous mass to trade, the use of spirituous liquors being in no manner restricted; but since the American government has become known, such accidents are less frequent than formerly.

There are a few gentlemen residing at the Prairie des Chiens, and many

others claiming that appellation; but the rivalry of the Indian trade occasions them to be guilty of acts at their wintering grounds, which they would blush to be thought guilty of in a civilized world. Almost one-half of the inhabitants under twenty years have the blood of the aborigines in their veins.

From the village to Lake Pepin we have on the west shore first, Yellow river, of about 20 yards wide, bearing from the Mississippi nearly due west; second, the Iowa river, about 100 yards wide, bearing from the Mississippi about northwest. From the Iowa river to the head of Lake Pepin, the elk are the prevailing species of wild game, with some deer, and a few bear.

The first nation of Indians whom we met with in ascending the Mississippi were the Sauks. They hunt on the Mississippi and its confluent streams from the Illinois to the river Des Iowa, and on the plains west of them which border the Missouri. They are so perfectly consolidated with the Reynards that they scarcely can be termed a distinct nation; but recently there appears to be a schism between them; the latter not approving of the insolence and ill will which has marked the conduct of the former towards the U. S. on many late occurrences. They have for many years made war under the auspices of the Sioux on the Sautaux, Osages, and Missouries; but as a peace has been made between them it would not be difficult to induce them to make a general peace, and pay greater attention to the cultivation of the earth, as they now raise a considerable quantity of corn, beans, and melons. The character they bear with their savage brethren is that they are more to be dreaded for deceit and inclination to stratagem than for open courage.

The Reynards are engaged in the same wars and have the same alliances as the Sauks, with whom they must be considered as indissoluble in war or peace. They hunt on both sides of the Mississippi from the Iowa river to a river of that name above Prairie Des Chiens. They raise a great quantity of corn, beans, and melons, the former in such quantities as to sell many hundred bushels per annum.

The Iowas reside on the rivers De Moyen and Iowa in two villages. They hunt on the west side of the Mississippi, the river De Moyen, and westward to the Missouri; their wars and alliances are the same as the Sauks and Reynards, under whose special protection they conceive themselves to be. They cultivate some corn, but not so much as the Sauks and Reynards. Their residence on the small streams in the rear of the Mississippi, out of the high road of commerce, renders them less civilized than those nations.

The Sauks, Reynards, and Iowas, since the treaty of the two former, Nov. 3, 1804, with the U. S., claim the land from the entrance of the Jauflioni on the west side of the Mississippi, up the latter river to the Upper Iowa, and westward to the Missouri, but the limits between themselves are undefined. All the land formerly claimed by those nations east of the Mississippi is now ceded to the U. S., but they reserved to themselves the privilege of hunting and residing on it as usual.

By killing the celebrated Sauk chief Pontiac, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kaskaskias and Piorias, kindled a war with the allied nations of Sauks and

Reynards, which has been the cause of the almost entire destruction of the former nations.

RECAPITULATION.

Sauks, 700 warriors,	750 women,	1400 children,	2850 population.
Foxes, 400 "	500 "	850 "	1750 "
Iowas, 300 "	400 "	700 "	1400 "

SOME PIONEER PREACHERS OF IOWA.

I HAVE had it in mind to write my recollections of those ministers who came on the advance wave of civilization into the wilderness of Iowa Territory where I, as a child, listened to their preaching.

In those days the groves and log cabins were "God's first temples," and the congregations were small, often consisting of two or three families, which, living within easy reach of the cabin of one of them, gathered together there with their little ones to "listen to the word." The minister on these occasions performed the duties of choir leader and choir, and having preached the morning sermon, all sat down to the rude table, upon which was placed by the kind-hearted hostess, a bounteous meal, which of all the meals of the week it was the best that the circumstances of the family could afford.

All this time the horses standing tied to the wagons were munching the green prairie grass which had been cut from a slough while on the way to this happy gathering.

The afternoon services over, there came the hand shakings. the invitations to "come and see us," the preacher made his appointment to preach next Sunday at some other cabin where all knew there was welcome and plenty to eat. The "good-byes" were said and each family hitching up its team tumbled the children in among the fresh prairie grass supplied by the host for the evening feed. All took their way straight across the prairie to their humble but happy pioneer homes. So many a Sunday was passed by the pioneer fathers and

mothers with their children in the happiest of social intercourse. The women exhibited their new dresses made of twenty-five cent calico, not after the "modes de Paris," but each dress fashioned after the maker's taste, who also was the wearer; they compared their children as to the industry and smartness which they individually evinced, and wondered, the good aspiring souls, what sphere of usefulness they each would fill in after life. These holy aspirations of the pioneer mothers, as looking into the bright and prosperous future with an inspiration more than prophetic, not only pointed the way to success for their children, but laid down the precepts of a successful life and set a most industrious daily example to them. Nor were these fond hopes, these most holy whispered prayers, for a successful, manly life for their offspring without avail, for I believe that no other pioneer community has ever surpassed them in giving to a state a more intelligent, patriotic body of citizens, and thus has the State of Iowa become a crown of glory to its pioneer mothers.

But I digress. Among the ministers to come early into the Iowa wilderness, preaching, was Francis Bowman. He was quite a young man, full of energy, and to him the infant capital of the Territory was indebted for its first Methodist Church. Mr. Bowman made a trip to the extreme eastern part of the United States, about 1840 or 41, as it seems to me, soliciting aid for the erection of this church, which now stands a monument to his energy. At that time I had an aunt, my mother's eldest sister, living in New York City. She, with her husband, was a devout Methodist, and after giving liberally of their means to the building fund for the church, she, the kind hearted soul, remembering the two little boys in my father's family, sent in Mr. Bowman's care, to them each a bright silver twenty-five cent piece. The minister soon after his arrival from his long journey came to my father's house to deliver messages from loving friends and relatives who, as it afterwards proved, had only a few years before bidden us a last and long farewell. He delivered the letters and messages,

and then produced the silver quarters, such money then very scarce, and quite a curiosity with us. Taking us upon his knees the coins were given to us with the loving words from the kind hearted donor to "be good boys and use the money well." The minister talked to us about the building of the church, the need of money, and soon so impressed our childish fancies that we donated the gift to the building, and thus became of the founders of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Iowa City.

Mr. Bowman married a neice of Mrs. Judge Hawkins, and after filling the pulpit of the new church for some time after its completion, he left Iowa City, and in after years became the founder of the Mount Vernon Methodist University, in Linn county. It is said that in 1843, during the excitement attending the "Millerite prophecies" to the effect that the world was about to come to an end through sudden destruction by fire, Mr. Bowman did not denounce these prophecies as false, but in his sermons bearing upon that subject contended that "*they might be true.*" Thus it was that he inaugurated and carried on for weeks the greatest revival meeting ever held in Iowa City. Nearly every body in the county joined the Methodist Church, including Tone Cole and Mrs. Dupont. John Powell, Mathew Teneyck, Towner Andrews, my father Captain Irish, and S. H. McCrory were not moved by the preacher's eloquence, and firmly withstood the attack of "Zion's battalions." I heard a pious, well-intending Methodist say that if Brother Bowman could get the above named incorrigibles into the church "he then would have completely, conquered the devil's kingdom in Iowa City."

Among the first peripatetic Methodist preachers to come among us was a Mr. Taylor. He was a native of Virginia, and brought his family with him. He entered the lands afterwards owned by Mr. James Hill, at the place on the Dubuque road called the "Five Mile House," and lived there for a time. From his habit of shedding tears during his sermons he was given the soubriquet of "Weeping Jeremiah." He

afterwards improved a farm near Gower's Ferry, and I believe died in California.

But the leader of all the early circuit riders of the early times was "Father" Thompson, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him. He made his home in the beautiful grove on the Rochester road about three miles east of Iowa City, and here he reared his very large family. Father Thompson was a large hearted, kindly man, who by his genial manners became endeared to all who knew him. He was an inveterate horse trader, so it was his habit to start on his circuit with three or four extra horses, and many a time he would return with two or three head more than he took away; but success was not always on his side of the bargain. The writer once heard him relate that on one of these trips he met with a lot of Hoosiers who succeeded so well in deceiving him in the *swap* which took place, that he found himself minus four good horses, and instead, the unlucky possessor of two very vicious, but fine looking ones; one of these would kick and bite so savagely as to be decidedly dangerous, the other would balk so bad that "it would not pull an old hen off her nest," and if a harness was put upon it, that horse would not move ahead a rod a day; would refuse to go until the harness was taken off its back; under the saddle it was the same, so he "swapped" them off for a rifle and four calico handkerchiefs.

Preceding the advent of these "regular preachers," we had a class of irregulars, or "exhorters," as they were called. They, like St. John, went about the wilderness of groves and prairies, and would stop and preach to any family they might find domiciled in a cabin on their way. These preachers were men well along in years, had no fixed thoughts on religious subjects, but got off a sing song address containing many scriptural quotations. One of these wandering evangelists was murdered by the Indians quite early in the settlement of Johnson county. An account of this unprovoked murder will be found in early volumes of the Iowa Annals.

Another of this class was a disciple of Miller, and wandered

about the country preaching the final destruction of the world. This man's name was Click, and he was known as "Old Click." The people considered him crazy, and many were afraid of him, so his welcome was not as certain as that of the others. I well remember seeing him enter the Territorial Supreme Court room with his old black greasy bible under his arm; bareheaded he was, his long tangled gray hair hanging down over his shoulders, his clothing in tatters, but rudely mended; his manner that of great importance as he slowly marched up towards Judge Mason who was holding court. "Old Click" passed the barrier between the spectators and the lawyers, halted directly in front of the Judge, opening his bible he began, "A Prophet of the Lord has come—" "Marshal, take that man into custody and out of this court room," thundered the Judge, drowning the remainder of Click's sentence. My father, who was acting marshal, went to the "prophet of the Lord" and taking him by the arm led him out without trouble, the prophet making no resistance; leaving him outside, the marshal returned and reported to the Judge that the man was of unsound mind and that he would be responsible for his future actions, so the Judge paid no further attention to the matter.

My father always gave Click shelter and food when he came to our cabin, so the prophet had a revelation to the effect that he was, together with his family, one of the elect and would have a small fragment of undestroyed earth saved for his eternal abiding place.

I never knew what became of this poor old fellow, he may have perished by the wayside as did his Indian compeer, the "Prophet Cow-an-jutan," who was wandering about among the white settlements at the same time.

Another of these self-styled evangelists was an old man by the name of White. He always used the murder of the preacher, before spoken of, to arouse the tearful sympathy of his hearers. He often preached at my father's house and I have many times heard him descant upon that murder, which

he always did in crying tones and copious tears. "Now my bretheree-ee-n and sisters-s, I shall go to-to-morrow-o-ah across-across the gree-reen prahrees on foot-ah and alone-ah, to preach the word-ah of the gospel-ah to the weeked and rebellious people-ah of Bloomington-ah. But it may-ah be that you will-ah never a-gin see-see-ah poor old White-ah for-ah the woolves-ah-ah may pick-ah my poor old-ah bones on-ah on those beautiful-ah prahrees-ah and and-ah you will-a never see me any more-ah in this wicked-ah world-ah." This closing of his sermon he would wind up with a regular boo-hoo and sit down; often he would be joined in the lament by some of the females of his little congregation.

It was this preacher of whom I have heard Peter Roberts relate a funny incident attendant upon one of his sermons. It was at the time when the basement walls of the Capitol were up to the water table and the workmen had constructed sheds inside the walls under which to work at stone cutting and other occupations incident to the construction of the edifice then going on. These sheds were often used to hold public meetings under, and, indeed, I remember a fourth of July celebration held there once. Well, Mr. White had announced that he would hold "Divine Service" in the basement of the new Capitol on a certain Sunday. Mr. Roberts with a companion, seeing the notice, went up to hear him. They found him seated under the shed looking over his text, they took seats, and after awhile, no others coming, the preacher began the services, which included the usual preliminary prayers, and the lining out and singing of a hymn, the latter all by himself.

He then read his text and began on a sermon which was arranged in subjects all the way from "firstly up to sixteenthly." The sermon was a long one, and the preacher had proceeded as far as thirteenthly and the time about two o'clock, P. M., when in came Mr. Coe, to swell the congregation. The preacher paused while the new comer hunted up a slab out of which, with some rocks properly piled up, he

constructed for himself a seat; that being accomplished and Coe seated, the preacher announced that "for the benefit of the brother who has just come in I will repeat what I have said," which he proceeded to do from firstly on to sixteenthly concluding with a lined out hymn and benediction.

Mr. Roberts assured me that this account was no fiction and constituted the longest drawn out divine service that he had ever listened to.

I would like to give an account of the Rev. J. W. Brier, one of our pioneers in the Iowa garden, who with, his wife made the trip overland to California, starting in 1849. Their party unfortunately took the Southern trail from Salt Lake, and passed through the furnace of the then unknown Death Valley, losing all their outfit, many of their companions, and nearly all of their animals. It was to the hopefulness, courage and supreme physical power manifested in the slight form of Mrs. Brier, that any of them were saved. She was the only one, who in the last days of their sufferings, could arouse them and lead them on from the Valley of Death to the settlements of southern California. They now reside in the town of Lodi, in that State, enjoying the sunset of life, which with their experiences, is of itself a history of the privations, triumphs and joys of the lives of our illustrious pioneer fathers and mothers.

CHAS. W. IRISH.

Washington, D. C., June 13th, 1894.

WILDS OF WESTERN IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS, LEHIGH, IOWA.

(Continued from page 89, April, 1894.)



MAJESTIC glory rests upon thy brow,
Fit emblem of the wild old ocean thou.
Thy vast, uneven surface (where are seen
Ridges and mounds, while graceful thrown between
Are valleys wide and basins large or small,

Variable and ever-varying all -
 The slow descending plain or bluff steep,
 Shallow ravines, less shallow, then most deep),
 Bears striking semblance to the restless main,
 Whose waters seem a never-ending train
 Of ever-differing shapes and forms, from proud
 And tow'ring billow (which, like some great cloud,
 Rolls out majestically until it breaks
 A mass of tumbling fragments, then retakes
 A milder mood) to gently moving wave
 Which in its turn dies to a quiet, save
 Where now and then the little breezes dance
 On its smooth surface, leaving there, perchance,
 In ripples small, their tiny footprints gay,
 Like tracks of "little innocents" at play.
 Not so sublime, and yet transcending far
 The Ocean's charm in varied beauty, are
 All these dear graces which thyself adorn,
 Graces which, like God's mercies, every morn
 Are bright and new.

Here is thy waving grass,
 With which the gay winds sport, while as they pass
 They rock them in their airy cradle wild,
 As some fond mother rocks to sleep her child;
 And as the mother sings her baby song,
 So sing the winds the restless grass among.
 Sweet is this strain of Nature's song to me,
 And charmed I come to hear its melody:
 I come the health-restoring power to hail,
 Borne on the wings of every breeze or gale,
 And gladly quaff of Nature's cordial, bro't
 By Nature's messengers, who, quick as thought,
 Come hovering, like dear mercy angels now,
 Stoop in their flight to fan my fevered brow,
 Then kiss my pallid cheek and make it blush
 For joy: kiss it once more and lo! the flush
 That promises fond health returns again -
 Health which I elsewhere sought but sought in vain.
 And while I breathe this balmy air,
 With which all tinctured fumes cannot compare,
 And feel its sov'reign power, oh! how it sends
 New life and health to every part, and lends
 A mystic, magic skill to soothe and heal,
 Braces, invigorates, and makes me feel
 My former healthful, happy self again -
 Blow on, ye health-restoring breezes, then!

The boon of precious health on me conferred,
Blow on! and bless the many who have heard
Of thee, and seek thy proffered aid, so sure
And yet so free, and let them breathe thee, pure
As Ceylon's spicy air, or Sharon's dear
Inspiring breath, or that which blows where rear
The graceful heads of Carmel's lofty hill
And all the mounts of God; or 'long the rill
Of blessed Siloam, and e'en all the gay,
Delightful streams that find their murm'ring way
Where balmy fragrance lades the burdened gales
Of all the verdant, fruitful, charming vales,
In every bright and always lovely clime,
Or has, in all the mighty years of Time.

Here streams of rarest beauty course their way;
From meekest rill, all rippling on so gay,
To rivulet of broader deeper flow,
And on to rivers proud, majestic, where go
The ships of great and lesser burden, and,
Where once the Native rowed with skillful hand
His "dugout," or his lighter bark canoe,
All wild 'mid wildness, yet all happy too
Alas! what changes have transpired since then!
Amid the skirting groves, on hill, in glen,
And all along each witching, winding stream,
In crowds the lawless Pioneers now teem:
Here they have mangled cruelly the wood,
And made them, right where charming Nature stood
(Throwing her out) their fields and dwelling place:
While shamefully their ruthless hands deface
The picture fair.

Oh how it grieves me now
To see the ruin they have wrought! I bow
In sadness, and I weep a bitter tear,
And sigh for days which can no more appear,
The days when lovely Nature, bright displayed,
Untrammelled all her charms, and met, arrayed
In bridal dress, the Summer fresh and fair
(The bride-groom), and the two were wedded there.
But let me scan the picture once again
Ah! See! some beauties still for me remain,
And I am thankful—glad that towering high,
Uplifting till they almost touch the sky,
With crowns adorned—crowns which are fresh and green,
These old familiar ledges yet are seen;

And too, these deep, dark caverns all sublime
With wildness, and as old as aged Time
Himself; and even where Intrusion treads
And 'round his rubbish (called "improvements") spreads,
Some ling'ring, scattered traces still appear
Of what was once so lovely and so dear
To wild admirers who not long ago
Reared here the rustic wigwams, bent the bow.
And dangerous adventures all rehearsed.
As loudly out upon the forest burst,
While round their blazing fire they danced,
In seeming paradistic glory tranced,
Their rude but happy song.

Thus here they came.
And dwelt, found all so lovely and the same
Left all as they had found it, still a land
With beauty decked, but not by human hand;
So different from the way that white men find
And view, or haste ashamed, and leave behind,
Torn into fragments, all the beauteousness
Of which fair Nature makes a gorgeous dress.

'Tis here I love the little birds to greet,
And hear their songs, so simple and so sweet,
While lighting on some shrub or tuft of grass,
They seem with joy to hail me as they pass,
And pausing, serenade in charming way
Him who so gladly listens to their lay,
And find him talking with them now and then
Familiarly, but much in wonder, when
Calling these happy, innocent and lovely things,
They seem so shy, and plume their little wings
And fly away as if in great alarm,
E'en when he tells them that he means no harm,
And only wants that they should come and light
Upon his hands, to look into their ever bright
And shining eyes, or better hear the notes
Which now are streaming from their little throats
As gush the waters from the hillside spring,
And let him gladly, while they sweetly sing,
Drink in their flowing melody hard by
The fountain head, or let him ask them why
And then to whom they now their raptures swell
But hush! I need not ask them this for well--
Had I but thought one moment more I know
That they are happy God hath made them so.

And grateful now their little voices raise
Up to their Maker all their songs of praise.

And here is richly spread beneath my feet
Thy floral carpeting, arrayed replete
With myriad flowers, so beautiful and rare,
Whose bounteous fragrance fills the air
With sweet perfumes, while swift on every breeze
To man they fly, his careworn soul to please,
Inspiring in his heart, meanwhile, a love
And reverence for Him who reigns above;
And yet who clothes the little humble flower
With beauteousness—this mystic, magic power
The eye to please, the taste to satisfy,
And raise man's noblest hallowed thoughts on high,
From these to brighter things, by far, above,
In mingled wonder adoration love.
How nice this adaptation, clearly seen,
And all by men so fondly felt between
The things which truly giveth him delight,
And the capacities by which he might
Enjoy them; and enjoying love, adore
Through charming nature Nature's God the more.
Oh! "Fool" is he who saith "There is no God;
When here, and everywhere that man hath trod,
Yea where he hath not been, e'en where the eye
By mightiest genius aided sweeps the sky,
Beyond the power of flight by Nature given,
And penetrates the hidden vault of heaven,
The footprints of Almighty God appear;
And every sound that strikes the eager ear,
From lowest song by humble insect sung,
The wond'rous myriad grades among,
Up to the loudest thunderbolt on high,
Resounding through the vast, unmeasured sky,
Echoes the voice of the All-Father—One
Who made and now upholds them on His throne.

And you, ye pretty ponds and charming lakes,
Whose loveliness stirs all my soul, and wakes
Another measure in my humble song—
Oh, Harp, thy unpretending strains prolong!
Sing of the tears which Ocean wept, when sad
And slow, but with a firm majestic tread,
He left his native place, and back in time
Primeval, sought abode in distant clime.

These are the parks of Nature. Her own hand
 Planted these trees which all promiscuous stand
 (In Nature's order) but of elegance
 Superior for this; no work of chance
 Is here, but perfect harmony displays
 The skill of Nature's Architect, arrays
 In good, symmetrical proportions, all
 Her works, while men devout before Him fall,
 Acknowledging His wisdom, power.
 But not alone is beauty seen above,
 In spreading boughs, waving most gracefully
 The foliage of goodly cedar tree
 And stately oak, or spreading elm, and linn,
 And maple, willow and quivering aspen,
 Which shakes and trembles in the wind, the air
 Playing sportive with all but everywhere
 Around this dear old lake, made dearer by long
 Acquaintance, and deserving more my song
 For this but honest representative
 Of most are charms that captivate and give
 My soul a dear delight, strengthen my love
 Of Nature, and inspire the notes which move
 Along each harpstring, for freedom struggling
 Like some chained captive.

Gracefully the Spring
 Adorns these banks and this wide-spreading lawn
 With living beauties, which from early dawn
 To closing hours of day I captivated view,
 And 'mong which find my tried companions true
 While long this "toepath" made in days of yore,
 Made by wild, wand'ring savages before
 The white man's footsteps here were seen I tread
 Advancing, by a strange enchantment led,
 In strangest fascinations all profound,
 Until I've reached this green and sightly mound,
 Which overlooks where Okoboji lies,
 Affording goodly prospect to mine eyes.

THE SIOUX INDIAN WAR.

BY SOLOMON R. FOOT, SAN PEDRO, CAL.

NEAR to the road leading from Forest City to Diamond and Green Lakes, Minnesota, was to be seen, a few years ago, a hollow two and a half feet in depth and eighty feet in circumference, having the appear-

ance of having been artificially constructed. To a person passing by this singular appearance on the level prairie, the question as to its origin would naturally arise: when and by whom was it made? If to one of the first settlers this inquiry was made, the reply was, "That was Thomas's potato cellar," so named because in it Mr. Thomas with his family and others, was corralled for protection against an attack made by the Sioux Indians, in August, 1862.

On the 19th of August, 1862, a young man was sent out from Forest City to notify the settlers at Diamond, Green, Norway and Eagle Lakes, of the outbreak of the Indians at the two agencies on the Minnesota River, that they had murdered the agent, teachers and missionaries, burned the government buildings, and were in small bands plundering and killing the people in the settlements. This report speedily circulated from house to house in the lake settlements. A few persons had some time previously, apprehensive of trouble from the Indians, agreed on a plan to assemble if any danger of the kind threatened to occur, and unitedly make a defense, or escape.

In addition to the first report, word came that Jones and Baker, two men well known, living at Acton, twelve miles distant, had been killed. It is impossible to describe the excitement of the panic created among the inhabitants as they hastily attached such horse and ox teams as were readily at hand, to wagons, loading into them a few household goods and clothing, and fled on the road to Forest City, and from there by the way of Kingston, to the Mississippi River, and towns in the interior of the state.

Persons unacquainted with frontier life, never having seen or experienced any of the effects of an Indian war, may have censured, as cowardly, the acts of such men as the four brothers Wheeler, and four brothers Tate, Masters (who had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war), Harris, Gates, Watts, Delany, Sperry brothers, all robust strong men, the first pioneers of this section, for not making a stand, fortifying and

protecting their homes, instead of fleeing to and swelling the number of the panic-stricken people, hundreds of miles outside of the least danger of being molested. Such persons as would thus censure them should consider that they had a very limited number of guns, a small amount of ammunition, and were encumbered with terrified women and children. Even many of the men were no less frightened than the women, and they were liable at any moment to be attacked by a blood-thirsty, relentless foe, sparing none; or if making prisoners of any, reserving them for a worse fate than instant death. Flight was their most available means of safety.

In the mean time, the courier rode swiftly on to warn the inhabitants of Columbia, on the north of Green Lake, Norway Lake on the north, and Eagle Lake on the west. The few families at Columbia and vicinity hurriedly collected at the residence of Mr. Thomas, to consult on taking action for defense or escape. By the time they had here assembled, it was nearly night. Realizing that they could not reach any place for protection before the close of the day, and if attacked in the darkness, on the road, they would have no shelter for their women and children, they concluded to wait till the next day, at the house they were in, the roof and thin sided walls affording shelter, however inefficient in resisting the leaden hail from Indian guns; securing their teams as near to the house as possible, and making such arrangements for protection as limited means and material was available. The persons here congregated were Mr. Thomas, his wife and two children, Mr. Job. Burdick, his wife and two children, Mr. Adams, his wife and four children, Wm. Kouts, Silas Foot, his wife and five children, and three children of S. R. Foot, who lived six miles west at Eagle Lake. The eldest daughter of S. R. Foot was teaching a school in a house some eighty rods from the Thomas residence, a brother and sister of the teacher boarding with their uncle and attending school. I think that this was the first school west of Forest City. The people of the vicinity had built a school house and organized an inde-

pendent school in the spring prior to this time. The men at the house on the alert, listening for the report of a gun, or any noise that would indicate that Indians were in the country, and closely watching all the avenues of approach, discovered a person moving about the school house. It was so dark that they could not determine whether the person was a white man or an Indian. Two of the men proceeded to investigate. Arriving at the place they identified him to be a man who had been seen in the settlement some days previously, who apparently had no business, and when spoken with, his conversation implied that he was deranged, or foolish. Being asked what he was doing at the school house, he replied that he was going to sleep in the house. Questioned as to his business and where he was traveling to, his answers were evasive. The men at once suspicioned him to be a spy, in alliance with the Indians, and preceding them for the purpose of reporting by signal, or otherwise, the condition that the people were in to make a defense. They more readily came to this conclusion from it being a well known fact that outlawed vicious white men were living with the Yankton Sioux north and west of the Minnesota agencies, and the remark made by him a day or two before: "You settlers have some nice crops; my boys will be along and harvest them in a few days," words at the time uttered thought to be the ravings of a crazy man, but now recurring to mind more fully confirmed the impression that this man was an emissary of the savages. They made a prisoner of him, taking him to the house, placing him under the dining table in the room already crowded, and kept him under guard until the next day, when on further examination he was released. The women and children within, momentarily expecting to hear the terrific war whoop and the crash of the leaden missiles of death through the walls of the house, sleeplessly passed the night, the men on guard outside. The minutes seemed hours, and the hours endless. At the break of day, as the light in the east appeared, the greater were their tears. Knowing that an enemy had opportunity under

the cover of darkness to approach and unperceived select a position that commanded the house. from which they would fire on the guards in the morning light, the men with bated breath silently awaited the expected fusilade.

Time slowly passed, the sun in the east sent its rays of light over the prairie, the lakes and woodlands, cheering the people, and renewing their hopes of escape and safety. Hastily partaking of such food as they had brought from their homes, some of the men returned to their deserted houses to obtain bedding and clothing, and on going back made preparation to go to a place of protection, or to some town in the interior, leaving their stock and most of their effects at their deserted homes. Seeing teams and people approaching on the road, and cattle being driven with them, they ascertained them to be Bachland, Swanson and Peterson, who lived in the vicinity of Eagle Lake. Others of the party were from Norway Lake. They reported that they heard the firing of guns in the direction of Foot's, at the time they left home, and believed that Foot and those living near to him were all killed. This was sad intelligence to the young girl teacher and her brother and sister, who expected to see their parent with this party, as they drove up. The accession of this party and their report of supposed attack at Eagle Lake, accelerated the movement of those of the Thomas party. Forming teams in line, those from the house, in advance of the late arrival, choosing Kouts, Foot and Burdick to lead and conduct the whole, they proceeded on the road to Diamond Lake, Swanson, a Swede, of some fifty years of age, and Bachland, of about eighty years of age, also a Swede, father of John Bachland, who with his family was with the wagons, were driving the cattle in the rear. Arriving at Diamond Lake in less than the usual time of traveling that distance, for the fear of the people seemed to be participated in by their teams, they found the houses vacated and the inhabitants gone.

They drove rapidly on the road towards Forest City, closely scanning every bank of bushes and depression in the ground that would give concealment to an Indian.

They had proceeded a few miles, when, at some distance to the rear, they saw riding towards them mounted Indians. Calls were made to Swanson and Bachland, to leave the cattle and come to the wagons. The call was unheeded, the men persisting in driving up their cattle. Under the direction

of Job Burdick, who had seen service with trains on the plains. the teams and wagons were formed in a circle, the women and children placed within the enclosure of the wagons, and all commenced digging a hole in the ground, with axes and spades loosening the prairie sod and earth, women using pans, cups, anything, in excavating, and placing the earth on the outer edge of the circular pit, working for dear life. Soon they had an embankment around them that was a protection from gun shot and arrows while they lay or sat down. Kouts and Foot had rifles, others had shot guns, but there was little ammunition. From a bar of lead, two women with hammer and flat-iron, pounded into shape, balls and slugs to be used in the shot guns. In the meantime, the Indians rode up to the men, who were more intent on saving their cattle than their lives. One Indian leaping from his pony, swinging his battle ax, buried it into the brain of the old grey head of grandfather Bachland, felling him to the earth. Another rode up, and placing his gun near to Swanson, killed him instantly. Their families saw them murdered, but could not give them any assistance or any protection. Then the Indians rode at a safe distance beyond range of the men's rifles around the corralled wagons, and perceiving that the company within were prepared to give them a warm reception, if they were to come to close action, they went to an elevated rise of ground, overlooking the surroundings from which they fired on the corral, without effecting any damage, more than the disabling of one ox, the distance being such that the force of the balls was spent as they reached the wagons. A few shots were fired by Kouts and Foot, more in defiance than expectation of doing execution.

The Indians remounted their ponies, rode to the cattle that were feeding, shooting some of them, then went off to the north. The party in the corral concluded that they had gone for others and would return with additional numbers to again attack them. They put a man onto one of the two horses with instruction to ride to Forest City for assistance to come to their relief. The man on the way saw, or imagined he saw, Indians, became frightened, left the road, and rode his horse into a slough. His horse being mired and exhausted he left him, to make the balance of the way on foot, and got lost and did not reach the place until hours after the party he had left on the prairie arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR MEMORIES.

BELIEVE the most beautiful and romantic military camp ever seen was that at Lake Providence, Louisiana, occupied by Crocker's Iowa Brigade in the spring of 1863.

The army of the Tennessee was then gathered mostly at Young's Point, but the Iowa Brigade had been moved up to occupy the upper bank of Lake Providence.

This lake—bow-shaped in form, the lower side forming the bow—is about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile broad, with the shore of one end resting on the bank of the Mississippi and the other in a direction at right angles to the river.

About a mile below the lake, on the river, is the little town of Lake Providence, and above the lake on its upper or northerly border was the plantation of Mr. Sparrow, then a member of the Confederate States Senate, with its mansion, billiard hall, gardens, summer houses, negro quarters and negroes, all there except Mr. Sparrow himself. I recollect one day while we were there seeing an elderly lady and two young ladies together entering the mansion and soon afterwards depart, stepping into a boat waiting at the shore in which they were rowed across the lake. They were the Senator's wife and two daughters taking their last look at their old home.

General James B. McPherson, who commanded our army corps (the 17th), had his headquarters at the foot or westerly end of the lake on the opposite side from the Sparrow plantation, and Colonel M. M. Crocker, who had not yet been promoted to Brigadier General, but commanded the Iowa Brigade, had his headquarters in the Sparrow mansion.

To say that the members of the Iowa Brigade did not enjoy themselves rowing on the lake, playing billiards, fishing for loggerheads and bantering the "darkies," would be to misrepresent the facts of history. Any female relative or friend at home, whether wife, sister, or sweetheart, who spent her time bewailing in tears the privations of loved ones in Crock-

er's Brigade at that time was simply performing unnecessary penance. A leave of absence had no fascination for any one there. Furloughs were below par and were not even quoted at "Exchange Place," which was around Crocker's headquarters, where rumors were swapped and stories exchanged.

It has often been reported before, and will therefore be no slander to reiterate here that Crocker, while being generally one of the most courteous and genial of men, had a cyclonic temper which was liable to break out at any time and cause wreckage. So that being regarded as a storm center his presence at headquarters was not always an attraction. But when Crocker had gone to bed up stairs it was a place for subdued conversation, and as Crocker on account of his consumption always kept stimulants, which were in the custody of his Adjutant Cadle, the long stem-winding watches of the night, as we sometimes called them, were often passed at this hospice, for the Adjutant was not the one to turn a poor soldier away with a pain in the stomach.

It was the last half of February, all of March and the first half of April that we spent at this charming camp, seeing the first willow buds break, the water lilies bloom, and inhaling the sweet odors of the spring floating across the lake.

It was while we were dreaming the spring days away at this elysian camp that a banquet was given one night, under Masonic auspices, on a commissary boat lying at the landing at Lake Providence.

Lieutenant Colonel Add. H. Sanders, of the 16th Iowa, presided at the banquet table as master of ceremonies. Among the prominent officers present was General John A. Logan, then commanding a Division in the 17th Corps. In announcing the toasts, Colonel Sanders, who never appeared to better advantage, soon came to one calling for a response by General Logan. Logan's long black hair, heavy drooping moustache, piercing black eyes, and erect, though short form, tended to impress one, and when he got well into the heart of his theme his clarion voice had an electrical effect.

Comparatively few of those called out were sufficiently practiced as speakers to trust themselves with extemporaneous responses. Sanders would adroitly take advantage of their silence to turn it to the account of merriment, saying that if the company knew the delinquent's condition as well as he did, or if they would consider the lateness of the hour, a reason would suggest itself for the failure of the response. These sallies would invariably elicit applause and renewed demands for the party who had been called upon. On total failure to secure a response from others, Sanders would call upon General Logan to supply the deficiency, which the General good-naturedly and eloquently did several times. Finally, the toast "The Private Soldier," was given. No response came, though several were called, the diffident banqueters not daring to trust themselves upon their legs. Then, again, Sanders called upon General Logan. After a little hesitation the swarthy soldier-orator rose to his feet, saying he had spoken to several toasts already, and he did not think it fair to call upon him to make all the responses. "But to respond to such a toast as the Private Soldier," said he, "I do not see how I or any one can decline." He then launched into such a eulogy of the man with the musket as is seldom heard, his address abounding with such fiery declamation as lumped the throat and sent cold chills down the back.

It was at this camp that Captain James Monroe Reid, of the 15th, distinguished himself as an amateur medical practitioner to the colored people of Sparrow's abandoned plantation. Captain Reid was the brother of Hugh T. Reid, the Colonel of the 15th Iowa, afterwards Brigadier General. To more definitely distinguish them Captain Reid was known by his middle name as Monroe Reid. If there is the least temptation for it one is sure to get a nick-name in the army. By an easy transition Monroe was corrupted to "Monkey," and so we had Captain "Monkey" Reid.

The poor colored people, whether sick or well, considered it a great boon to take medicine "like white folks," however

nauseous the dose. Captain Reid, to indulge his philanthropy or his love of the ludicrous, on one occasion got from the medical stores a bottle of castor oil, a part of which he administered to a complaining "contraband," and his celebrity in the healing art was at once established among the blacks, who importuned him from morning till night for medicine for all manner of ills, and invariably received the same oleaginous dose, only varying in size according to age or stomachic capacity. Major H. C. McArthur, of the same regiment as Reid's, has celebrated the medical exploits of Captain Reid in his verse, "Benny Havens," which he sings at every reunion of Crocker's Brigade:

"When we were at Lake Providence
"Cap. Reid was an M. D.,
"The darkies called him Doctor,
"And his advice was free.
"He physicked them for all disease,
"And made their big tears flow,
"And sent them full of castor oil
"To Benny Havens, O!"

The soil in the neighborhood of Lake Providence, like that generally of the "Coast," as the country bordering the lower Mississippi is called, is so wet that dead bodies cannot be buried in ordinary graves below the surface of the ground, and a sort of brick oven above ground is utilized for the repose of the dead. Such a grave containing the remains of a young man who had died of consumption eighteen years before, and which had been broken open, so that the face of the dead could be seen through the glass over the upper part of the casket, was one of the attractions of Lake Providence. The face looked as natural and as well preserved as if it had been buried only the day before, and the white starched collar appeared as if it had just come from the laundry. Many of the military visited the grave, which was regarded as a sort of museum of natural curiosities. Whenever a soldier felt moody, or weary of his luxurious surroundings at the camp he went down town and viewed "the dead man in the brick oven," for a change.

DEATHS.

JESSE P. FARLEY, one of the most prominent men of the Northwest, and for whom the town of Farley was named, died at his home in Dubuque. May 7th. 1894.

THOMAS S. WILSON, whose adult life and personal history are contemporary and commingled with the history of Iowa since its early settlement, died at his home in Dubuque, May 16th, 1894, aged eighty-one years. Hewas one of the judges of the first Territorial Supreme Court of Iowa, by appointment of President Van Buren, came within one vote of an election as one of the first United States Senators from Iowa, and was District Judge from 1851 to 1863. He was attractive in social intercourse by reason of his facetious conversation and cordial manner. His address at the opening of the Supreme Court Room in the Capitol, at Des Moines, "Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar," was published in the April number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD for 1887.

MRS. WILLIAMS, widow of the late George H. Williams, who was United States Senator from Oregon, and Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Grant, died at her home in Portland, Oregon, April 18th, 1894. Mrs. Williams was at one time a conspicuous figure in Washington society while her husband was prominent there in the national councils. In the early history of Iowa they were residents of Keokuk, where they were married, and where they were as distinguished then locally as they were subsequently at the political metropolis — he as a lawyer and politician and she as a leader in the social sphere. Mrs. Williams was a native of Sheppardstown, Virginia, and was seventy-two years old.

FRANK HATTON, a prominent resident of Iowa from 1866 to 1881, died at Washington, D. C., April 30th, 1894. He was born in Cambridge, Ohio, April 28, 1846. While but a young boy, working in his father's printing office, the Cadiz, Ohio. *Republican*, at the beginning of the Rebellion, he

enlisted in the 98th Ohio regiment. In 1864 he was promoted lieutenant and transferred to the 184th Ohio, remaining in the army till the close of the struggle, his service being with the Army of the Cumberland. After the war, in 1866, he removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, with his father, who conducted the *Journal*. Upon the death of his father in 1869, he assumed control of the paper which he edited till 1874, when he removed to Burlington, and purchased the *Hawk-Eye*, with which he was identified till 1881. For the four years preceding this date he was postmaster at Burlington. In 1881 he was appointed First Assistant Postmaster General in the administration of President Garfield, and in the latter part of President Arthur's administration (October 14th, 1884), he was made Postmaster General. At the close of his official functions in 1885, he became the editor of the *Washington Post*, and was engaged in its management at the time of his death, which occurred from apoplexy after less than a week's illness. It is evident from this brief outline that Mr. Hatton was a man of patriotism, energy and varied ability, who exercised a wide scope of influence in Iowa and at Washington since the close of the war. He was buried at Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington.

MATTHEW M. TRUMBULL, a native of England, but a resident of Iowa, from 1847 to 1872, died in Chicago, May 10th, 1894. He went to the war from Clarksville, Butler County, as Captain of Company I, in the 3rd Iowa Infantry, of which he soon became Lieutenant Colonel, and afterwards organized the 9th Iowa Cavalry, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He had also served in the Mexican War. On the accession of General Grant to the Presidency, he appointed Trumbull, who had a personal acquaintance with him, Collector of Internal Revenue, at Dubuque. Having secured a competence Colonel Trumbull removed to Chicago, where he devoted himself to magazine literary work, discussing chiefly political questions of an economic character. His book, "The Free Trade Struggle in England" enlisted considerable public attention.

NOTES.

WE are indebted to the kind recollection of Colonel Cornelius Cadle, the Recording Secretary, for a copy of his "Report of the Proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-fifth meeting held at Chicago, Ill., September 12th and 13th, 1893." This is a beautifully printed and bound book of 153 pages, and is not only a report of the twenty-fifth meeting, but is also a condensed history of the other twenty-four meetings, giving the names of all the officers of the society from the beginning down. The President of the society is General G. M. Dodge, of Iowa. The chief orator at the last meeting was General D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, and, paradoxical as it may appear at the first blush, his voice was raised for peace and against war. September 12th, in compliment to the military reunion, had been designated by the World's Fair management "Army of the Tennessee Day," and at Festival Hall, the eloquent speaker entered such a plea for peace as has seldom been made by a soldier. In its marches and battles the Army of the Tennessee was constantly affording surprises for an anxious world, as at Shiloh and Vicksburg, and it appears its store of "surprise boxes" is not yet exhausted, for this memorial remnant of that innumerable and resistless host, whether in oratory or finance is still full of marvels. Its orators declaim for peace, and, instead of being in debt, like most societies, it has a permanent fund of nearly twenty thousand dollars, twelve thousand dollars of which are invested in Government four per cent bonds, and fivethousand dollars, a bequest from a deceased member (Colonel L. M. Dayton), are equally well placed. The society will hold its meeting this year at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mr. Foot's article in this number, "The Sioux War," although not pertaining directly to Iowa, being Indian history, is none the less appropriate to the pages of THE RECORD.

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No. 4.

SAMUEL JORDAN KIRKWOOD.

NO DEATH since General Sherman's has occasioned such general and genuine sorrow throughout the country, and especially in Iowa, as that of Governor Kirkwood, which occurred at his home in Iowa City, at one o'clock in the afternoon of September 1st—his wife's birthday.

In the number for October, 1873, of the ANNALS OF IOWA (the name of the Historical Society's quarterly before the issue of the HISTORICAL RECORD), a short sketch of Governor Kirkwood's life appeared—an example of the futility of premature biography;—for much of his most important public career was yet to come, as was forecast in that sketch. He has since been Governor of Iowa for the third time—the only instance in our State where the same person has been elected to this office for a third term—United States Senator, and Secretary of the Interior in two Cabinets—Garfield's and Arthur's.

Samuel Jordan Kirkwood was born December 20th, 1813, in Harford county, Maryland, on his father's farm. His father was twice married—first to a lady named Coulson, by whom he had two sons, and, after her death, to Mary Alexander, by whom he had three children, all sons, the youngest of whom

is the subject of these notes. The father of Governor Kirkwood was a native of Maryland, his ancestors having settled there previous to the revolutionary war; his mother was born in Scotland, and both parents were members of the Presbyterian church.

When ten years old, young Kirkwood was sent to Washington city to attend a school taught by a relative named John McLeod. He remained at school four years, when he entered the drug store of his brother Wallace, at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 10th street, Washington City, as clerk, in which occupation he continued till after attaining his majority, with the exception of about eighteen months spent in teaching in York county, Pennsylvania. Daniel Kirkwood, a cousin, a man well known in the world of science, was one of his pupils.

In 1835, Governor Kirkwood left Washington, and settled in Richland county, Ohio, where he assisted his father and brother John (who had removed from Maryland there) in clearing a farm. In 1841 he entered, as a student, the law office of Thomas W. Bartley (afterwards Governor of Ohio), and in 1843 was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio. He then engaged in the practice of law with his former preceptor, Mr. Bartley, forming an association which continued for eight years — Governor Kirkwood in the meantime attaining a high standing at the bar of Ohio. From 1845 to 1849 he served as prosecuting attorney of his county. In 1849 he was elected, as a democrat, to represent his county and district in the Constitutional Convention. This body met in Columbus in 1850, but, after a session of three months, adjourned to Cincinnati, where it sat for six months. In these long sessions, in which was framed the present constitution of the State of Ohio, Governor Kirkwood was an active and influential member. In 1851, Mr. Bartley, his partner, having been elected to the supreme judiciary of the state, Kirkwood formed a co-partnership with Barnabas Barns, with whom he continued to practice until the spring of 1855, when he removed to the west.

Up to 1854 Governor Kirkwood had acted with the democratic party. But disapproving of the measures proposed and sustained that year by the democracy in Congress, concentrated in what was known as the Kansas-Nebraska act, he united with the opposition and in the "Richland district" was invited to become their candidate for Congress, but declined.

In 1855 he came in a quiet way to Iowa, and settled two miles north-west of Iowa City, where is now the manufacturing town of Coralville, but which was then a mere mill-site, and known as "Clark's Dam," where his brother-in-law, Ezekiel Clark, had, for some years owned a dam in the Iowa river, and operated a flouring mill. Here Kirkwood entered into partnership with Clark in the milling business and kept aloof from public affairs, few of his new-made neighbors dreaming that the careless, burly-looking, but good-natured, miller carried a statesman's head and an orator's tongue. Iowa City was then the State capital, throbbing with political excitement over the first consequences of the adoption by Congress of Douglas' "squatter sovereignty" theory, and it was impossible that an old stumper like Kirkwood could long conceal his powers of oratory. One evening, while attending a political meeting in the capitol as an auditor, he was called out by some one conversant with his past history, and in response he delivered an address which at once secured for him a reputation of the very highest character, which he has maintained to this day, for native eloquence in off-hand debate.

In 1856 he was elected to the State Senate from the district composed of the counties of Iowa and Johnson, and served through the last session of the Legislature held at Iowa City and the first one held at Des Moines. At this latter session, held in 1858, was adopted for Iowa, mainly through his advocacy, the state banking system, which had been found advantageous and safe in Ohio and Indiana, and some other States; and it proved a great blessing to Iowa, not a dollar's loss having been sustained through it to any person, from the time of

its adoption till superseded by the present national banking system.

In 1859 Kirkwood was made the standard-bearer of the republicans of Iowa. This was before the days of "Grangers' lodges," but, as a miller, he "told his beads to Ceres," and bore on his banner the device of the "plow-handle," and, after a stern contest with as able and popular a competitor as General A. C. Dodge, he was elected Governor of Iowa by a majority of over three thousand. In the October preceding his inauguration, John Brown had made his fatal misadventure at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and, with some of his followers, had been captured, tried, condemned, and executed with a cruel dispatch that startled the country. But not all of John Brown's associates went to the gallows. Among others, Barclay Coppic, whose brother had been hung two weeks subsequent to Brown's execution, had escaped, and returned to his home at Springdale, Cedar county, Iowa, and Governor Letcher, who succeeded Wise as executive of Virginia, made a requisition for him on Governor Kirkwood. The sympathies of the Governor of Iowa were all in favor of the fugitive, but his oath of office would have required the surrender of Coppic if the requisition had been made in due form. Happily for Coppic and the Governor, this was not the case, and the Governor was obliged to deny the demand of the requisition, on the ground of its invalidity. Here was a question, at the very threshold of his gubernatorial office, the proper solution of which might have baffled a weak or wavering executive, for it must be remembered that at the time this demand was made public sentiment, even in the north, so strongly condemned Brown's act, that it would have remanded all participators in it, despite mere technicalities. Some sharp correspondence on the subject passed between the two executives, in an indirect way, as special messages to the Legislatures of their respective States, then in session. In concluding his special message to the Legislature on this subject, Kirkwood said, prophetically, alluding to Southern threats of secession,

and speaking for the people of Iowa, "They will see to it that the Union shall still be preserved." And they did see to it, with seventy-five thousand volunteers, and with their blood, that more than reddened nearly every battle-field of the rebellion. For then came the great Civil War, which began before the expiration of his first term, with all its new and perplexing difficulties for loyal governors to solve. As Governor, during the darkest days of the rebellion, he performed an exceedingly important duty. He secured a prompt response by volunteers to all requisitions by the federal government on the State for troops, so that during his governorship no "draft" took place in Iowa, and no regiment, except the first, enlisted for less than three years, and he maintained the State's credit. The Legislature, at its extra session in 1861, authorized the sale of \$800,000 in bonds, to assist in arming and equipping troops. So frugally was this work done, that but \$300,000 of the bonds were sold, and the remaining \$500,000 not having been required, the bonds representing this amount were destroyed by order of the succeeding Legislature.

In October, 1861, Kirkwood was, with comparatively little opposition, re-elected Governor—an honor accorded for the first time in the history of the State—his majority having been about eighteen thousand. During his second term he was appointed minister to Denmark by President Lincoln, but declined to enter upon his diplomatic duties till the expiration of his term as Governor. The position was kept open for him till that time, but, when it came, pressing private business compelled a declination of the office altogether.

In January, 1866, he was a prominent candidate before the Legislature for United States Senator. Senator Harlan had resigned the senatorship upon his appointment to the office of Secretary of the Interior by President Lincoln, just before his death, but had withdrawn from the cabinet soon after the accession of Mr. Johnson to the presidency. In this way it happened that the Legislature had two terms of United States Senator to fill—a short term of two years, to fill Harlan's

unexpired term, and a long term of six years, to immediately succeed this, and Harlan had now become a candidate for his own successorship, to which Kirkwood also aspired. Ultimately, Kirkwood was elected for the first and Harlan for the second term. During his brief senatorial service, Kirkwood did not hesitate to measure swords with Senator Sumner, who sometimes assumed a dictatorial manner intolerable to an independent western Senator like Kirkwood.

At the close of his senatorial term, March 4th, 1867, he resumed the practice of law, which, however, he soon relinquished to accept the presidency of the Johnson County Savings Bank, at Iowa City. This position he was filling in the summer of 1875, when the Republican State Convention, in session at Des Moines, placed him in nomination for Governor of Iowa for a third term. It was well known that he was a candidate for United States Senator, which the next Legislature would be called upon to select, and that he had no desire to be Governor again. His nomination, which was made in a somewhat dramatic manner, was therefore a great surprise to himself as well as to the people of the State generally, and indeed even to the convention which made it.

In the midst of the strife for others, whose candidacy had been advocated by their supporters for months, a delegate from Audubon county, Dr. S. M. Ballard, who had been an early settler in Johnson county, arose in his place in the convention and nominated Kirkwood for Governor. Throwing the name of Kirkwood into that convention was like casting a lighted match into a basin of gasoline—it set it aflame with enthusiasm. The appearance of Ballard, an aged man, nearer seven than six feet tall, with a full white beard reaching to his waist, heightened the effect of the scene. As soon as the confusion incident to the nomination had somewhat subsided, another delegate asked by what authority the name of Kirkwood had been introduced. Then Ballard again arose, towering above his colleagues, and answered impressively, “by authority of the great Republican party of Iowa.” Roars and cheers for Kirkwood drowned all opposition.

To no one in or out of that convention could his nomination have been more distasteful than it was at the first blush to Kirkwood himself, who thought his election as Governor might injure and embarrass his canvass for the senatorship. However, his disinclination was overcome by the advice of his friends, and he signified by telegraph his acceptance of it to the convention before its adjournment.

As already intimated he was elected. At the session of the Legislature the succeeding winter he was elected United States Senator for the full term of six years, beginning March 4th. 1877,—indeed twice elected, first in conformity with ordinary custom, and again to obviate any possible conflict or non-compliance with a statute of Congress directing the procedure in senatorial elections, which had recently been enacted.

In the beginning of the year 1877 he resigned the office of Governor, to be ready to assume his new duties as Senator. It was not until the summer of 1879, in the second year of his second service in the Senate, that unsought opportunity came for a display of those powers of convincing reasoning and effective argument which were pre-eminently his. This was on the occasion of the debate on federal power in the States. Of this episode in Governor Kirkwood's senatorial career, Dr. J. L. Pickard, President of the Historical Society, and long the President of the State University, of both of which Governor Kirkwood was the friend, and of the former a member, thus speaks after a long and intimate acquaintance with him:

In a deliberative assembly Governor Kirkwood was at his best. His election to the State Senate was contested by those who had not then learned his power in debate, nor known his grasp of constitutional law. He was known only as a miller and farmer. "He had not been long in the Senate," says one whose business brought him into close conference with members of that body, "before he was recognized as a leader, and his influence was courted by those who desired support for pending measures."

His first appearance in the United States Senate was for the unexpired term of Senator Harlan, who had been called into President Lincoln's Cabinet. Little opportunity was given him to prove his fitness for the place, but conscious of his ability to serve the people well he had a laudable

ambition to re-enter senatorial life at Washington. The opportunity came to him in his election to the Senate while he occupied the gubernatorial chair. After serving as Governor for more than one-half the term for which he was elected, he resigned, and upon March 5th, 1877, took his seat in the Forty-Fifth Congress as Senator for the full term.

R. S. Finkbine, in reply to an inquiry from Hon. James G. Blaine regarding Mr. Kirkwood's fitness for the place, said: "Some day when you will least expect it, and when a matter is before the Senate involving a constitutional question, he will get up apparently without any previous preparation, and in a speech of no great length will discuss that question, and present every point so clearly, illustrating it so aptly and reach his conclusions so directly, that you will all wonder why you have not taken the same view of the subject that he does, and have reached his conclusions before by the same chain of reasoning." A little more than two years later Mr. Blaine said to Mr. Finkbine, "Your prediction in regard to Governor Kirkwood has been verified. The constitutional question has arisen. The speech has been made. His solution of the question was the true one, and was so considered by all his political friends, and has been adopted by them."

As upon this speech Governor Kirkwood's reputation as a great constitutional lawyer rests, it may not be amiss to speak of it in detail:

The Forty-Fifth Congress had adjourned without passing the necessary legislative, civil, judiciary and military appropriations. President Hayes called the Forty-Sixth Congress in extra session upon the 18th of March, 1879, for the purpose of making the needed appropriations. After long and heated discussion the House of Representatives passed the appropriation bill June 11th, 1879. It was reported by committee to the Senate, and referred to the committee on military affairs because of a provision in the bill as passed by the House to the following effect:

"Section 5. No money appropriated in this Act is appropriated or shall be paid for the subsistence, equipment, or compensation of any portion of the army of the United States, to be used as a police force to keep the peace at the polls at any election held within any State."

The bill was reported to the Senate as it came from the House, June 16th. During the entire reconstruction period troops had been quartered at several points in the south, until President Hayes withdrew them, and so created dissensions in his own party. Bitter feeling existed. The discussion in the Senate began upon the 17th, was continued the 18th and through the night to the 19th. Participants in the discussion were largely men who harbored the resentments engendered in events of the last years of the war, more especially in the use of United States troops in Indiana and Virginia. Friends of the section quoted above had cited Section IV. of Article IV. of United States Constitution in support of the prohibition.

Senator Kirkwood had been in his seat during the entire discussion, and had answered to every roll call. He had listened to such Senators as Blaine, Carpenter, Conkling and Logan, on the one side, and to Beck, Hill, Voorhees and Withers and Maxey on the other side, evidently caring little for their political squabbles over events of 1864 and 1865, but studying the con-

stitutional question involved. On the morning of the 20th of June he rises calmly and deliberately, as was his wont, and in a dignified manner argues the constitutional question involved in the use of United States troops at the polls in all congressional elections where their services might be needed in preserving the peace and in protection of legal voters.

The gist of the Senator's argument is as follows: A Representative in Congress is a United States officer; the right of Congress to control election of such officers is a *reserved* right under the Constitution -- the right of the State to determine time, place and mode of election, is a *delegated* right; to the State is *delegated* the right to certify to elections of Congressmen, but in Congress resides the *reserved* right to pass upon the qualifications of those bearing the State's certificate; to the States the Constitution gives the right to regulate election of Representatives, and at the same time to Congress is given the right to change those regulations; in the election of United States officers United States authority is above State authority; if any United States law is obstructed in its operation the power of the United States may be exercised in the removal of the obstruction without waiting to be called in by the State executive; every constitutional law goes "*proprio vigore*" into every inch of territory of the United States, and needs not the consent of any citizen; that whenever the peace of a State only is threatened the army can not be used except upon the call of the State Legislature, or of the executive, but when the laws of the United States are resisted or overborne, then the government of the United States has power to use the whole force at its command to enforce them; the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution provides for the protection of a State and for the enforcement of the peace of the State, but it has nothing to do with the enforcement or execution of the laws of the United States.

Senator Kirkwood illustrates plainly but forcibly the position he assumes by reference to events that had recently transpired in the railroad riots of 1877. He declares that the obstruction of the mails and of inter-state commerce, was an offence which the United States government was obliged to take notice of without waiting to obtain the consent of the authorities of the State in which the riotous acts occurred.

His remarks were evidently listened to very attentively, as may be observed from the frequent interruptions to which he was subjected by Senators who desired to understand his position.

At its close Senator Hill congratulated Senator Kirkwood upon his statesmanlike treatment of the question which had for three months called forth much ill-tempered discussion in both houses. That Senator Hill felt the force of the argument is evident from the fact that he considers the argument unanswerable if the premises be admitted. He therefore denies the premises, and claims that Congress has no *reserved* rights under the Constitution, but that like those of the States, all its rights are *delegated* rights.

The argument of Senator Kirkwood allayed partisan feeling, though it did not change any votes. The temper of the majority was shown in the

statement of one of the number—that even if convinced that he should do wrong in support of the measure under discussion, he should vote for it. Before adjournment a vote was taken and the bill was passed just as it came from the House.

After two years' service as Senator under a most auspicious beginning, Senator Kirkwood was induced to accept a position in President Garfield's Cabinet against the advice of his friends and against his own better judgment, as he realized in after years that he had left the field of his greatest usefulness and had buried himself in the details of a Cabinet position for which he had no liking.

In his retirement from the Senate the counsel of a really great constitutional lawyer was lost to the nation. Iowa rejoiced in his apparent promotion, but has since regretted her loss of the services of her "man of the people" in the National Councils.

In public address Governor Kirkwood was impressive because of his simplicity of statement, his evident personal conviction of the truth he uttered, and his remarkable aptness in illustration. A single instance of the latter is given by his life-time friend Hon. G. G. Wright.

The question of erasing the word "white" from the constitutional designation of citizens entitled to the right of suffrage had enlisted the Governor's advocacy. When about to address the citizens of Van Buren county, most of whom he knew to be opposed to negro suffrage, he inquired of Judge Wright at the dinner table what part of the county he considered the roughest in its physical features. Reply was promptly made without knowledge of the questioner's purpose.

The Governor spoke to the people quite at length upon other topics before touching the one which he knew would encounter opposition.

Coming to the point he begins by stating that on his way to the place he had occasion to pass through the township of ——— naming the one given him in response to his inquiry at the dinner-table. "Out of a thicket" proceeds the Governor, "sprang two men—one seizing my horses by the head—the other presenting a pistol at my head, and demanding my money. I had little to lose and so grappled with the robber, wrenched his pistol from him and was gradually overpowering him, when his companion came to his help. The two overpowered me, and I might have lost both money and life, had not relief come to me unexpectedly. My assailants loosened their hold and resisted the attack of my deliverers so that I escaped. As I rose to my feet I saw that my helpers were colored men—So I mounted my carriage and drove away leaving assailants and friends in conflict. No sooner was I free from danger than the conviction flashed across my mind that I was the meanest man in the county. I feel as I stand here that I was meaner than the devil." "Yes, you were meaner than the devil" said one of the foremost of his audience. Resuming, the Governor said "Our nation was not long ago in dire distress, with exultant foes at her throat, when colored men came gallantly to her rescue. You will be meaner than the devil if you deny them their rights." No question as to the right of negro suffrage was harbored longer in that county.

Hon. Peter A. Dey, of Iowa City, a member of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society, and a close friend of the deceased statesman, graphically describes some of the traits of Governor Kirkwood's character as follows:

Governor Kirkwood will be remembered by the people of Iowa as the War Governor more than in any other capacity. He earlier than most of the statesmen of the country comprehended the magnitude of the struggle that was coming and for his State prepared to meet it with all the means at his command. He appreciated that successfully to carry on the contest the people must be united and his appeals were addressed in such language and with such clearness that every man who heard him carried away and always remembered some reason that the Governor assigned for what was being done or should be done. His familiar and homely illustrations touched the heart and reached the understanding of the unlettered man and his logic convinced the educated. He was fortunate in the selection of such men as General Baker and Culbertson, to manage the details of the Adjutant General's office and in the main in the selection of his officers. That the State furnished its full quota of troops without a draft is to a certain extent due to him and his good management. It is not, however, as an executive officer, that Governor Kirkwood was at his best.

As a member of a deliberative assembly he seemed to be at home. The very qualities that made him a success in this were those that made him strong as Governor. By the force of circumstances it became necessary for him to meet on close terms the people of the State, and he was one of those men who grew stronger in their affections as he became more intimate with them.

He had one habit on the stump and in the Senate chamber that few men are able to adopt. He stated the position of his opponent fairly, brought out his strong points and then met them with argument. He never stooped to wit or buffoonery, and misrepresentation was abhorrent to the natural integrity of his thoughts. During his first service in the United States Senate when elected to fill the vacancy made by Senator Harlan's resignation, he was hardly appreciated. Yet no one can read his argument in favor of the admission of lumber from Canada, with little or no duty without admitting that his statesmanship was broad and his diagnosis of the future wants of the regions devoid of timber was clearer than almost any other man of the time. It was in his second term in the Senate that he was fully appreciated. The Southern men had then become a strong element in legislation. While inflexible in his own positions and differing with them essentially on matters of public policy, the integrity and sincerity of his purpose gained for him their friendship. He was personally popular with them. An inferior man never accomplishes this, for either he becomes arrogant and disagreeable, or sycophantish and despised. Only ability and integrity can long hold the respect of a strong opposition. Before his resignation he had taken a place with Sherman, Thurman.

Edmunds and Conkling, and but for his unfortunate acceptance of the position of Secretary of the Interior would, it is believed, have ranked in public estimation fully the equal of those great men.

As an executive officer in this position he was not the success he was in the position he resigned - his training and habits of life unfitted him for the place. His friends and those who knew him best regretted that he should leave a place so thoroughly to his taste and that he was so well qualified to fill for one for which he had no special talents. They regarded it as the mistake of his life; the event proved the truth of their fears. His was an intellect that was at its best under the spur of strong opposition. It may be that he needed some opposition to bring out his powers. It would not be true to say that he was a man that did not read and study, he did both, and laid away in his memory for future use, facts that were ever at his command, but while he read much, he thought more, and from the storehouse thus formed, he was able to draw whatever he needed. Frank Hatton, late Post Master General, while publishing a paper in Burlington, had been very hostile to Governor Kirkwood and commented very freely and rather disrespectfully upon him. At one time afterward the writer of this was in the ante room of the Senate when Governor Kirkwood passed through, when Hatton said, "I like that man," to the question why, he replied: "he always steps on his heel and you can tell which way he is going."

The people of Iowa always knew which way he was going and this was one secret of his unvarying popularity.

Upon the accession of Garfield to the Presidency in 1881, the Secretaryship of the Interior in the new Cabinet was pressed upon Kirkwood, and he resigned the senatorship to accept it.

The death of Garfield, when he had served little more than one-eighth of his term as President, naturally required a reorganization of the Cabinet, but Kirkwood continued the relations with the new President, Arthur, that he had held with his predecessor, till near the close of the year 1882, when he resigned, closing his official political life.

Soon after returning to his home on this occasion, he became President of the Iowa City National Bank in association with his brother-in-law and old time business partner and friend, Ezekiel Clark - a position he held till the institution was merged into the Iowa City State Bank, in 1889. Thenceforward Governor Kirkwood lived in retirement at his home in Iowa City, calmly, and even cheerfully, recognizing the truth that his work was done.

As illustrating Governor Kirkwood's sympathetic attachment to the masses of the people, the words of Hon. H. W. Lathrop, whose timely publication of a full and accurate life of Governor Kirkwood has quite lately been made, are here appended:

Few men who have filled as exalted positions in life as he, have been more in sympathy with what Mr. Lincoln called the "plain people," than Governor Kirkwood. In early life he was one of them. At no time in later years did he forget that they were the foundation and frame work of society, and that upon their prosperity depended the prosperity of the communities and the state in which they lived, and he did all he could in his humble way to promote it.

As a settler, on the frontiers in Ohio, he swung the woodman's ax in subduing her forests and it is related by one who was an expert in the use of that implement in Iowa, and had used it here in company with him, that few could wield it with more skill or force than he.

His occupation as a miller during his first few years' residence in Iowa, when the early settlers of a large portion of the state lying north west of Iowa City were doing business with him as customers at his mill, brought him in close contact with them and they always left him with the undoubted consciousness, that he was in close touch with them in all matters relating to their material interests, and in the growth and development of the State.

In his first canvass for Governor his was called the "plow-handle" ticket, and the picture of a plow adorned its head. While he was filling the office of Governor, all his official acts were directed when necessary for the benefit of the masses—the many rather than the few.


During the progress of the rebellion, when he was raising and sending to the front thousands of our sturdy yeomanry as soldiers, his special regard was for the privates, rather than the officers, though his attention was never bestowed on one class, to the neglect of the other. In his correspondence with both field and line officers, the charge to "look well to the health, care and comfort of the men under them" was oft repeated, and the old soldiers to-day cherish and revere his memory for the interest he took in their welfare and reputation.

A newspaper correspondent writing of Governor Kirkwood's retirement as Secretary of the Interior from Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, said, "Of all the employes in the Department none received any but kindly and appreciative words from its head. Young Ryan, the Irish boy in the Secretary's office, summed up the case in a nutshell, when he said, 'during the year I have worked for Kirkwood he never gave me a harsh word, and never a day without a pleasant one.' All through the Department his departure was felt as a personal loss."

After filling the highest office in the gift of the people of the State, at the solicitation of his neighbors he served them to their entire satisfaction in the two most humble ones, those of Road Supervisor and School Director.

Governor Kirkwood was married in 1843 to Miss Jane Clark. They have had no children except by adoption. Samuel Kirkwood Clark, son of Mrs. Kirkwood's brother, Hon. E. Clark, was adopted by them when he was a child. As Adjutant of the 25th Iowa, he was mortally wounded at the battle of Arkansas Post, Arkansas, January 11th, 1863. Mrs. R. M. Pritchard, who has been a member of the Governor's family for many years, is also their adopted child. Her little boy and girl are the great-grandchildren of John A. Kirkwood, Governor Kirkwood's elder brother, who died in Iowa City in 1877. Governor Kirkwood was almost six feet tall, muscular, and well proportioned; he had light brown hair and blue eyes; his voice was clear and sonorous; his manner was cordial and hospitable; when one crossed his threshold he felt that he was welcome, and this impression was confirmed by the hospitable and cheerful manner of Mrs. Kirkwood, who did much to preserve the record of his achievements, about which the Governor himself was careless, as he was of his dress. Equanimity and magnanimity were two of his striking characteristics. His mind was placid, even on the approach of death. His soul was great—devoted to friends, forgiving to enemies, harboring no thought of petty grudges or revenge. The accompanying portrait is a phototype copy of the painting of George H. Yewell, now on the wall of the Governor's room in the capitol (universally admired for its fidelity to the original and its general artistic excellence), which was authorized by the twenty-fourth General Assembly.

THE SAGE OF THE WEST.

HEN summer had passed into autumn,
And noonstead surmounted the crest
The fruitage Time's scythe-blade had brought him
Was Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

So tears trickle over our faces;
In grief each is beating his breast;
There's sorrow in high and low places
For Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

When savages raided the border,
With rapine the folk to molest,
The settler looked back for a warder
To Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

When treason had stained the palmetto,
And Slavery reared its black crest,
Then Lincoln, in vocal falsetto,
Called Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

He hoisted the star-spangled banner,
And rallied the youth at his quest.
And people applauded the manner
Of Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

Thence Hawkeye and hero united
In meaning, as battles attest.
For their troth to the cause had been plighted
To Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

When Senators babbled and wrangled,
Proposing a new fealty test,
The skein of debate was untangled
By Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

When Garfield was seeking advisers
From statesmen the wisest and best.
He turned from political sizers
To Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

When age had released him from labor,
And home had enticed him to rest,
Sweet converse for friend and for neighbor
Had Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

Fame's laurel will aye be his wages,
His rest be in realms of the blest.
And honor will brighten with ages
For Kirkwood, the Sage of the West.

IOWA AND THE NAVY DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY W. H. MICHAEL,

LATE OF CO. B, 11TH IOWA INFANTRY, AND ALSO LATE AN OFFICER
OF THE NAVY.

IF it were asked how many men Iowa furnished for the army under the various calls for troops, from April 1, 1861, to December 19, 1864, the official answer could be derived from Executive Documents No. 5 to No. 49, first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress. The information contained in this report was furnished by Provost Marshal General James B. Fry, in response to House Resolution of December 18, 1865, calling for a statement of the number of men furnished by each State since April 1, 1861. This report credits Iowa with furnishing under all calls, 75,860 men, or, reduced to a three years' standard, 68,182.



ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER, U. S. N.

If it were asked how many men Iowa furnished during the same period, for the Navy, the records of the Departments in Washington and of the Adjutant General's office of Iowa might be searched in vain for a satisfactory answer. Yet, this information must be obtained in some way and with reasonable accuracy, else Iowa's war history can never be fully written. Several of the States, notably Ohio and Massachusetts, have moved in this direction by appropriating money with which to pay the expense of gathering this data, in order to be able to complete their war records. Every State that furnished men for the Navy during the war should follow their example.

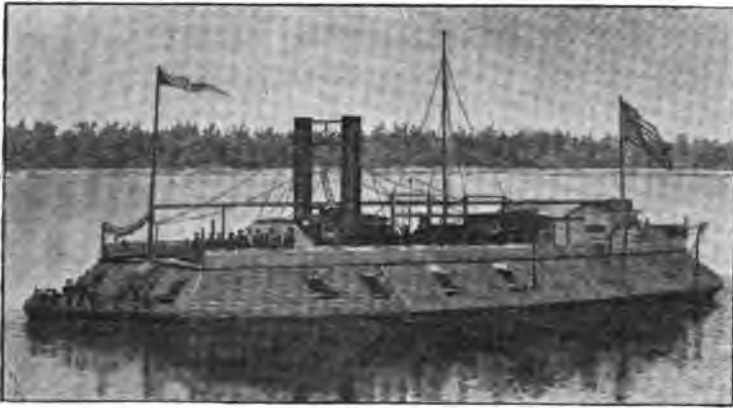
The writer of this article has spent much time searching the records of the Navy, War, and Treasury Departments for the data he now furnishes, and while he does not pretend that full credit is given Iowa for the number of men she furnished to the Navy, yet as a whole it is approximately correct. That part relating to officers is full and correct, while that relating to men before-the-mast must be considered as only approximately correct as to numbers.

As an Adjutant General "Nat" Baker was peerless. The system of records inaugurated and maintained by him was equal in every particular to that of any other State. Indeed, the war records of Iowa have been praised by the most competent critics as models. That they do not furnish the name and service record of every man who served in the Navy from Iowa, is because there was no authorized recruiting for the Navy done in the State during the war period. Had there been a recruiting station for the Navy established in Iowa, doubtless a complete record of the work done by such station would be found in the Adjutant General's office. Unfortunately no such station was established. The sons of Iowa who entered the Navy in preference to the army, went away from the State to accomplish their purpose. Some went to St. Louis, others to Chicago and Cincinnati, where there were Naval recruiting stations, while others applied direct to vessels and were taken aboard and duly shipped. Thus the records

of such recruits became necessarily scattered, and Iowa failed to receive credits due her. The writer has endeavored to gather up the records and put them in substantial form for preservation.

The States lying on the seaboard and on the lakes furnished a large per centum of the men who served in the Navy during the war, yet twenty-nine States contributed to the whole number. The total number of enlistments for the Navy during the war, credited and not credited, was 121,954. The number of enlistments at rendezvous in the several States, and on board United States vessels, for which no credits are reported, is 20,177.

During the war Iowa had four officers of the line in the regular Navy. These were Lieutenant-Commander John G. Walker, Lieutenant George C. Remey, Lieutenant William



"BARON DE KALB."

R. Bridgman and Ensign James Wallace. Lieutenant-Commander Walker was born in New Hampshire and appointed to the Navy from Iowa, in 1855, as acting Midshipman, and was made a Midshipman, June 9, 1859. He was attached to the U.S. Steamer "Connecticut" when the war began, and was transferred to the steam gun-boat "Winona," West Gulf Blockading Squadron, in 1862. He bore a conspicuous part in

the dramatic passage by Forts Jackson and St. Philip and the capture of New Orleans. After the capture of that city he pushed on up to Vicksburg and engaged in the first operations against that strong-hold. His vessel ran by the batteries twice, and helped to demonstrate that the gunboats could, at that time, silence the batteries, but for want of a land force could do no more. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander, July 16, 1862, and commanded the "Baron De Kalb" in her useful and brilliant career until she was sunk by two torpedoes below Yazoo City, in 1863. In the attack on Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, he showed himself to be a most skillful and brave commander. This fort was built with the best engineering skill, and heavily case-mated with railroad iron. It mounted thirteen heavy guns, among which were two ten-inch Columbiads and one nine-inch Dahlgren. In the advance upon this strong fortification, which commanded an unobstructed sweep of the narrow river for a mile or more, the "De Kalb" was in the advance and gradually worked her way up to within 150 yards of the fort. This movement was successfully repeated the second day of the fight. The firing by the fort and the boats was as deliberate as in target practice. The fight was furious from the beginning to the ending. Every gun in the fort was either dismounted or destroyed by the gunboats. No handsomer duel was ever fought between armored vessels and an iron case-mated fort at short range. Lieutenant-Commander Walker was cordially praised by Acting Rear Admiral Porter for his skill and bravery in this fight. Immediately following the surrender of this work, Lieutenant-Commander Walker commanded the fleet up White River, which compelled the evacuation of St. Charles, and pursued the fleeing rebels as far up as Duvall's Bluff, forcing them to abandon much property which fell into his hands. He was in the famous Yazoo Pass expedition, and participated in the attack on Fort Pemberton, Dromogould's Bluff, in the two attacks on Haines' Bluff, and commanded the first expedition up the Yazoo,

which cleared the river and destroyed a large quantity of rebel property. For this successful expedition, Acting Rear Admiral Porter commended him by reporting that "he deserved much credit for the handsome manner in which he performed this duty." Subsequently he commanded a fleet, and in conjunction with General Frank J. Herron, who commanded a land force of 7,500 men, ascended the Yazoo River to drive out General Johnston, who had fortified Yazoo City. The rebels were driven out and their rear guard captured. After the engagement the "De Kalb" was moving slowly along and ran foul of a concealed torpedo which exploded and sunk her. While she was sinking a second torpedo exploded under the vessel's stern, shattering her so that she sunk in fifteen minutes. There were no casualties, but the officers and men lost all of their personal effects. The Commander-in-chief of the squadron in his report of the expedition, says: "We were somewhat compensated for the loss of the 'De Kalb' by the handsome results of the expedition, which, in part, consisted in the loss to the enemy of all the guns left on the Yazoo, eight hundred thousand dollars worth of steamers, five hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of cotton, and much more in stores." Before Lieutenant-Commander Walker was transferred to the steam gunboat "Saco," on duty in the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, he commanded a naval battery in the 15th army corps at the siege of Vicksburg. He was in command of the "Saco" at the capture of Wilmington, North Carolina, and other forts during 1864-6.

Among the younger officers of the regular Navy, there was not one who made a more brilliant and praise-worthy record during the war than this son of Iowa. He is at this writing a hale and vigorous man, and is regarded as the Chesterfield of the United States Navy. He has attained the highest rank possible in time of peace, that of Rear Admiral.

George C. Remey was born in Iowa and was appointed a cadet, September 20, 1855. He was commissioned a Lieutenant, August 31, 1861, and served in the steam gunboat,

"Marblehead," South Atlantic Squadron, during most of the war. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, and on several occasions engaged the batteries at long range; was in the engagement at White House, Pamunky River, June 29, 1862; engaged batteries on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, on two occasions; took part in general engagement of Battery Wagner, August 17, 1863; was in command of naval battery on Morris Island, from August 23, to September 8, 1863, and was engaged in the bombardment of Fort Sumter and Fort Gregg; had command of the second division of boats in the night attack on Fort Sumter, September 8, 1863, and was taken prisoner in that daring and unfortunate undertaking.

He volunteered in response to a call by Admiral Dahlgren to undertake the hazardous venture of a night attack on Sumter, in the hope of taking it by surprise, and by following up the surprise capturing it. His was one of the two boats that effected a landing, and led by their daring and intrepid young commander, the men fought and struggled like demons in their vain effort to scale the high and rugged walls of the fort, but success was impossible against musketry, hand-grenades, shells, grape and canister which were poured into them from the fort and simultaneously by Moultrie and the rebel vessels anchored near. The Admiral in his report speaks in the highest terms of praise of the conduct of young Remey and those who followed his daring example.

William R. Bridgman is a native of Iowa and was appointed to the Navy, November 29, 1859. He was ordered to the West Gulf Blockading Squadron soon after the beginning of hostilities in 1861, and was one of the youngest officers who won distinction in the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the Chalmette batteries, and in the capture of New Orleans. He was on Acting Rear Admiral Porter's staff on the flagship "Blackhawk" at the taking of Arkansas Post, and led one of the boarding parties from that vessel which entered the works as the enemy fired their last volley of musketry at Sherman's troops, who were fast closing in from the rear,

and at once surrendered, the commandant and officers handing their swords to the Admiral. It seems that the garrison of the fort belonged to the Confederate Navy and were determined to surrender only to the United States Navy. Young Bridgman was complimented very highly for his behavior in this hot and decisive action. He was promoted soon after, September 10, 1862, to Ensign, and was in most of the fights about Vicksburg ending in the capture of that city, July 3, 1863. He served in the steam-frigate "Niagara," on special service during 1864, and was commissioned a Lieutenant, February 22, of that year. His last service before the close of the war was in the steam-sloop "Lancaster," flagship of the Pacific Squadron.¹

The fourth officer in the line of the regular Navy furnished by Iowa, was James Wallace, a native of New York, but appointed from Iowa to the Navy in 1859. He graduated with honors from the Naval Academy and was ready to serve his country when the flag was fired upon at Sumter. He was made an Ensign, September 16, 1862, and was ordered to duty aboard the steam-frigate "Wabash." His vessel led in the attack on Forts Hatteras and Clark, August 27, 1861, and continued in the engagement till the surrender on the second day. He was in his vessel at the bombardment and capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, November 7, 1861, the same day Iowa boys were winning honors under Grant, and on the the gunboats "Lexington" and "Conestoga" at Belmont. He was present at the surrender of St. Augustine, March 8, 1862, and the capture of Fort Pulaski, April, 11, of that year. In this latter engagement four rifled guns of heavy calibre were landed from the "Wabash" which proved one of the most destructive breaching batteries brought into play. Young Wallace helped to man these guns, and proved himself a brave and capable officer. Shots from these guns bored through the thick walls of the fort, broke off great masses of masonry and dismounted many barbette guns. The rebel flag was hauled

¹ This distinguished officer has died since this article was written.

down after two days of fighting. He was with Dupont in all the operations of the South Atlantic Squadron which resulted in blockading all the sounds and inlets along the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and in the capture of large numbers of prizes. Unfortunately for the Navy and the country, the valuable services of this gallant and promising young officer were cut off by his untimely death in New York, February 25, 1864.

These four line officers of the regular Navy distinguished themselves during the war by their efficiency, bravery and faithfulness, and thereby honored their State.

Iowa was also well represented on the staff of the regular Navy during the war. John T. Luck, a native of Iowa, and appointed Assistant Surgeon, January 29, 1862, served with success and distinction throughout the war on the frigate "Sabine" and the "Saranac," and resigned, June 23, 1868.

Elisha W. Dunn, a native of Virginia, was appointed paymaster in the Navy, March 30, 1858. By his thoroughness and strict attention to the duties of his office, he rose to the responsible position of Fleet Paymaster of the Mississippi Squadron, and died February 26, 1869.

Henry R. Day, a native of New York, was appointed Paymaster in the Navy, March 28, 1859, and served during the war in that capacity at the naval stations at Baltimore, Md., and resigned, January 22, 1866.

John L. Woolson, also a native of New York, was appointed Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, March 19, 1862, and served on the sloop-of-war "Housatonic" throughout the war, resigning in December, 1865.

It would seem that a State which furnished so many excellent chaplains to the army, would have supplied the Navy with at least one, but in this Iowa failed to do her religious duty. In the steam engineering department she did better. John L. Lay, a native of New York, was appointed an engineer from Iowa, July 8, 1861, and by efficiency and devotion to duty was promoted to First Assistant, October 15, 1863. He served

throughout the war on the U. S. steamer "Louisiana" and torpedo-boat "Strombole," and resigned December, 2, 1865.

Iowa had not a single boatswain, gunner, carpenter or sail-maker to her credit, and only one naval storekeeper in the person of Charles E. Lathrop, who was promoted from a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of the Navy to storekeeper, December 21, 1863. The only other Iowan connected with the Navy Department during the war was Edward B. Nealey, who was Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Engineering, having been appointed to that position, April 17, 1861.

Iowa was honorably represented in the Marine Corps. This arm of the service was established in 1740, and rendered most valuable service in every war, employing vessels of war, in which the United States has been engaged. To indicate in what esteem the services of the marines in the Civil War were held by the Government, it need only be said that twenty-two brevets were conferred for "gallant and meritorious services," one for "distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy," and that medals of honor and honorable mention were also conferred on eighteen sergeants, sixteen corporals, one drummer, one fifer and seventeen privates. In this branch of the service Iowa had four commissioned officers, one sergeant and five privates. The officers were, First Lieutenant James H. Grimes, a native of New Hampshire and appointed from Iowa, June 5, 1861; Second Lieutenant William B. Remey, Jr., a native of Iowa, and appointed November 25, 1861; David M. Sells, a native of Iowa, appointed November 25, 1861, and William B. Murray, who had been a Naval cadet from Iowa in the class of 1861, appointed Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps July 2, 1864. Lieutenant Grimes served with distinction throughout the war, was promoted to Captain and left the service, February 11, 1870. Lieutenant Remey passed through the grades of First Lieutenant and Captain, and was appointed Acting Judge Advocate General of the Navy, July 2, 1878, and made Judge Advocate General with the rank of Colonel, June 9, 1880. Lieutenant Sells, after an honorable

service of two years, resigned July 17, 1863. Each one of these officers saw active service at the front, and one of them rose to the highest rank in the Corps.



W. B. REMY.

It is perhaps worthy of note that when the National authority was defied and the flag of the country fired upon, every son of Iowa in the Navy or Marine Corps responded promptly and eagerly to the demands of loyalty. Out of the 475 officers and cadets who resigned or were dismissed from the Navy and Marine Corps on account of their sympathy with secession at the breaking out of the war, not an Iowan is to be numbered. Iowa's sons were true to the flag, the Union and their country.

Thus it will be seen that Iowa had nine commissioned officers in the regular Navy during the war, two attaches of the Navy Department and four commissioned officers in the Marine Corps. These were, William R. Bridgman, Master;

Elisha W. Dunn, Fleet Paymaster; Henry R. Day, Paymaster; John T. Luck, Assistant Surgeon; John L. Lay, Second Assistant Engineer; Charles E. Lathrop, Naval Storekeeper; Edward B. Nealey, Chief Clerk Bureau of Steam Engineering; George C. Remey, Lieutenant; John G. Walker, Lieutenant Commander; James Wallace, Ensign; John L. Woolson, Assistant Paymaster. The officers of the Marine Corps were: James H. Grimes, Captain; William B. Murray, First Lieutenant; William B. Remey, Jr., First Lieutenant; David M. Sells, Lieutenant. The highest rank attained during the war is given.

In the volunteer Navy Iowa made a very creditable showing in point of number and character of officers furnished by her. The State had thirty-six commissioned officers in the volunteer Navy, all but nine of whom served on vessels in the Mississippi Squadron.

The exact number of boys, landsmen, ordinary seamen and seamen who served in the Navy during the war, from Iowa, is not shown by the records of the Department at Washington nor by the records of the Adjutant General's office of the State. All the data furnished by those records is submitted, and an approximation that is thought to be nearly correct, is given based upon the best information obtainable.

The following table shows the number of officers and their rank:

Number of Acting Vol.	Lieutenants.	3
"	"	"	Masters.	.	.	3
"	"	"	Ensigns.	.	.	7
"	"	"	Masters' Mates.	.	.	7
"	"	"	Chief Engineers.	.	.	1
"	"	"	First Assistant Engineers.	.	.	5
"	"	"	Second Assistant Engineers.	.	.	6
"	"	"	Third Assistant Engineers.	.	.	3
"	"	"	Assistant Surgeons	.	.	1
Total						36

These are arranged in the order of their rank, except the Acting Assistant Surgeon whose rank was that of Master. The highest rank attained by volunteer officers of the line during the war, was that of Lieutenant. Lieutenants, Masters, Ensigns and Master's Mates commanded vessels during the war, and were constantly in the performance of duty as responsible as that performed by regular Naval officers not actually in command of Squadrons. Men who had never stepped aboard of a man-of-war until they reported for duty aboard of one with commissions in their pockets, were soon in command of vessels and discharging the most delicate and responsible duties. In his farewell address to the Squadron under date of September 28, 1864, Acting Rear Admiral Porter said: "I have sought every occasion to promote those who have distinguished themselves in any way, and the door to promotion has been open to any sailor in the fleet who chose to exert himself and deserve advancement. The records of the Fleet will show where men who were petty officers or seamen two years ago are now Lieutenants, a position which I was sixteen years in reaching after I first entered the Navy." It was really so; and the fact shows the justness, fairness and liberality of the American mind.

The skeleton service record of each volunteer officer who served in the Navy during the war from Iowa, is as follows:

A. H. Ahernes, a native of Germany, was appointed Acting Master's Mate, November 25, 1864, and served on the flagship of the Mississippi Squadron, "Blackhawk," till the close of the war.

James Allen, native of England; appointed Third Assistant Engineer, April 22, 1863; promoted to Second Assistant, April 19, 1864; served on the "Montgomery," North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, until honorably mustered out September 22, 1865.

John Ackley, native of New York; appointed Acting Master's Mate, November 29, 1862, and served for a short while on the "General Bragg," Mississippi Squadron. His appointment was revoked.



CHARLES ACKLEY.

Charles Ackley, native of New York; appointed Acting Master's Mate, November 22, 1862; promoted to Acting Ensign, October 31, 1863; to Acting Master, July 16, 1864, upon the recommendation of Acting Rear Admiral Porter "for gallant conduct in the action off Clarendon, Arkansas, June 24, 1864." was executive officer of the "Tyler" and "Kate," Mississippi Squadron, and was mustered out of the service, June 27, 1868.

Henry C. Atlee, native of Virginia; appointed Acting Master's Mate, March 10, 1864, and served on the "Winnebago," Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, till the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged.

Walter S. Barlow, native of New York; was appointed Acting Second Assistant Engineer, July 7, 1863. Served on the "Carondelet," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 2, 1865.

Henry E. Bartlett, native of Massachusetts; was appointed Acting Master, June 23, 1863, and served on the hospital ship "Red Rover," and the "General Price," being executive officer of the latter vessel, and was honorably discharged, February 8, 1868.

Elisha P. Bartlett, native of New York; appointed Acting Second Assistant Engineer, September 4, 1863, and Acting First Assistant, February 14, 1864; served on the "General Pillow," and was honorably discharged, March 21, 1866.

Sydney W. Byram, was appointed Acting Master's Mate, June 7, 1864; served on the "Gladiolus," South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 3, 1865.

Benjamin F. Clark, native of Virginia; appointed Acting

First Assistant Engineer, March 31, 1863; served on the "Silver Cloud," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 1, 1865.

William A. Collins, native of Kentucky; appointed Acting Second Assistant Engineer, June 9, 1863; served on the "Silver Cloud," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, October 7, 1865.

George Cowie, Jr., native of Scotland; appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer, May 23, 1864; Acting Second Assistant, April 22, 1865; served on the "Alabama," 3d rate, North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 19, 1865. It should be noted here that this most efficient officer was appointed Second Assistant Engineer in the regular Navy, July 9, 1870, and was promoted to Passed Assistant, December 3, 1876.

Thad. J. Dean, native of Indiana; appointed Acting Ensign, August 26, 1863; served on the "Argosy" and "Mound City," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, August 6, 1865.

Oliver Donaldson, native of New Hampshire; appointed Acting Ensign, October 1, 1862; served on the "Carondelet," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, January 1, 1866.

Henry Eaton, native of Maine; appointed Acting Master, June 27, 1862; Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, upon recommendation of the Flag officer of the Fleet, March 23, 1864; served on the steam-sloop "Lancaster," Pacific Squadron, and resigned, September 28, 1864.

William M. Fletcher, native of Virginia; appointed Acting Second Assistant Engineer, July 2, 1864; served on the "Red Rover" and "Linden," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, February 10, 1866.

Byron S. Heath, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer, October 4, 1864; served on the "Spuytjen Duyval," 4th rate, North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and resigned, June 3, 1865.

William D. Hoffman, native of Pennsylvania; appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon, December 3, 1863; resigned and was again appointed to the same position, March 7, 1864; served on the "Louisville" and "Marmora," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, September 1, 1865.

Mordecai L. Kirk, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Master's Mate, March 4, 1864; served on the "Volunteer," and was honorably discharged, October 25, 1865.

Silas H. Lancaster, native of Pennsylvania; appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer, November 10, 1864; served on the "Tyler," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged in 1865.

Richard McAllister, Jr., native of Pennsylvania; appointed Acting Ensign, November 24, 1863; served on the "Brilliant" and "General Thomas," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, September 3, 1865.



W. H. C. MICHAEL.

William H. C. Michael, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Master's Mate, May 11, 1863; promoted to Acting Ensign, July 16, 1864, upon recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief of the Squadron "for gallant conduct in action;" was one of sixteen officers selected to settle up the affairs of the Squadron when it was put out of commission at the termination of the war; served on the "Tyler" and "Kate," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, with the thanks of the Navy Department, June 16, 1866.

Milton B. Muncy, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Master's Mate, December 8, 1862; Acting Ensign, June 11, 1863; Acting Master, March 25, 1865; served on the "Choctaw," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 12, 1865.

James H. Neely, native of Iowa; appointed Acting Master's Mate, November 11, 1863; Acting Ensign, February 14, 1864; served on the "Brilliant" and Ram "Avenger," and was honorably discharged, October 6, 1865.

David E. Nugent, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer, September 26, 1863; served on the "Peosta," Mississippi Squadron, and resigned on account of sickness, March 12, 1865.

Peter O'Kell, native of England; appointed Acting Ensign, October 5, 1862; Acting Master, June 5, 1863; Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, November 8, 1864, upon the recommendation of Acting Rear Admiral David D. Porter; served on the "Clara Dolson," receiving ship at Cairo, and at the Naval Station, Cairo, Illinois, and was honorably discharged, November 24, 1865.

Stephen A. Park, native of Iowa; appointed Acting Master's Mate, January 23, 1864; served on the "Ouichita," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, August 6, 1865.

Edward C. Peck, native of Missouri; appointed Acting First Assistant Engineer, June 12, 1863; served on the "Fawn," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, December 4, 1865.

Arthur M. Phillips, native of Missouri; appointed Acting First Assistant Engineer, February 28, 1863; served on the "Petrel," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

John G. Scott, native of Pennsylvania; appointed Acting First Assistant Engineer, October 1, 1862; Acting Chief Engineer, May 19, 1864; served on the Ram "Avenger," and was honorably discharged, October 14, 1865.

Elijah Sells, native of Ohio; appointed Acting Master, June 23, 1863; Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, May 14, 1864; commanded the receiving ship "Grampus," off Cincinnati, and resigned, July 22, 1864.

Thomas W. Stuart, native of Illinois; appointed Acting Master's Mate, August 15, 1864; served on the "Milwaukee" and "Elk," Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, and resigned, May 8, 1865.

George W. Taylor, native of Virginia; appointed Acting Second Assistant Engineer, October 1, 1862; Acting First Assistant, November 28, 1863; served on the "Ouichita" and "Volunteer," Mississippi Squadron, and resigned, February 28, 1865.

Peter Taylor, native of Russia; appointed Acting Third Assistant Engineer, October 22, 1863; Acting Second Assistant, March 8, 1865; served on the "Princess Royal," Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, and was honorably discharged, September 27, 1865.

Thomas Tierney, native of Ireland; appointed Acting Master's Mate, December 23, 1862; Acting Ensign, June 24, 1864; served on the "San Jacinto," Eastern Gulf Blockading Squadron; appointment as Ensign revoked on account of sickness, and honorably discharged, December 22, 1864.

Mortimer M. Wheeler, native of Louisiana; appointed Acting Ensign, January 23, 1864; served on the "Ouichita," Mississippi Squadron, and was honorably discharged, February 2, 1867.

Not an officer of the Navy from Iowa was dismissed from

the service during the war for any cause, and the appointments of only two were revoked, the cause in each of these cases being sickness.

There were seventy armed vessels in the Mississippi Squadron, not including the mortar boats, and Iowa Volunteer officers served on twenty-seven of them.

Fourteen of the thirty-six volunteer Naval officers from Iowa were promoted once and three of the number twice. When it is considered that promotions in the Naval service were harder to win than in the army, and that only three promotions were within reach of a volunteer officer, this per centum will appear rather remarkable. Three officers attained the highest rank possible, that of Acting Volunteer Lieutenant; two were promoted for special merits and two for "gallant conduct in action."

Iowa was represented in every Squadron except that of the Potomac, which means that sons of Iowa helped to blockade 3,000 miles of Atlantic coast, performed duty on the Pacific coast and participated in every struggle from Cincinnati to New Orleans which resulted in wresting the Mississippi River and tributaries from the grasp of the enemy, and opening those water-ways for the transportation of troops and army supplies and for the purposes of commerce. They helped to carry "old glory" to victory, on land and water, wherever an armed foe was found,—to every arm of the service they gave strength and imparted luster by their patriotism, devotion to duty and heroic courage.

The records of the Navy Department have been carefully examined and the only names of Iowans found who served before the mast during the war, are as follows: John Bulger, of McGregor, shipped at Chicago as a substitute for Henry C. Hoyt; Martin Carney, of Dubuque, shipped on board the "Brilliant," Mississippi Squadron, as a substitute; Albert E. Clark, of Marshalltown, boy of twelve years of age, shipped at St. Louis, Mo.; Charles Davis, of Cedar Falls, shipped at Chicago, as a substitute for Byron Culver; George H. Hunt, of

Dubuque, shipped at Chicago as a substitute for Hazen Jackman; Joseph Harper, of Clayton county, shipped at Chicago; Justice T. Isham, of Lyons, shipped at Chicago; Joseph Kerwin, of Clayton, shipped at Chicago as a substitute for Frank Larrabee; John McBride of Clayton county, shipped at Chicago as a substitute for Lafayette Begelow; Herbert Marchland, of McGregor, shipped as a substitute for James F. Bassett; James O'Harra, of Giard, Clayton county, shipped at



U. S. GUNBOAT "TYLER."

Chicago as a substitute for John Hardwick; James Parker, of Dayton, Chickasaw county, shipped at Chicago for Bernard Tierney; William Smith, of Iowa City, shipped on board of the gunboat "Reindeer," Mississippi Squadron; William Warthman, post-office not given, also shipped on the "Reindeer."

All of these men shipped between February 24, 1864, and June 30, 1865. It is highly probable that many more Iowans shipped for service in the Mississippi Squadron during the earlier part of the war, but no record is to be found of the fact.

There were 20,177 men shipped in the Navy during the war, who were credited to no State. Considering the fact that the Mississippi River sweeps the entire length of Iowa, and that hundreds of her citizens living in the river towns had more or less to do with river life, it is highly probable that a large number of that class of people drifted naturally into the Naval service on the river. Their most convenient point of shipment was St. Louis, and because of General Order No. 37, issued by the Adjutant General of Iowa, October 10, 1861, positively prohibiting citizens of Iowa from enlisting in organizations other than those of their own State, and prohibiting recruiting officers from soliciting or raising men for any service outside of Iowa regiments, it is altogether likely many Iowans who shipped in the Navy purposely concealed their identity. In the opinion of the writer, based upon his acquaintance with the personnel of the Mississippi Squadron during the war, Iowa should be credited with, at least, three hundred men who served before the mast in that Squadron, for whom she has received no credit whatever. Indiana has a credit of 863 men. Illinois, 2,540 and Wisconsin, 89. Certainly Iowa was as favorably situated as Indiana to supply men for the Navy, and it is not improbable that she did so in proportion to her population in the river towns.

Iowa also furnished a large number of men for the gunboat service under the operation of the order of the Secretary of War, authorizing the transfer of men from the army to the Navy. The writer has personal knowledge of four men being transferred from Co. B., 11th Iowa Infantry, under this order, namely, Ira Pfoutz, John Miller, Frank Smith and Jim Vanscoyc. Taking this as a basis of calculation, it will probably be within bounds to conclude that Iowa supplied to the Navy by transfer, 240 men. This would make an approximate total of 612 officers and men furnished by Iowa to the Navy during the war.

It would be a valuable service to the State if the Adjutant General's office would exhaust every available means to ascer-

tain the name and record of every Iowa soldier transferred to the Naval service. This will have to be done before it can be claimed that the records of that office are complete. Likewise the names and service record of Iowa soldiers who served in the Marine Brigade should be ascertained and put into accessible and convenient form by the Adjutant General of Iowa.

If the limits of this paper permitted it, the writer would take pleasure in giving something of the service of many of the volunteer officers from Iowa, who distinguished themselves more than once in some of the most important battles of the war. The importance of the work accomplished by the Mississippi Squadron can not be easily over-estimated. In the year 1880 the writer asked General Grant this question: "What estimate do you put on the services rendered by the gunboats and mortar boats during the war on the Mississippi River and its tributaries?" His prompt answer was that, "without them the Mississippi Valley could not have been taken by the army and held."

Only recently the present Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Herbert, who was an officer in the Confederate army, volunteered the remark that, "but for the effectual blockade maintained by the Federal Navy and the splitting in two of the Confederacy by the gunboats on the Mississippi River, the South never could have been conquered."

Though an infant State, removed from the seaboard and restrained by a General Order from recruiting men for the Navy, Iowa contributed nearly a regiment of men to that arm of the service during the war; and her sons won on water as enduring fame, and reflected upon their State as great honor, as did her noble boys who fought so gallantly on land.

WILDS OF WESTERN IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS,¹
LEHIGH, IOWA.

(Concluded from page 132.)

CANTO III.

O WONDROUS Prairie! Transcending in charms:
Graceful, but awfully sublime! Thine arms
Reach out extending far like those of boundless space -
Her Emblem, thou? and, too, the mirrored face,
The outlined form of great Eternity,
By solemn semblance here I seem to see,
In bold relief, spread o'er this region vast,
While from this central summit now I cast
My peering eyes towards every point and sweep—
As mariners survey the mighty deep—
O'er all this sea with longing, scouring view,
Object-seeking in vain.

The dove which flew,
At Noah's bidding, o'er a deluged world,
Could find, at first, no lighting place so whirled
And wearily returned. In this same way
My vision sallies out and not to stay,
Not even after thrice traversing o'er
The whole (the dove came back no more
After its third adventure), but returns

¹In the autumn of 1865, the author of the poem "Wilds of Western Iowa," was appointed pastor of the M. E. Church, on the Spirit Lake charge, then an "Old-time Circuit," or Mission, embracing the three counties, Dickinson and Emmett, in Iowa, and Jackson in Minnesota. One of the three years he served in this field, however, Jackson County was dropped off and Clay County, in Iowa, taken on. During the first two years, no other denomination occupied this territory and the writer, ecclesiastically was "Monarch of all he surveyed." It was indeed "The Regions Beyond." There were no settlers west of the lakes in Dickinson County, and but few inhabitants immediately about the lakes and along the rivers of these counties. On one route he very well remembers a drive, repeated regularly during one summer, of forty miles "without a house." The author came to this wild region in greatly impaired health, which, fortunately, he here regained. This is all explanatory of some allusions in the poem, mainly written in open buggy while crossing and recrossing these prairies for three consecutive years.

Again and yet again, 'till late it learns
That there's no resting place, no object, nought
But boundless prairie wide.

This gives my thought
Exploring wings, and, far aloft it soars,
Out, up, leaving behind these mundane shores;
The moon, the sun, and all the stars are past,
While on, still on it flies, while I'm cast
Beyond all shapes and forms while I'm lost
In fearful nothingness, and wondering most
At "Utter Nothing;" then seeking the bounds
Of boundlessness; at last o'ercome thought rounds
With fear conception's utmost verge, and stops
For one brief moment, while the anchor drops.
Meantime Imagination's tattered sails,
Riven by curiosity's strong gales,
Have done their utmost work and now are shorn
Of all their power.

Mysterious, awful bourne!
Too awful for finite mind!--Its anchor weighs;
A favoring wind (thank heaven for the grace)
Drifts it leeward, earthward. Has vied
The finite with the infinite. 'Tis satisfied
To ponder now what it can comprehend,
Convinced that Endlessness can have no end,
That utter, empty Nothingness profound
No object has and boundlessness no bound.

And now ye dear, delightful wilds, adieu!
Long will the lessons I have learned from you
Linger within the halls of memory;
Long will thy cherished charms environ me
When I am far away, when I shall turn
From thee (as now I must) to meet the stern
Realities once more of busy life,
To dwell 'mid sick'ning vanity and strife
Of city, town or older rural seat,
Not soon, if ere again thy face to greet.

Farewell! Forever may thy beauties bloom!
But while I know that yet the days will come
When most that makes thee so dear seem
To Nature's lovers shall disappear now
Before the human tide that westward sweeps,
How can I say farewell? My soul which keeps
This grievous thought in view, prospectively
Mourns for the cruel change which over thee
Most surely yet will come.

Yet fare thee well!

This honest wish my ardent soul must tell
Though hopeless of the heritage I crave
For thee. But long in memory shall wave
Thy grass luxurious, and bloom thy flowers
Beauteous, and sweetly thy shady bowers
And more capacious apartments, o'er hung
With richest tapestry, and fount along
Thy winding rills and rivers, shall ring
With cheerful roundelays, while birds shall sing
Merrily, and erstwhile shall lake and stream
Loudly or lightly echo back, and seem
In sounding ripples, waves and waterfalls
To mingle their music through these woody halls
In charming melody.

Thus oft shall I,

In musings deep and dear, anon bring nigh
Thy aspect grand, while I betimes admire
And converse hold with thee.

And now my Lyre

Has done her task, her humble tribute laid
Upon thine altar and her offering made,
Though all imperfect. But none can know
The mighty grief that heaves my bosom so,
While now from thee I turn; but, midst the deep,
Regret I feel on leaving thee, I keep
My promise and my longing must I tell.
Farewell! O, lovely Prairie, fare thee well!

WESTERN HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

CONSTITUTION AND RECORDS OF THE CLAIM ASSOCIATION OF JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA. WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, by BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH, A. M., Wharton School Fellow, University of Pennsylvania. Published by STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA. Pages xix, 192.

The question of the best disposal of the public lands of the United States has been a perplexing one since the date of their acquisition, till within the last quarter century. After the

unwise disposal of two large tracts of land in Ohio, in which speculators' interests appeared superior to those of actual settlers, it was determined to survey the land in such a way as to make it easy for settlers to secure small tracts whose boundaries should be easily defined. Reserving one section in each township for common schools and offering two townships in each state for support of seminaries, the Government offered the surveyed lands at public sale, except saline lands and mineral lands which were supposed to yield a revenue to the United States Treasury. At the public sales speculators were often successful in securing choice lands. Senator Benton, during a long service in the United States Senate made strenuous effort to secure to actual settlers the *gift* of lands—but his efforts resulted only in opening lands for private entry and in fixing a minimum price per acre.

Settlers rushed upon good lands before the Government was ready to offer them for sale. "Squatters" made improvements, and presented themselves in force at the advertised sales. Scenes as exciting as those attending "Oklahoma" and "Cherokee Strip" entries were common, though of different character, because under different conditions. Anxious bidders rather than eager riders were the cause of great excitement. Bidders for the land they had long occupied and improved, relied upon the friendly offices, sometimes upon the muscular strength, of their friends. Some, even then, saw the labor of years given to men who had longer purses than themselves.

No formal protective associations were organized until after the "land craze," which ended so disastrously in 1837. It is to the settlers of Johnson County, Iowa, credit must be given for first organizing a mutual protective association, the plan of which has been followed, if not copied, by other like associations.

After the Black Hawk purchase in 1832, the valuable lands of eastern Iowa proved exceedingly attractive. The line ran a little to the east of Johnson County, but the second purchase in 1837 embraced the entire county. The location of the

capital of Iowa Territory, separated from Wisconsin in 1838, was placed in the hands of a commission by the Legislature of 1838-9, and it was soon known that the Seat of Government would be placed within the limits of the county. Settlers rapidly appeared upon desirable lands to which they laid claim. As yet the lands were not subject to entry although partially surveyed.

Claimants of land were too intelligent to trust to chance for securing their claims, whenever public sales should be ordered. The privilege of pre-emption was not granted till a year later. Settlers were too peaceably inclined to make any desperate movement toward securing their claims. Until patents were obtained there could be no legal recording of deeds.

The claimants met, organized an association for mutual protection, adopted a constitution and a form of procedure in recording claims, and quit-claims when the rights of claimants were transferred.

A complete record was kept, and has remained in the custody of the State Historical Society since the dissolution of the association in 1843. The right of pre-emption granted in 1840, and the first public land sale in the same year, gave settlers an opportunity to secure valid titles to the lands upon which they had laid claim. With the second public sale, all rights had been secured and the association had, after four years' active existence, completed its work.

Mr. Shambaugh has reproduced in admirable form, the entire records of the association—the claims recorded—the quit claims also recorded. In this work will be found the names of a greater part of the early settlers of Johnson County, with a description of the lands settled upon.

The county Records did not give any of this information for some months after the formation of the Claim Association. Examination of title can by this work be made back of the United States patent. The descendants of the first settlers will be able herein to find evidence of the wisdom and foresight of their ancestors.

The protection of claimants proved perfect in all cases.

The work of transcribing has been most faithfully done.

Copies may be had of M. W. Davis, at the cost price, 50 cents.

J. L. PICKAAD.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE VOTE OF THE
THIRTEEN STATES ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION
OF 1787-8.

The University of Wisconsin issues this monograph as No. 1 of Vol. I of Bulletins upon Economics, Political Science and History.

It is prepared by Orin Grant Libby, M. S., Fellow in History. Edited by Prof. Frederic J. Turner.

The writer has evidently made an exhaustive study of his subject, making Elliott's Debates the initial point of study and verifying or correcting the statements therein made by the introduction of a very large number of local authorities, as found in town and county histories, local town records and in the newspapers of the time, under review; as also in the biographies of men prominent in framing, or in securing the adoption of the constitution as well as of men prominent in opposition thereto.

More than one hundred authorities are cited.

The author shows conclusively that the constitution was favored by the commercial interests and opposed by the agricultural interests of the several states. A large map is given showing in graphic form the location of towns and counties favoring or opposing the ratification of the constitution.

Another chapter shows the inter-state groupings of friends and opponents of ratification.

Still another chapter presents the Paper Money and Debt relations to the adoption of the constitution with suggestive notes as to present financial conditions.

A fourth chapter brings out clearly the results of home influences upon delegates to the various State Conventions, showing close adherence to instructions received from constituents.

Abundant marginal references give to the student of our early political history information of great value as to sources of knowledge in a matter of so great importance as that of our constitutional history.

It is much to be regretted that our own State University is not provided with funds for a continuation of monographs of like character so auspiciously begun, under the inspiration of Profs. Perkins and Loos. One monograph has been published by the State Historical Society. Two others are in press. These however, are more local in character, but of marked importance in Iowa history.

Iowa should give her University means for carrying forward this work.

J. L. PICKARD.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN IOWA, BY LEONARD F. PARKER, Professor of History in Iowa College. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1893.

This is "No. 17, of the Series of Contributions to American Educational History." published by the Bureau of Education. It begins with an outline general history of Iowa from its discovery in 1673 by Marquette and Joliet, to its sale by the Emperor Napoleon to the United States in 1803, as a part of the "Louisiana Purchase."

The author, rapidly sketching the educational condition of Iowa down to 1838 naturally divides his work into periods cotemporary with the changes in our political government viz: From 1838 to 1846, the Territorial period; from 1846 on the admission of Iowa as a State of the Union, to 1858; and from 1858 upon the adoption of the present constitution, when the history of "Higher Education" in Iowa may be said to have begun, down to the close of his work. Every phase of learning, as it has advanced in the common primary, high and normal schools of the State, through the seminary, academy and college of sectarian origin and support, up to the State Agricultural College and the cap-sheaf of all, the State University, is faithfully portrayed.

A very full chapter it devoted to the University and its de-

velopment from a preparatory school in 1855-58 to a truly great University institute, with a dozen principal departments and as many ornate buildings in 1893, without a trace of resentment, which might have been apprehended in a writer himself a sacrificial element in its progress.

And this chapter enlightens the reader on the cause of the happy disposition of all classes of educators in Iowa, of whatsoever creed, toward a unification of progressive method and purpose in this transcendent cause, and shows that the University authorities should be credited with the origin of the movement.

This volume of Prof. Parker, comprising one hundred and ninety octavo pages, is bountifully illustrated with engravings of many educational edifices which adorn Iowa in all directions, and from reading it one gets impressed with the belief that our State, already famous for cereal and general productive wealth, from river to river, and from the former slave line of Missouri to the old Indian border of Minnesota, will become classic ground, the favored home of science and learning.

EACH succeeding number of the *Midland Monthly*, edited by Johnson Brigham, and published at Des Moines, is superior to the preceding one, till now the October number surpasses all before it in excellence. Mrs. Celia A. M. Currier, of Iowa City, has a charming little love story in it. Judge Nourse, of Des Moines, has a philosophical paper on the labor problem, offering a reasonable solution. The first article of the number, "The Herald of the Great White Christ," by Verner Z. Reed, of Colorado Springs, and the second, a poem, "To a Butterfly," by Arthur Grissom, of Independence, Missouri, both prize productions, have an original freshness, a charm, an excellence, demanding credence in the impartiality of the awards and the critical discretion of the editor to accept the good and exclude the bad. The *Midland Monthly* is a "new departure" in Iowa literature, offering encouragement and reward to writers of prose and verse, fiction and history, indeed all classes of authors, which is deserving of the highest commendation and success.

SINCE the publication of the biographical sketch of Dr. Hammond in our July number, Hon. Peter A. Dey has called attention to Sir Henry Maine's *Early Law and Custom*, in which the distinguished author pays a tribute to Dr. Hammond, worthy of record.

In a chapter upon "Classification of Legal Rules," Sir Henry Maine says: "The modern fashion of decrying and even reviling the arrangement of the Roman Institutes, threatens to produce some reaction, and I see that a manful attempt to rehabilitate it has been made in America. A book published at Chicago and written by a Law Professor of the State University of Iowa, is not likely, perhaps, to come into the hands of many English readers, but Mr. Hammond's preface to Mr. Sanders's well-known edition of the Institutes of Justinian contains much the best defence I have seen of the classical distribution of law."

Later, in discussion of the topic, a short quotation is made from Dr. Hammond's work.

MONUMENT TO GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD.

SINCE the death of Gov. Kirkwood and the publication of the provisions of his will, by which the State University becomes a residuary legatee, a proposition has been made to place upon the University grounds a suitable monument to his memory.

But one suggestion has been made as yet with reference to the nature of this monument. It is proposed to erect a building to be devoted to the promotion of the study of History and Political Science. The proposition has met with decided approval throughout the State.

The State Historical Society has an interest in this proposition. For many years our collections formed a part of the library of the University, under whose auspices the Society

had its origin. For lack of room the Society was compelled to seek other quarters. The University has thus lost the use of our valuable collection, which is becoming each year more valuable through exchanges with other Societies.

Lack of means forbids the opening of our Library to the use of students of the University.

Such a building as is proposed would greatly enlarge the facilities for study which the University could then control. Every friend of the Historical Society would gladly co-operate with friends of the University in the effort to secure means for the erection of the proposed memorial.

Gov. Kirkwood was a fast friend of the State Historical Society, and to him the Society is greatly indebted for frequent contributions.

A permanent fire-proof building is needed for our collections. Is not this the favorable opportunity to secure such a building and to place our collections in the hands of the University, that they may be available to students at all times?

J. L. PICKARD.

NOTES.

THE Society of "Crocker's Iowa Brigade," at its seventh Reunion, held at Ottumwa, September 26th and 27th, passed memorial resolutions expressive of its sorrow for the death of Governor Kirkwood, and of its appreciation of his character as a statesman and patriot.

THE survivors of the 11th Iowa Infantry present at the "Crocker Brigade" Reunion at Ottumwa last month unanimously nominated W. H. Michael, who was transferred from the 11th to the Navy, as a worthy and proper representative of the Volunteer Navy from Iowa, to be honored with a place on one of the medallions of the proposed monument to the soldiers and sailors of Iowa. We who served with Captain Michael in the 11th Iowa and know him well, approvingly exclaim, Well done!—gallantly won and worthily accorded.

FORT RILEY, Kansas, near the confluence of the Republican and Kansas rivers, where the Government has a large military post and a military "School of Application," is said to be the geographical centre of the United States.

WILLIAM B. MURRAY, referred to in Capt. Michael's article, in this number, "Iowa and the Navy during the war of the Rebellion," entered the Naval Academy from Iowa City, where members of his family still reside. He died at San Francisco in 1883. His father, Dr. Henry Murray, was the pioneer physician of Johnson County, where he settled in 1838. He died in Iowa City in 1880.

WE thank Hon. J. P. Walton, President, for a copy of the proceedings of the Old Settlers' Association of Muscatine, at their annual reunion last September. We would like to copy from it at length, but have only room to note that Mrs. R. Madden, in her report of the work of the Soldiers' Aid Society during the war, mentions that a field of potatoes cultivated for the soldiers in 1861, although the summer was dry, was favored with plentiful showers and produced larger potatoes than any "patch" in Muscatine county.

THE old settlers of Grinnell, on the 4th of last April celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the founding of their town. This was not done in the usual way by chance prospectors locating here and there in a scattered way, but by deliberate purchase of unoccupied government land intended to be devoted greatly, as it has been, to educational uses. On the anniversary referred to, a permanent "old settlers'" association was formed, and its committee, consisting of Prof. L. F. Parker, Mrs. Julia A. Grinnell and Mrs. A. J. Hamlin, has issued an address, urging the pioneers of that place, whether now resident there or not, to reduce their recollections of the early days to writing and send them to the committee for preservation and use in preparing the local history of that interesting city.

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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. I.

THOMAS S. WILSON.

BY HON. T. S. PARVIN, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

AT his home in Dubuque, May 16th, 1894, there passed away, after a brief illness, one of the pioneer citizens of Iowa; one whose judicial career is unequalled and whose public services are unsurpassed by any of the many distinguished citizens who have lived or died in Iowa.

Only fifty summers have come and gone when one may number all the living who have figured in our civil history during the territorial period (1838-46) upon the fingers of his hands.

The natal day of Iowa is the same as that of the Nation, July 4th, although some three score years intervene between them. On the 4th of July, 1838, the Territory of Iowa was organized, Robert Lucas, of Ohio, appointed first governor, and I was his private secretary. Hon. Charles Mason, of Burlington, a native of New York; Thomas S. Wilson, of Dubuque, a native of Ohio, and Joseph Williams, of Pennsylvania, were appointed judges of the supreme court. Judge Mason was at the time on a visit east, Judge Williams had not arrived in the Territory.

Having just passed the legal age, with a diploma from a law school, I was very anxious to be admitted to the bar, in order

that I might hang out my shingle and engage in the battle of life. Accordingly, I took a steamer from Burlington, where I had located, and visited the city of Dubuque, in order to meet Judge Wilson, the only judge of the territorial court within its limits, and be by him admitted to the bar.

Learning his residence, I wended my way thither, revolving in my mind what manner of man he might be and the ordeal I must necessarily pass to receive the coveted certificate of admission. All the judges of the supreme and *nisi prius* courts I had ever seen were men advanced in years, venerable in their appearance, and as I had then met neither judges Mason, Williams, or Wilson, I had no information or conception of their age and appearance.

Arriving at the house, I knocked at the door, which was ajar, and was met by a very youngish-looking gentleman, of whom I inquired if his "father was in." He replied that "my father has been dead several years." I then inquired if "the old judge was within." He took in the situation, and with a smile upon his countenance said, "I presume you wish to see Judge Wilson, of the supreme court," to which I gave an affirmative reply. He bade me walk in, and said "I am Judge Wilson." During the course of our interview I learned that he was but four years my senior, and I had only just passed my twenty-first mile-post of life. I found him a very pleasant, agreeable, and well-informed gentleman, and from the similarity of our ages and profession was drawn to him at once in friendly intercourse—a friendship that grew and deepened with the years, and was terminated only by his recent death.

He asked me a few questions, when, turning to his desk, he wrote a paper, which he handed me, and which, upon inspection proved to be a certificate of admission to practice in the several courts of the Territory of Iowa.

At the opening of the rooms set apart in our new capitol for the supreme court, Judge Wilson and myself were the principal speakers, he representing the bench, and I the bar,

as the oldest members thereof, when at the conclusion of my address, at the request of the Chief Justice (Adams, of Dubuque), I gave to the State that paper of which I had spoken in my address, the first legal paper drawn by an officer of the court of the new Territory. It is now deposited in one of the autograph cases in the Aldrich collection in the historical department at the capitol.

Of the judges, United States marshals, United States attorneys, district attorneys of the Territory, clerks and reporters of the court, and all, indeed, connected with the executive and the judicial departments of the Territory of Iowa, 1838-46, when it became a State, and contemporaries of Judge Wilson, I am the only living representative, and as I dictate these lines

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

As an item of history, I may add that there are seven living representatives of the Territorial Legislature, 1838-46, viz: Dr. Gideon S. Bailey (1838), Van Buren county, Vernon; Judge Francis Springer (1840), Louisa county, Columbus City; Daniel F. Miller (1840), Lee county, Keokuk; Caleb H. Booth (1841), Dubuque; Col. William Thompson (1843), Henry county, Tacoma, Washington; Judge Reuben Noble (1845), Clayton county, McGregor, and Judge Samuel Murdock (1845), Clayton county, Elkader.

Of the members of the constitutional convention of 1844, there are three survivors, viz: Dr. Bailey, aforesaid; Hon. Elijah Sells, Muscatine county, Salt Lake City, Utah, and J. C. Blankinship, Davis county, Bloomfield.

Of the second constitutional convention, 1846, there are five surviving members, viz: Governor Alvin Sanders, Henry county, Omaha, Nebraska; John J. Sellman, Davis county, Bloomfield; Judge J. Scott Richman, Muscatine; Dr. Sylvester G. Matson, Jones county, Viola, and Col. William Thomp-

son, named above. A remnant in number of the hundreds who had "helped makè Iowa."

Thomas S. Wilson was born at Steubenville, Ohio, October 13th, 1813. He was graduated at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in the year of the Black Hawk war, 1832, by which the eastern portion of Iowa was ceded to the United States. He was admitted to the bar by the supreme court of Ohio in 1834, and removed to Dubuque, Iowa, in October, 1836.

He was married a short time previous to his removal from Ohio, and brought his young wife with him, visiting on the way his brother, Captain George Wilson, of the regular army, who was serving at Prairie du Chien, under Colonel Zachary, afterwards President, Taylor. It is a historical fact that Jefferson Davis, late President of the confederate states was a captain also of one of the companies under Colonel Taylor at that time and place.

The year following his arrival in Dubuque he was elected President of the Board of Trustees of the town, which had not yet risen to the dignity and rank of a city. In June, 1838, he was nominated for delegate to Congress. Proceeding by steamer to the southern portion of the Territory to make his canvass, the captain of the boat showed him a late St. Louis newspaper containing the announcement of his (Wilson's) appointment by President Van Buren, as one of the judges of the supreme court of the new Territory. As he had made no application for the office, and knew of none having been made by his friends, the appointment was a surprise to him. He, however, abandoned the canvass and returned to Dubuque to enter upon the duties of his new office. This office he continued to fill by re-appointment of Presidents Tyler and Polk during the territorial period of the government of Iowa, and was by the Governor, on the admission of Iowa into the Union, appointed one of three judges, the Legislature having failed to elect. The general assembly also failed to elect United States Senators, there being a crank in the body from Lee county, who would not vote to go into joint convention.

because the Democratic caucus did not nominate to the bench one of his friends, Thomas S. Espy, of Lee county, the nominee being Hon. John F. Kinney. Judge Wilson came within one vote of receiving the nomination for United States Senator, which was given to his townsman, Gen. George W. Jones, still living at Dubuque, aged four score and ten years; who at the second session of the general assembly was elected.

Judge Wilson held the first term of the district court ever held in Iowa Territory, at Prairie La Porte, now Guttenburg, in Clayton county, on the second Monday in September, 1838. The first court held in the Iowa district while attached to the Territory of Wisconsin, was also held in the same place in October, 1836, by Judge Irwin, of Wisconsin, who was assigned to that portion of the Territory west of the Mississippi river.

There is a tradition which came down from the bar of an early day that a term of court had been held in Burlington while Iowa with Wisconsin was attached to the Territory of Michigan, in 1835, but we are unable to give particulars.

Judge Wilson was present at the first term of the supreme court held in Burlington, in November, 1838, at which some twenty or more attorneys were admitted to the bar, the writer being the junior member, and the sole survivor. Just as the court closed its session the arrival of a steamboat was announced, bound up the river. Judge Wilson being anxious to return, sent his friend, General Gehon, United States Marshal, a man of venerable mien and strong physique, to secure for him a berth, which he did, when Judge Wilson, hurrying down with a carpet sack (which were used in place of valises in those days), and knowing the number of his state-room proceeded to take possession of it, when the captain (Throckmorton) of the steamer "Knickerbocker" hailed him and said, "Young man, you cannot have that state-room, sir. That I have specially reserved for his Honor, old Judge Wilson, of the supreme court, who is to honor me with his presence during the trip to Dubuque." While the Judge was

parleying with the captain, the Marshal came in and said at the top of his voice, "Judge, did you get your room?" "No, the captain won't let me have it." The Marshal, taking in the situation, introduced the young Judge to the captain, when the captain, who was a tall and finely-formed man, Judge Wilson being very small of stature, as well as youthful in appearance, stepped back, and said, "Well! well! in my country they made judges of men, not of boys." However, he got very well acquainted with the young Judge, and became much attached to him, and in later years was often honored with his presence in passing to and from Burlington, where the early courts were held.

Judge Wilson resigned his position on the bench during the first year of Iowa's State history, and resumed the practice of his profession in the city which he made his home for a period of almost three score years. The people, however, soon called him into their service again, and he was elected in 1852 Judge of the third judicial district, which office he held until 1863, a period of full ten years. His career as a practitioner, including that of Judge, exceeds that of any member of the bar in all our history. His service upon the bench was through a longer period (some twenty-one years) than any of Iowa's judicial sons. During his long official career, but very few of his decisions were reversed, and when he retired he left behind him a public and private record upon neither of which was there a single stain.

It is remarkable that in the history of our Iowa courts, through the entire territorial period, we had but a single bench, Judge Wilson's associates having been, with him, re-appointed at the expiration of their first and also second terms of service.

He was elected a member of the general assembly from Dubuque in 1866, and again in 1868. Was a member of the Democratic convention which in Cincinnati nominated for president James Buchanan (1856). Through these items of his history it would be inferred that he was a Democrat in

politics, a faith to which he adhered through a long and successful life.

While at the bar, Judge Wilson was engaged in one very important Iowa case, and another of equal importance was tried in the supreme court during his early career on the bench. The first was a suit brought by the Chouteaus, of St. Louis, who, under a title from Julien Du Buque, the first white settler of Iowa, and the founder of the city, put in a claim for the whole city, which was tried first in the United States court at Dubuque (of which we were at the time clerk), and by the supreme court of the United States, in both of which Judge Wilson obtained a verdict for his client—the city—for which he was paid by the city council the magnificent sum of \$200, and a like sum to his associate counsel, the late Hon. Platt Smith, while the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, ex-attorney-general, received from his client, the Chouteaus, \$11,000, and had he, like Wilson and Smith, won his case, was to have had double the sum. Cities, like republics, are not always “grateful” for valuable services rendered.

The case, which occurred before him as one of the judges of the supreme court, is almost as remarkable and important in the history of Iowa judicial trials and decisions. The Hon. W. J. Knight, the distinguished member of the Dubuque bar, in his eulogy of Judge Wilson before the bar association of that city, thus refers to this case:

“When on the circuit, a case of great importance came before him; a case in which for the first time it was to be determined whether human slavery should legally exist in the Territory of Iowa. The south was then in the ascendency in all departments of the government. Practically, slave-holders determined what government should or should not be, and as Judge Wilson held his commission as Judge from the government, it can readily be seen it required considerable independence of character to stand for free soil. He did not hesitate to declare that the air of Iowa was incompatible with property in man; that he who breathed it necessarily became

free, and to decide that the slave in question, by being brought to Iowa, was thereby made a free man. This decision was made in 1838, or thereabouts [July, 1839], years before the subsequent discussion of the question by the supreme court of the United States (in the famous Dred-Scott case)."

The newspapers of the State, copying and commenting upon this paragraph, universally ascribed to Judge Wilson, the great honor of having made the decision which, preceding that of the Dred-Scott case, made Iowa "free soil" to all slaves coming within her borders with the consent of their masters.

We are, while personally anxious and disposed to give to our life-time friend, Judge Wilson, all the credit his due, inclined to the opinion that too much credit has been awarded to him in this matter by some of his friends.

The writer was a practicing attorney, residing at Muscatine, then called Bloomington, at the time, and held the office of district attorney for the second judicial district, and so was perfectly familiar with the case at the time. I have refreshed my memory by consulting the original reports of the case.

At the first term of the supreme court, November, 1838, Charles Weston was appointed reporter, soon after being appointed United States district attorney, to fill a vacancy caused by death. He resigned the position, and William J. A. Bradford, of Davenport, Scott county, an alumnus of Harvard College and of its law school, was appointed his successor. He published three pamphlet reports, embracing decisions of the supreme court of Iowa from the organization of the Territory in July, 1838, to the July term, 1841. In the first of these published by order of the legislature at Galena in 1840, containing the decisions of the court for the July term, 1839, the first case reported is that, "in the matter of Ralph (a colored man) on habeas corpus." This decision is also the first in the reports of cases argued and determined in the supreme court of Iowa, by Easton Morris, volume 1 being published at Iowa City in 1847. The report, however, as reprinted in:

the Morris volume, differs somewhat from that of the original by Bradford.

Judge Wilson, in a paper read by him before the Pioneer Law Makers' Association at their session at Des Moines, in February, 1890, refers quite fully to this case, remarking that "Ralph, the colored man, was claimed by Montgomery, his owner, who lived in Missouri, as a fugitive slave, and one of his agents procured an order from a magistrate to the sheriff of Dubuque county, to seize and deliver him to them, to be taken to his master. Ralph was working on a mineral lot west of the city. He was seized by the sheriff, delivered to the kidnappers, placed in a wagon and taken to Bellevue, where they intended to take him by steamer to St. Louis. They avoided Dubuque, lest a writ of *habeas corpus* should be sued out and a release ordered. A noble old Irishman, named Butterworth, who was plowing in a field near by, heard of the arrest, and went immediately to the judge's (Wilson's) residence, and demanded a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was granted. The sheriff overtook the party and returned to Dubuque with Ralph." The Judge then adds: "The case was heard, but at my suggestion was transferred to the supreme court of the Territory because of its importance, where it was unanimously decided that Montgomery's written contract with Ralph, whereby he permitted the slave to become a citizen of the Territory, liberated him, and that slavery did not and could not exist in Iowa."

The case was tried before the supreme court, all the judges present; Mason, chief justice, Williams and Wilson, associate justices, at the July term, 1839. The case is reported quite at length by both Bradford and Morris. The decision in Bradford's report is "By the Court." In Morris' report of the case, it reads, "By the Court, *Mason, Chief Justice.*"

He says, among other things: "This case does not come before us in any of the ordinary methods of application to an appellate court, so that it is perhaps not strictly regular for us to entertain jurisdiction of it. As, however, it involves an

important question which may ere long, if unsettled, become an exciting one, and as it is by mutual assent and request of all parties interested, we concluded to listen to the argument and make a decision in the case without intending it as a precedent for the future practice of this court. * * *

The writ of *habeas corpus* was properly brought, being the only means by which a judge of the district court could exercise a remedial control over the illegal acts of justices of the peace in a case like this. The proceedings having been transferred to this court, it will be proper for us to make such a disposition in the matter as *might have been made by the district judge* while the subject was before him."

The only inference we are able to draw from this statement of Chief Justice Mason is that the case was not disposed of by the district court below, or by the Judge (Wilson) at chambers, while the subject was before him, but was by him transferred to the supreme court, by which, through its Chief Justice, Mason, the decision was rendered. And, as stated by Judge Wilson in his reference to the case, under which "the petitioner was discharged from all custody and constraint, and permitted to go free while he remains under the protection of our laws."

Judge Wilson was indebted for his classical education to his mother, who was anxious for him to pursue a college course, and to please her he devoted his best energies and was graduated with honor. Thus equipped he entered upon the study of law, which in his day and ours was very different from that of the present period. "He was prepared for the bar at a time," says his eulogist, attorney Knight, "when the study of Coke, of Cruise, of Fern, of Sugden, and of Blackstone and other great writers on legal subjects, and when properly to equip a student it was thought necessary that he should drink deep out of the fountains of the *common law*. He went through a course of this character, and by it legal practice was so fixed in his mind that even to the last it was available to him in enabling him to properly understand legal matters

brought to his consideration. He was in all respects a well-equipped lawyer. But it was on the bench that he most distinguished himself. No one not knowing him well could appreciate his great ability as a *nisi prius* judge." It was our privilege to have practiced before him, both in the district and supreme court, and here we may correct a small error of the Judge, in the paper referred to, as read by him before the Pioneer Law Makers' Association, in which he said that "this (the Ralph) case was the first case decided in the supreme court of Iowa." That decision was rendered at the July term, 1839. The Judge overlooked the fact that the court held a session in November, 1838. There was but a single case before it, which I, by the courtesy of Woods, "Old Timber," as he was called, argued and won. It was a criminal case appealed from the district court of Des Moines county.

Knowing him thus as I did, I can join with brother Knight, his eulogist, in all the high encomiums he has testified in favor of his friend. "He evinced," he said, "a depth of legal learning which was indeed remarkable. He had wonderful facility for plainly, fully, and clearly putting a case to a jury; ready writer as he was, the giving up of a charge was no difficulty. Some of the most important and ably-fought criminal trials that ever took place in this county were tried before him, some of which, upon the publication of his charges to the jury, attracted much legal attention everywhere. Judge Wilson was a man of and with the people. Prosperity did not turn his head nor cause him for a moment to waver in his sympathy for his kind. When he was considered a millionaire he was the same kind, considerate, humanely-disposed man as when he was not in such affluence, and when, through endorsements for friends, he lost much of his property. No kinder-hearted man ever lived, and no truer friend."

The present generation knows little of the Judge, and there are but few of the older generation still alive, but they will fully appreciate the kind words spoken of him by his friend and our friend, Knight.

Brought up amid refining influences of home life, he early acquired the gentlemanly characteristics which so distinguished him at all times and on all occasions through his long career. "He had his faults. Who has not? A perfect man has not yet appeared. His faults caused injury to no one but himself, and now that he is gone, let us who survive and who knew him remember but his virtues, which so far outweighed them."

And thus passed away one of the most useful and distinguished of Iowa pioneers, one whose long residence, 1836 to 1894, in the city which in early life he made his home most thoroughly identified him with its history, as that also of the State he so long and honorably served. But few of his early contemporaries remain (like Generals Jones and Booth, Judges Kinney, in California, Murdock and Noble, Wright, and ourself) to cast the sprig of acacia in the new-made grave. But with us, while life lasts, memory will ever remain green and fresh as in the days of yore.

THE RUSSELL EXPEDITION.

[EDITOR "HISTORICAL RECORD:"]

The events which led up to the expedition which Mr. Frank Russell has so successfully concluded were as follows:

In the summer of 1891, Mr. Russell and Mr. A. G. Smith, at that time students in the University, went with the writer to carry on zoological explorations in the region of Lake Winnipeg. The trip was accompanied by considerable hardship and annoyance, and afforded an excellent test of the character and pluck of the young men. Both proved themselves to be of the stuff from which successful explorers are made. Previous to this Messrs. Smith and Russell had turned their attention to the far north and had made plans to work in that region. While at the mouth of the Saskatchewan River in 1891, we met Roderick Ross MacFarlane, one of the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a naturalist of repute. Mr. MacFarlane had himself spent many years in the far north, and very strongly urged the necessity of sending an expedition for zoological investigation, before the musk-ox were entirely exterminated by the Indians and Esquimaux, who were slaughtering them for their robes.

Mr. Russell's already well matured ambition to try his hand at arctic exploration was of course materially increased by the many pertinent facts related by the veteran Hudson's Bay officer, and the writer was at the same time firmly convinced that great things could be done for science, in this direction, if the right man to do it could be found, and that the institution that should seize the opportunity, would gain not only collections of immense value, but also an amount of credit among scientific men that would redound greatly to its reputation. The right man was at hand, in the person of Mr. Frank Russell, who promptly volunteered to undertake the work.

Mr. MacFarlane promised to use his influence to get the backing of the Hudson's Bay Company for the enterprise, a promise most faithfully kept.

Upon returning to Iowa City, the whole scheme was laid before President Schaeffer and some of the Regents. They at once saw the importance of the undertaking, but were met by the ever present question of funds. Mr. Russell was willing to do the work for merely nominal pay, and also to practice the most rigid economy in the matter of expenses. The funds were finally raised and our explorer sent on his way.

As to the expedition and its results, lack of space will not permit me to enter into details. He who reads between the lines of the modest and all too brief account that follows, will see that it involved an amount of endurance and hardship, of pluck and perseverance that is seldom equalled.

In my opinion he has shown such dogged determination, cool bravery and good judgment in the pursuit of his object, as should win for him a high place among the great explorers of the far north. It must be remembered that he was alone and unaccompanied by a retinue of attendants and helpers, and that the rigid economy which he practiced necessitated his going without many things considered necessary by the Hudson's Bay men while traveling in that country. His life was that of the Dog Rib Indians, a constant round of exposure and hunger, combined with continual labor of the hardest kind. The musk-ox trip alone involved running behind his dogs for eight hundred miles, four hundred of which was over the treeless "Barren Ground" with only the little wood which they carried on the sleds.

As to the collection that has been the result of this enterprise, it is sufficient to say that it is probably the most extensive and valuable series of animals of the north that has ever been secured by a single expedition. All the specimens have arrived in excellent condition, attesting the energy and fidelity with which Mr. Russell's remarkable mission was accomplished.

C. C. NUTTING.]

THE principal object of this expedition was to obtain for the State University a full series of the northern mammals, particularly of the musk-ox and incidentally to collect natural history specimens of any kind obtainable.

I was furnished with just sufficient money for personal expenses during two winters and one summer in that region; with ample means I could have trebled the collection and escaped much of its hardship. The board of Regents did all in their power to provide funds and manifested a genuine interest in the expedition.

As I would not begin collecting for the University until the middle of August, 1892, Mr. A. G. Smith and I decided to spend the summer collecting for our own cabinets, in the Puget Sound region and in Central British Columbia.

Late in August I left Winnipeg for Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan River, where I expected to winter at the Hudson's Bay Company's post. The autumn was spent in collecting moose, ornithological and ethnological specimens. The winter passed slowly; the temperature several times reached sixty degrees below zero.

On the 20th of February I started for the nearest railway point, three hundred miles distant, walking on snow shoes.

Leaving Winnipeg as soon as possible, I went to Fort Macleod, Alta. where I spent a month in general collecting. I then went to Edmonton, the present northern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway; a hundred miles by wagon brought me to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, down which a party of Hudson's Bay Company people were about to go in a large boat. We reached Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca on the 14th of May, after several adventures in the rapids and ice.

After spending a month here collecting birds, I continued down the Great Slave River to the lake of the same name, and crossed to Fort Rae, which was reached July 7th, 1893. This I made my headquarters until May 10th, 1894, traveling nearly a thousand miles by canoes and boats and over twenty-one hundred on snow shoes. I secured five large musk-ox, nine Barren Ground caribou, etc., etc.

On the 10th of May I left Rae, traveling still on snow shoes to Ft. Providence, the neceover six hundred miles by steamer

down the Mackenzie, two hundred and eighty farther alone in a birch canoe, then one hundred and sixty miles in company with another canoe to the mouth of the Mackenzie.

We followed the Arctic coast for one hundred miles to Herschel Island, where American whalers have found a harbor suitable for wintering in. Leaving here in the steamer "Jeanette" on August 30th, after cruising a month about Wrangel Land, we reached San Francisco October 27th. On the last stage of the journey I had secured several bear skins and much valuable ethnological material.

FRANK RUSSELL.

THE ZUNI INDIANS AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

[Much has been written and published concerning the Zuni Indians, an interesting tribe of aborigines found in the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, whose manners and customs proclaim them superior to the ordinary Indian. The address of Miss Lauderdale and the Letters of Miss Dissette, here following, were not prepared for publication, and, therefore, are not susceptible of the suspicion that anything therein contained was written for effect. For this reason, to those interested in the success of Indian schools and Indian progress, subjects becoming daily more and more absorbing to the philanthropist and the statesman, these papers will have more value than official records or reports, as exhibiting every-day life at an Indian school.]

ZUNI PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

A PAPER READ BY MISS F. H. LAUDERDALE, AT THE WOMAN'S
MISSIONARY MEETING OF THE ROCHESTER PRESBYTERY.

A LITTLE more than half way from ocean to ocean, in the middle of our great domain, lies the Territory of New Mexico. said to be twice as large as all of New England.

Nearly a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, some Spanish adventurers had penetrated this territory from Old Mexico, and carried with them their teachers and missionaries. In 1580 a Spanish general fol-

flowed with soldiers for their defence; he overcame the native inhabitants, drove them out of their capitol city, and took possession of their adobe fort for his own palace and called it Santa Fe, or City of the Holy Faith. From that year till 1848 New Mexico was ministered to by Catholic missionaries. It is easy to understand the condition the government found the people in when it came into its possession by treaty after being three hundred years without schools. Just think of a place of one thousand souls, where only one person could be found that could read. When the Spaniards went there they went to stay and intermarried with the native Indians. The Spaniard himself bore in his veins a large infusion of Moorish blood. It follows that the New Mexicans of to-day are a race made up of Spanish, Moorish and Indian blood.

This mixture makes a race famous for inertia of character, dignified, polite, but easy-going. The average Mexican is content to jog in the same rut in which his father did, happy and content if he may sit in the sun and smoke the live long day. These are the Mexicans proper. There are living in this Territory the whole or parts of nearly a dozen roving tribes of wild red men, such as the Camanches, Apaches, etc., and it is only lately that our government has grasped the idea that they might furnish books and teachers to the Indians instead of bayonets. So, while some Indian children are sent to eastern schools, the way is being prepared for opening schools among them. The most curious and interesting of all types in New Mexico are the old Pueblo Indians. It was this class of Indians whom Don Antonio de Espago overcame in what is now Santa Fe. It was an immense adobe building which he took for his headquarters and gave it the high sounding title of El Palacio. They are Aztecs, fire worshipers, worshipping the sun, moon and stars, keeping a fire burning always in their estufas like the Parsees of the east, living in queer stone houses of many stories, where if you would make a morning call, you must mount a ladder to the top of the house and pass down through a hole in the roof to the living room

of the family. They are a peculiar people; they till the land, keep cattle, of which they have large herds, raise grain, make their own clothes, the old men do the knitting, knit their stockings as long as they want them, perfectly straight, then toe off when they are the right length. I suppose the old saying that it is a poor fool that can't shape his own stockings originated with this queer people. These are the people of New Mexico.

These Indians and Mexicans went on living and dying for three hundred years, till a lady from Auburn, the wife of an army officer, a christian lady, went to one of our frontier posts with her husband, and learning their destitution wrote home to her mother and friends; she was touched by the appeal of these destitute people, begging that teachers might be sent to enlighten them. The sympathy and appeal of this christian woman was not in vain; it was the seed falling into good ground and springing up it bore fruit. You now see the result in the noble work that is being done by the Ladies' Board of Missions.

Our missionary teachers among the Indians are a self-denying, refined, cultured and hard working class of christians, and often are called upon to face great difficulties and privations which would crush less dauntless souls.

Within the last few years the scream of the steam whistle is beginning to wake up these Indians from their long Rip Van Winkle sleep of ages, and the light of civilization and religion is beginning to dawn upon their minds through the efforts of these self-sacrificing missionaries.

Permit me now to call your attention to one of the Pueblo villages, viz: Zuni. It is built on solid rock. It contains some 1,500 inhabitants. It was called one of the seven cities of Cibola, one of their highest gods, who is on exhibition, a rather grotesque looking object for worship.

The Zuni Indians are a race of civilian farmers, with laws and regulations that are reasonable and efficient in their operation. Their religion is full of rites and ceremonies, and has

a tendency to keep them in a state of kindliness, simplicity and good fellowship.

The first missionary sent among them, a former missionary to India, was Dr. Palmer. He remained with them two or three years. His time was occupied principally in teaching them to read and converse in our language. Doctor Palmer informs us that the Zuni people believed that the earth rose up out of the world of waters, that beneath it was the ocean and above another ocean in the skies, of which the clouds were the breakers and foam.

When their ancestors came from the caverns and depths of the earth they brought water from the lower ocean and left the injunction that it should be preserved and used in their prayers and ceremonies, which they are careful to keep and use in the spring and autumn as requested. This is the god they pray to when they want an abundance of rain and a plentiful crop of grain and melons, and this is a prayer they use, laying down on the field by the side of an olla, a dish filled with water, so the god can take a drink to refresh himself; they put some bread made in thin cakes by the side of it also.

They are hospitable and kind. The two lady teachers that are there now asked particularly that no gentleman teacher be sent to work with them in teaching, as they wished to carry out their own ideas and see the effect of woman's work upon them. They have thus far received every kindness and attention from them.

The teachers have taken two little Indian girls into their family and are teaching them from the foundation, to take care of their rooms, wash and dress their doll's clothes, wash their dishes and do all that is necessary in house work. They find them anxious to learn. They ought to have a boarding house established among them. They have on an average seventy-five scholars. The teachers inform me they find the children quite interesting. The children wear their blankets to school, throw them off and put on the dresses prepared by

the teachers, with aprons. They comb their hair, etc. One of the teachers gave a basque to one of the elder girls, and an overskirt. The next day she saw an old chief wearing the same garments.

The cards and pictures we send them are used as prizes among the scholars.

The Zuni Indians claim to be the lineal descendants of the ancient Aztecs, as indicated by their sacred symbols and articles they value so sacredly.

The Zuni Indians have no patents for their lands. The lands ought to be surveyed, and they should be granted patents by our government in severalty, so that they cannot be taken by settlers who are occupying vacant lands for grazing purposes; they are sometimes thus deprived of their homes.

But rail roads are now being constructed near them, and they will soon begin to feel the refining and elevating influence of civilization, and gradually acquire the habits and ideas of their white neighbors.

No class of missionary workers are more entitled to our prayers and our means than those devoted teachers who go out into those isolated Pueblo towns and villages to educate and elevate these children of the plains.

ZUNI, N. M., Feb. 15th, 1892.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have been intending for some time to send you some account of our work, but "the duties that be nearest us" have so engrossed our time and attention as to make it impossible.

On account of bad roads, rail road strikes, Indian ceremonies, and the illness of our one white neighbor, who usually brings our freight, we did not receive our Christmas boxes until the first week in January, so our Christmas began after other schools were all through.

We received several boxes of supplies and clothing at the same time, and the work of unpacking them, of selecting suitable Christmas presents, and of putting everything in its proper place, has extended over several weeks, and is not thoroughly done yet. The delightful disorder of Christmas extended to every corner of the room. String, paper, empty boxes, and bits of pasteboard were everywhere. Little heads and big ones ached from the unusual strain and excitement, and not a few stomachs were disordered from the unusual treat of candy. It seemed as if we never would feel rested again. Our days are always so full with the usual routine work that we have no time for "extra occasions," if they bring extra work. You know there are only two of us, and the days are so short.

We have nineteen in our school, three of whom live in the house with us. The others go home between four and five p. m. Our daily life is about like this. On Monday the larger ones and I do the washing for twenty-one persons. I have the help of a grown Indian, to whom I pay a dollar. I do the washing for our house, ourselves, and the boarding pupils first, also the table linen and towels for the school. Next the clothing for the day pupils. The grown Indian does most of the hard rubbing, the efforts of the little ones in this line being confined to the easier portions of their own clothing. It takes all day to do this work, and the older classes have no lessons. I take out on Monday the three older classes, put the boys to cutting wood and drawing water, and the girls to using blueing and hanging out the clothes. In the meantime Miss Pond has the two primary classes to teach, the dinner to get for all, and the dishes to wash, with the help of the little girls. None of our children are larger than an American child of twelve, and the majority are of the sizes from four to nine years old. They are so small that they have to stand on boxes to reach the tubs, and you can see that it requires constant oversight and careful planning to get the work done.

On Tuesday, I have my three classes in school, and I gener-

ally put them through as fast as possible in order to get out our heavy mail. It goes out early Wednesday morning, and very generally gets in the same evening about dark. On Wednesday I iron with no help but my six little girls. I put small sewing tables in the kitchen, and by keeping the classes alternating, I manage to hear recitations in reading, spelling, and numbers while the ironing is being done.

On Thursday, I take the mending to the school room and keep classes reciting, sewing on buttons, and doing general repairing.

On Friday I substitute carpet rags for mending, make a review of the week's lessons, and see that the water barrels are full for the next day's bathing.

On all days but Saturday and Sunday, Miss Pond teaches the little ones, gets a warm dinner for us all, and with the help of the little girls washes the dishes. On Saturday I do the baking for the week, and Miss Pond takes entire charge of the bathing and dressing of the whole school. We give no meal to the day pupils on Saturday.

On Sunday, if we are not too tired, we give after Sunday school a lunch of bread, fruit, coffee and doughnuts, and the privilege of playing in the yard till five o'clock. If the children are particularly quarrelsome, or we are unusually tired or ailing, we send them home after Sunday school, which usually lasts from one and a half to two hours.

This is our daily routine, varied more or less by interruptions of all sorts. Besides all this, we have the care of our own house, and the mothering of the three children who live with us.

The correspondence is quite large, as everything we eat, use, or wear, has to be ordered by mail, and a good while before we need it.

Supplies must be bought in large quantities, unboxed, and properly stored. There has been a great deal of sewing for the children, all of which has been done after hours by Miss Pond.

This year we have received a great deal of help in the way of ready made clothing for girls. No one seems willing to do anything for boys. It makes one wonder if the old-fashioned mothers are all gone, or if boys and their clothes are gone out of fashion in civilization. I suppose it is because people buy their little boy's clothes ready made so much more than they used to.

Our school building has a narrow hall from which open two large rooms; one on the east, and one on the west. At the rear is a woodshed and small store-room. Both rooms are furnished with low tables and chairs in preference to desks. The west room has the organ, a cupboard for books, the sewing machine, and a sewing cupboard. The east room has a kitchen range and furniture and a closed cupboard for dishes and food, a side table for serving food, etc., a combination flour chest, baking-cupboard and molding board, a large bath-tub, two water barrels, and a set of shelves full of playthings. In this room the meals are cooked and served. Both rooms have low blackboards all around them. At dinner we have white table-cloths, red and white napkins of dish towel material for the older pupils, and white bibs of good length for the little ones. Our school is doing good work, increasing in numbers, and has improved vastly in the regularity of its attendance. The Indians are beginning to appreciate it for its material advantage. Not one Indian outside the school can read or write or has any conception of a practical christian life.

Our nearest trading point is Gallup, N. M., thirty-six miles away. There are several men living on ranches from ten to twenty miles away; but no other white woman nearer than the Mormon settlement at Ramah, twenty-five miles away. We have very few acquaintances nearer than Albuquerque, which is two hundred miles distant. In the spring and summer, we frequently have calls from the military people stationed at Fort Wingate, who bring their eastern friends out for a short camping trip. We have made a few pleasant acquaintances in that way.

Our Christmas celebration was a grand success. We had plenty of beautiful presents to put on the tree, and the children made yards and yards of paper chains to decorate it, alternating links of red, white and blue. We gave each child two tickets of invitation to their parents, and excluded all others. We were obliged to do this for want of room. One feature of the tree was entirely new to us. Nearly all of the children put some little gift for either one of us on the tree. We had a lady visiting us from Albuquerque, and she suggested it to them. They were delighted with the idea, and held many secret conferences with her which were most amusing. They would come in breathless, saying, "Where is Miss Connelly? We have a '*seekeret*' for her." One little girl whose father is a silver-smith gave me a beautiful silver bracelet, and her little sister gave one to Miss Pond. The others each brought a bracelet, a button, or a bead made of silver. They seemed so happy over it, and to enjoy the tree so much more because they had a part in it.

We are hoping and praying for the increase of the school that it may grow in a natural and healthy way, so that we may be justified in asking for another woman to help us. We are obliged to concentrate our energies upon the children, and the parents are almost totally neglected. Much good could be done if some one were free to visit the people and the pupils in their homes. Especially do these people need medical aid, which we cannot give. If we could have a medical missionary, our opportunities for doing good would be largely increased.

Yours in His work,

MARY E. DISSETTE.

DEAR FRIENDS:

It seems strange, doubtless, to many of you, that our usual Christmas letter should not be written till the latter part of January; but where hands are more than full already, it takes a long time to overtake the extra work involved in a Christmas celebration.

Just after Christmas we took in eight new pupils, all of whom had to be fitted out with two complete suits of clothing. They had to be gradually introduced to each new feature of school life, and, in our crowded condition, a complete new arrangement of classes, dining tables, etc., had to be made to accommodate them. Then there came barrels and boxes to be unpacked and the piles of letters that must be answered at once!

Well, all this tells why our Christmas letter is late, and when I say that our Christmas was also late, I fear that you will think that Zuni is a little behind the times always. It *is*, not a little, but a great deal, and it glories in the fact, for scientists have taught the people that their most profitable crop is—Antiquities.

The fact that it lies thirty-six miles from the railroad may have something also to do with its backwardness. It certainly was an important factor in the delay of our Christmas, because we get mail but once a week, and by the time our Christmas boxes came, and we received the notice to that effect, Christmas was almost here. We sent an Indian for the boxes, and when they arrived we decided to have the Christmas tree on the Friday after Christmas. We dispensed with the class-room work for four days, and gave all the wee ones a complete vacation for that time. Then we took the older ones and put through the usual washing and ironing for the week, and the *unusual* baking.

I forgot to say that we observed the real Christmas day very quietly. We dismissed the school, and took a little needed rest. We hung up our stockings by the fire-place, to please Daisy, who did not want to hang her's alone. It was wonderful how many useful and pretty things we found in them next morning. A certain nice box from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was responsible for some of them, and when we sat up in bed and proceeded to put on warm "fascinators" and house jackets, Daisy shrieked with delight at our appearance. Her own stocking was full of good things, and several

were hidden away to put on the coming tree. The chate-laine bag was a great surprise and delight to her, and the little shell box, in the shape of a dressing case, was all that heart could wish.

We had been expecting some friends from Gallup, but illness prevented them from coming, so we took our Christmas dinner alone, with Daisy to make chatter and cheer for us. There was not another white person in the place, and the day was rather a lonely one for us all; each busy with her own thoughts of loved ones far away.

“‘A Merry Christmas,’ we say to each other,
A Merry Christmas and Glad New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those who are not here.”

The older children worked faithfully every day, coming early and staying late, if so be they might hasten the proceedings. The matron made 100 big brown doughnuts. Miss Pond and I made 160 little fruit cakes. They were baked in patty pans with scalloped edges, covered with pink frosting, and had a piece of bright candy set in the top of each. Daisy and Tsiunetsa, with the latter's father, were a committee on Christmas trees and greens. The day they started to bring them was very threatening, and they had to make a quick trip. “We brought three trees,” said they, “so you could use all you wanted.” Pleased with this generous suggestion, we decided to put one in each of the front corners of the school room, which is so low-ceilinged that it would take in only a very short tree. This left only one for greens, for the committee had been obliged to hurry home without cutting any. Here was a dilemma. We wanted very much to give the Indians, young and old, an idea of how attractive these little adobe houses could be made, but there was no time to send to the mountains for horses, and then to the foot-hills for greens. In despair, we turned to our old chore-man, Kanote. “Have you any burros in the corral?” we asked. “Yes, two.” “Well, take them and these ropes,

and bring all the greens you and they can carry. Put some on your own back, and hurry." For once he forgot the teachings of his ancestors, and the scientists, and, lifting his feet out of the fourteenth century, he started off at a regular nineteenth-century pace. He returned at sunset, looking like a veritable Indian Santa Claus, who had exchanged his reindeer for burros, en route. The tips of their ears and their little feet were all that could be seen above and below two animated loads of greens, while in the rear came Kanote, with an immense load on *his* back. He was puffing and blowing as if he thought the steam engine the most appropriate symbol of nineteenth century progress, which he, for the time being, was representing, there being nothing more lucrative on the other line in sight. He evidently feared we were lacking in appreciation of his efforts, and his respirations became positively sepulchral. We assured him that we thought he would last a good while yet, and asked him if he thought he could stop dying long enough to drink some hot coffee and have some lunch; which diversion was not lost upon him, if the sarcasm was. A ticket to the Christmas tree completely cured the asthmatic attack with which he was threatened.

The large east room had just been whitewashed, and when decorated with bright pictures, Chinese lanterns, ropes, and bunches of evergreens, it made a very attractive reception room. We issued tickets, two to each family which had children in school, so that we could avoid a crush. We provided for eighty guests and forty school children. The school room had the tree as its chief decoration, and around the room over the low blackboards were ropes of evergreen and the bright pictures which came in the Christmas boxes.

The big open shelves at the back of the room were concealed by our fine flag, the gift of the Earnest Mission Band, of Brooklyn, New York. Sprays and bunches of evergreen were in every appropriate place. The strings which tied them were concealed by the gay paper poppies which we found in one Christmas box. It really seemed as if every

trifling want was met by those wonderful boxes, and as if the people who packed them had some magic by which they found out just what we needed. They came from McComb, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; Kansas City, Missouri; Orange, New Jersey, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The organ stood midway between the trees, and over it, festooned from the ceiling, was a rope of evergreen. Beneath its central fastening hung a large silver star, and under the other fastenings at each side of the star hung two of the prettiest dolls. In the space made by the loops were Chinese lanterns. The top of the organ was covered with stuffed cotton animals of various kinds, giving it the appearance of a musical Noah's ark. The school was seated in two divisions of twenty on each side of the room, so that they had their view of the trees entirely unobstructed. Between the two divisions was placed a long table covered with a white cloth. It had a border of candy bags in the shape of little stockings well filled. In the center of the table was a great pyramid of the little pink cakes, flanked by a big pile of doughnuts and another stick of candy, three sticks in a bunch, tied with narrow ribbons.

Everything looked fresh and pretty, especially the children, with their bright, expectant faces. We rallied all forces, and gave them all their bath and clean clothing that afternoon, so they were at their best in every respect. Our rooms are furnished with chairs and tables, instead of desks, so it was an easy matter to clear these out and utilize every inch of space. Our visitors sat on the floor, but as they were quite accustomed to this in their homes it did not seem to cause them any embarrassment, and it was the only way in which we could accommodate them.

Three of our oldest girls, in bright new dresses, had charge of the refreshment table. They were very proud of the responsibility, and we were very proud of them. Their bright, intelligent faces and pleasant manners were a striking contrast to those of their own people upon whom they waited.

Tsiunetsa's father acted as door-keeper and received the tickets. I had left the decoration of the little entry entirely to his taste. With the advice and assistance of the largest boy, he completely covered the ceiling with green branches, from which he suspended a great many fragments of discarded paper chain. He then tacked branches to the wall indiscriminately, and when he had used up all the material he could find he called me to admire his handiwork. The place looked as if struck by chain lightning; but with his faithful daughter watching my face for the first signs of unfavorable criticism I could not but praise his efforts. When I gave them a Chinese lantern to hang in the center of the verdant chaos they were delighted. In the evening when he undertook to light the aforesaid lantern I heard him indulging in a few Spanish expletives, but as they were intended to express depreciation of his own ability as a decorator and janitor we forgave him.

The Indians did not wait to be summoned by the bell. They were on hand before we teachers could hurry to the house and change our dresses, but we left them to the tender mercies of the door-keepers and hurrying over we unpacked some of what Daisy calls our "back East" dresses. The children had never seen them and our appearance was only surpassed in their estimation by that of the Christmas trees. The trader and his son had returned from Gallup the day before, bringing Santa Claus with them, so soon after we went to the school house there was a loud rap on the front door and old Santa walked in. Some wee little boys, whose legs *would* carry them into the hall every two minutes, went back to the east room in a hurry when they saw him. He *was* rather startling. He had on great long deerskin leggings, and so much white woolly hair around his big fur cap, that he looked like a mountain sheep. Somebody—not an Indian—remarked that he was "All wool and a yard wide," and that described him pretty well. He entered the school room and took his seat near the organ. Then we opened the door and

the school filed in and was seated. The children had received so many cautions about their behavior from their parents that for a few minutes they were much subdued; but a clear view of the tree which had just been lighted soon loosened their tongues. We then allowed all the grown people who could find standing room to come in. We told them that we would sing a few Christmas songs and then stop while they came up in line, looked at the trees, passed around the table and received their gift of cakes and candy. Then they were to pass out to the east room again and let another division in, so that all would see the trees and hear the children sing. They carried out this plan very nicely and all seemed much pleased.

After all were served and the singing was over, the presents were distributed. The children shook hands with Santa Claus in rather a gingerly manner, especially the small ones who are so accustomed to hearing of "Bug-a-boos" at home that they are always on the look out for one. The grown people and older children laughed heartily as if old Santa Claus reminded them of some one they knew. While they were smiling and hand shaking, something rubbed against the window sash, and there were the horns of Santa's reindeer in plain sight. They were shaking their bells at a great rate, and old Kanote's voice could be heard trying to keep them quiet. This fully satisfied the little folks as to Santa's identity, and after the old gentleman had cautioned them all to be good children and come to school every day, he wished us all a "Happy New Year," and went out to see to the reindeer himself.

What was on the tree? There were dolls, tea-sets, stuffed animals, marbles, pocket-books, balls, harmonicas, trumpets, and many other things. The six bread makers, who also do so much of the hard work of the school, each had a pretty red hood. These were sent by a kind lady in New York, and if she could see how nice the girls look in them she would feel repaid for the trouble.

Here are some of the songs the children sang: "Holy Night." "Glory to God in the Highest." "Hosanna we Sing." "Ring out the Bells for Christmas." "Down through the Chimney." "We are Marching on with Shield and Banner Bright." When the trees were completely stripped and it was time to close we sung "Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

Thus closed the pleasantest Christmas celebration we have ever had in Zuni. Both parents and children were much more appreciative than we ever knew them to be before, and in looking back over the busy years that have fled since we celebrated our *first* Christmas in Zuni we could see a decided growth. Brought up as these children are in homes where they are scolded for a trifling accident, and laughed at for telling a clumsy lie, where the only sin is in being found out, it is no wonder that they are at first puzzled by our standards of right and wrong, and then easily discouraged in their attempts to reach them. But some of them are *making* the *attempt*, and we have *this* for their encouragement and ours:

"The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God."

Yours in His work,

MARY E. DISSETTE.

ZUNI, N. M., Christmas, 1893.

IOWA'S DROUTH- 1894.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS, MERRILL, IOWA.

N O rain! No rain! A wide-spread drouth and de rth
Prevailing, O so long! The parching land
Fainteth of thirst! The gaping earth
Crieth for drink, like him on burning sand
Journeying, "Where no water is," lies faint—
Ready to die, companionless, unknown;

So fainting Nature maketh her complaint—
 Bitter, unheard, save by that silent moan
 That sometimes comes of sad, pining, dying look.
 I pity her! She yeldeth to her fate so loth and slow,
 'Mid blasted hopes, and grief so hard to brook:—
 The depth of her distress, ah! who can know?

No rain! No rain! A cloudless, flaming sky;
 And pulsing gales the heated air hur! free,
 Hot as breathings of furnace flame, hard by—
 A burning, blighting, fluctuating sea.
 The dying maize is withered, burned and browned—
 Barren of ear—and other grains, the boast
 Of this fair land—for richness renowned,
 Ripen untimely—immature—almost
 Abortive. The clover shrivels, the grass
 Is dead; even the noxious weeds—the last
 To yield, now droop; the precious flowers—alas!
 Are withered, gone; as by the autumn blast;
 The forests fade, their falling leaves are shed,
 As when untimely, blighting frosts appear.
 Huge trees, succumbing, wither, and are dead;
 And all the woodlands now look sad and sere.

No rain! No rain! Still hot and scorching rays
 Of glaring suns are pouring far and near,
 Heating intensely all these summer days.
 The shade, even, is hot, dusty, and drear,
 And quite intolerable. The birds move
 Timidly by—cautious, as if some fate
 Awaited them; songless, as if some love
 Had perished—as mourning a missing mate.
 The pastures, once so green, are brown and bare,
 And restless, hungry herds and flocks now roam—
 Craving some slaking stream, or verdure, where
 They yet may feed, and 'scape impending doom.
 The pools are like the sea-bed when the rod
 Of Moses was stretched, the waters up-piled,
 The tide assuaging, and the host, dry shod,
 Went over on ground bare as desert wild;
 So men may walk dry-shod where waters lay
 In lakelets, or coursed in creek-beds, now indeed
 Desert everywhere, go whither we may;
 For all these beds are crisp, where flames may feed.

“God shutteth up heaven that there be no rain.”
 Lo! He saith, “I have withholden from you

The rain;" and men, rather than complain,
 Meekly ponder; stricken with fear, they view
 The desolation, and, trembling, aghast,
 They cry, "How long; how long; O God, how long!
 And wherefore?" Self-reliant, have we cast
 No look of dependence toward God? Too strong,
 Deeming ourselves to seek for help, too wise
 To ask for wisdom, or, when blessed beyond
 Our craving, too unmindful still to prize,
 Too ungrateful for thankfulness, the bond
 Of dependence, of love, and gratitude
 Gainsaid? Have we, as Commonwealth and men,
 "Made league with sin?" Have we not understood
 That God is displeased with wrong? and that when,
 Forgetting Him, the rich oppress the poor,
 And trusted men, sworn to the common weal,
 Legalize sin, justice and right ignore,
 Place the stamp of approval and high seal
 Of State on crime, disgrace and woe,
 Then anger Divine will burn; and judgment
 Will fall, such as the guilty wont to know,
 Endured of old, by God in justice sent.

Hush! Hark! O joy! "There is a sound of rain!"
 Restraining wrath, and on the innocent
 (Who sometimes seem to share the common train
 Of evils consequent on Sin when vent
 The flames of wrath) showing pity, our God
 Remembers us—remembers His own Word,
 That "Seed-time and harvest shall be." His rod
 Is turned aside and His compassion stirred—
 Listen! Behold! It rains! It rains! It rains!
 Thank God! Thank God for rain! Yea, he yet hears
 The cries of His people: there still remains
 Favor, and His answer dispels their fears;
 For Lo! He hath said, "Ask of the Lord rain,
 In the time of the latter rain; and the Lord
 Shall make bright clouds, and so shall refrain
 From His purpose, and showers of rain afford,"
 Kindly to every one grass in the field.
 E'en now the pastures smile, and the flocks are glad;
 There is a promise of increase in yield
 Of grains from yesterday's portention sad;
 "The rain also filleth the pools;" the rills
 Sing on their way; the birds now cheeful seem,
 And their commingling melody quite fills
 Their homes. The fields with beauty gleam;

"God visiteth and watereth the earth,
 And maketh it soft with showers," its parched crust
 Mellows again, the quickening germs take birth;
 Nature again revives, and men have joy and trust;
 And yet there linger traces of God's frown;—
 O Beware! and in His favor remain,
 Who requiteth wrong. Be thankful! Bow down!
 "And let all fear the Lord who giveth rain."

August 20, 1894.

DUBUQUE IN EARLY TIMES.¹

BY ELIPHALET PRICE.

DURING the early settlement of the Blackhawk Purchase, there were many scenes expressive of the progress of civilization, patriotism, and christianity that transpired at Dubuque before in any other part of the country now known as the State of Iowa. Of some of these scenes we propose to speak only in a chronological sense, while others we shall allude to with that historical brevity which will enable us to preserve the panoramic design of this sketch.

To begin with the progress of civilization, we will state that the first white man hung in Iowa in a christian-like manner was Patrick O'Connor, at Dubuque, in June, 1834. The first murder committed in Iowa that rose to the dignity of commanding public attention was the killing of George O'Kief, at Dubuque, in May, 1834. The first white man publicly horsewhipped in Iowa by a woman was a resident of Dubuque. The whipping took place on Main street in the vicinity of the ground now occupied by the postoffice, in September, 1854. The whip was applied by Miss — until Mr. — agreed to deliver up her gold watch—which he did in a polite and gentlemanly manner. The man who first unfurled

¹ Reprinted from the Dubuque *Herald*.

and flung to the breeze the Star-Spangled Banner in Iowa was an Irishman by the name of Nicholas Carrol, living in the vicinity of Dubuque. The flag was run up soon after 12 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1834. Mr. Carrol contracted with us for this flag, and paid us the sum of ten dollars—the contract price. The flag was made under our direction, and superintended by a black woman, who was a slave. The first runaway match in Iowa for matrimonial purposes took place at Dubuque, in September, 1835. It was censured at the time by a few married women of the village, who had forgotten that there was a time when they would have jumped out of a three-story window or paddled themselves across the Mississippi in their sun-bonnets to follow the youth they loved, had any person attempted to annul their plighted vows. The runaways were both young. The young lady had been raised up on the frontier, and was regarded as being very pretty. She was a wild, laughing, dashing romp, with flowing curls, and marched the young men of the mines to the right or left, as pleased her fancy. She had, but a short time previously, reluctantly embarked in a matrimonial alliance under the direction of her parents, and was being duly domesticated as the wife of one who was greatly her senior in years. Her husband had retired to rest on the evening she left him, and was lulled to sleep by the melody of her voice, as she carolled forth, in wild, bewitching strains, the Scottish ballad, “Coming Through the Rye”:

“There is a lad I know full weel,
I dearly love mysel’;
But what his name, or where his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.
Every lassie has her laddie;
None, they say, have I;
And yet there’s one (I hear his step)—
I’m off, old chap good bye.”

The first church or house devoted to the worship of God in Iowa was crected at Dubuque, August, 1834.

About the first of August, 1834, we, with some five or six

other young men, were assisting Mr. Davis Grafford to raise one corner of his log house out of the cellar, into which it had fallen. While thus engaged, Mr. Johnson, an old man who was much respected by the citizens of Dubuque, and who was known to be a member of the Methodist denomination, came up and asked if we would subscribe something toward the building of a church—and went on to describe the size of the building, and to say that it was to be used for a school house also. One of the young men said he would give a dollar towards building a gambling house, but nothing for a church. Johnson, who had but one eye, had on a broad-brimmed hat, greasy and much worn; his beard was apparently of a week's growth, and he was accompanied by a swarm of flies, which when he stood still, settled down upon the legs of his pantaloons and the arms of his coat, to luxuriate upon the molasses and other grocery-store sweets that glistened upon these parts of his wardrobe. Throwing his head and person back so as to enable him to fix his one-eyed gaze upon us from beneath the broad rim of his hat that lopped down in front, he observed, with a smile on his countenance, and in a mild and pleasant tone of voice:

“You are all young men, who, I have no doubt, have been raised by Christian parents. Many of you may live to raise families in the ‘Purchase;’ and if such should be the case, I am confident that none of you will blush when you tell your children that you helped to build the first church in the Black Hawk Purchase.”

For two or three minutes nothing was said upon either side, when the young man who proposed to aid in the building of a gambling house, observed, “Old hoss, here’s a dollar.”

All the others gave from fifty cents to a dollar. We paid seventy-five cents, being all the money we had. No early scene in the history of Dubuque that passed under our personal observation has imprinted itself upon our mind so vividly as this.

The first church quarrel that took place in Iowa occurred at

Dubuque about the first of October, 1834. Joseph Smith, who was then in the zenith of his glory and power at Nauvoo, dispatched one of the Elders of his church to discourse to the benighted inhabitants of the Dubuque mines. His arrival in town was soon noised about, and it was said at the same time that the Methodists had the key of the church and would not permit him to preach in it. This created some excitement, when a crowd of young men started with the Mormon to the church. It was dark, but a number of persons had already collected around the door, which was locked. One man forced his way through the crowd, stuck his bowie-knife in the door and said: "I helped to build this church, and I'll be d——d if it shan't be free to all denominations." Just then some person came forward and unlocked the door, when the log church was soon filled with attentive listeners to the Mormon's discourse.

The first Catholic Church erected in Iowa, was commenced at Dubuque in the spring of 1835, under the direction and management of an educated and gentlemanly little French priest by the name of Mazzuchelli. This was a stone edifice. We took the contract, and furnished the stone for this building until it was about eight feet high, when we left Dubuque for a more northern latitude. We never transacted business with a more honorable, pleasant and gentlemanly person than the Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli. We left him seated upon a stone near the building, watching the lazy movements of a lone Irishman, who was working out his subscription in aid of the church. We have never seen him since.

The first person tarred and feathered in Iowa, was a young man by the name of Wheeler. This took place at Dubuque in the spring of 1834. There had been a young man wandering about the mines for some time in a deranged state of mind. A subscription of money was raised, and Wheeler was employed to take the insane person home to his father in Missouri. Upon the return of Wheeler to Dubuque, some person charged him with having abused the insane man on board the steamer.

and with having left him at a wood yard, in Missouri, in a destitute condition. Wheeler was arrested. He declared that he was innocent, and asked them to write to the father of the insane person.

Judge Lynch refused his appeal, and he was tarred and feathered and drummed out of town. A few days after a letter was received from the father of the insane person, thanking the citizens of Dubuque for returning to him his son, and requesting them to express to Mr. Wheeler his many thanks for the care and attention that he had given to the wants of his son during his journey from the mines to his home in Missouri. The person who preferred the charge against young Wheeler could not be found, and the man who wanted to get a fight on his hands, had only to charge some person with having been engaged in this tarring and feathering transaction.

The first newspaper published in Iowa was the *Dubuque Visitor*, published at Dubuque in 1836, by John King, who was the proprietor and editor of the paper. Mr. King was regarded at that time as being fairly entered upon the roll of bachelors. Many of his editorials were addressed to the ladies abroad, inviting them to visit the west, and particularly the mines of Dubuque. In due time the ladies appeared. The hymeneal lasso was thrown—King was taken and quietly withdrew into private life.

Taking the history of past events, as a guide for the future, we have not a doubt but that the name of John King will be as familiar to the school boy of Iowa, three hundred years hence, as that of Guttenberg is to the school boy of Germany at the present day.

The historian of that remote period may have to grope his way through Alexandrine ashes, to trace out the names of our early Governors, Senators and Congressmen, but he will only have to inquire at the nearest school house to be informed who it was that published the first newspaper in Iowa.

The first type stuck in Iowa was at Dubuque, in 1836 by a

printer by the name of Keesecker, and we have heard it said that the first letter set up by him for the Dubuque *Visitor*, was the letter *I*, which afterwards proved to be the initial letter in the name of the State.

Printers have long been regarded as being generous and liberal, if not profligate, in the expenditure of money; but Keesecker was an exception to this rule, being prudent and economical. He was for many years regarded as the swiftest and most correct typographer among the printing offices at Dubuque. Questions in dispute of a typographical character were generally referred to him, and his decision was held to be final and conclusive.

He was afflicted with a stuttering impediment in his speech, out of which many anecdotes concerning him have been stereotyped in the offices at Dubuque—one of which we give as we heard it.

When A. P. Wood commenced the publication of the *Tribune* he was unwilling that Keesecker should have the credit of being the swiftest and most correct typographer at Dubuque, and accordingly challenged him to a trial of type-setting skill. Keesecker accepted the challenge, and the office of the *Tribune* was determined upon as the place where the trial should take place. Wood being a member of the church, it was deemed prudent not to lay a wager upon the result, but it was understood that the party losing should give the other a day's work. These preliminaries being settled, it was agreed that the subject-matter to be set up should be the Lord's Prayer, and the party completing the job first was to announce the last word as a signal that he had finished. Accordingly the trial commenced; Keesecker setting up the prayer according to his New England recollection of it, and Wood following the copy as laid down in the New Testament. When Keesecker had completed the job he commenced the announcement of the last word with a hissing, gasping, stuttering struggle, but before he could get through with it, Wood had finished the three or four words he had to go, and shouted

“Amen.” Keesecker observed. “Tha-tha-that’s what I’ve be-be-been trying to s-s-say this ha-ha-half hour.” The “imp” of the *Tribune* roller, who presided as umpire of the trial, after duly scratching his head with his inky fingers and revolving the matter over in his mind, in connection with the danger of losing his situation, decided in favor of Keesecker.

IN MEMORIAM.

G. R. IRISH.

DR. GEORGE E. KIMBALL was born in New Hampshire, July 15, 1827, and died of sunstroke, at Ogilby, California, August 17, 1894. In his youth he learned the trade of machinist in Boston and returning to Maine he adopted teaching. Removing to Pennsylvania he taught in Brownsville, that State. In May, 1850, he married Frances A. Herrick. In 1851 he removed to Rockford, Ill. He and his wife graduated from Dr. Trall’s medical school, in New York City, in 1855, and came to Iowa City in that year and at once began an extensive practice. The doctor traveled extensively as a lecturer upon reform in medical practice and advocating hygienic modes of living. It is no disparagement to the medical profession to say that his efforts resulted in many reforms and were productive of great good to the community at large. Retiring from active practice, he became largely interested in farming and devoted special attention to fruit-growing and horticulture. As the proprietor of Rose Hill nursery, he was widely known. His efforts had much to do with giving Iowa a high rank as a fruit growing region. In 1877 he removed to Hastings, Neb., and conducted an extensive farming and nursery business. He took a prominent part in the formation of the schools of Hastings. After the death of his wife, which occurred in November, 1890, he disposed of his interests in Nebraska, and in 1893,

having married a second time, he removed to California, settled near Los Angeles and began the cultivation of fruit. Engaged in the inspection of some lands near Ft. Yuma, he died as stated, leaving two sons, Charles, of Chicago, and George, of Nebraska, and two daughters, Mrs. F. O. Newcombe, of Shell Rock, Iowa, and Miss Caroline, of Wisconsin, and one brother, F. Kimball, of New York City, and four sisters, Mrs. Littlefield, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Moore of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. I. Furbish, of Iowa City. A man of fine mind, active and earnest, possessed of great knowledge of men and of the affairs of the world, gifted with a fluent tongue and pleasing methods of imparting knowledge, he was always highly esteemed by his neighbors and friends, and as one who has felt the warmth of his friendships in times long gone, I pen these lines of tribute to a departed friend.

WAR MEMORIES.

CROCKER'S Iowa Brigade did its full share of marching and fighting, and experienced its full quota of the hardships and privations incident to military operations for four years in a great war; but many pleasant billets also fell to its lot. Good fortune in this respect, in the first winter of the war, came to the Eleventh (one of the four regiments of this Brigade), which spent the inclement season from Christmas, 1861, to the following March, not in tents or camps, but snugly tucked away in town houses in Missouri.

The first battalion was at Fulton, where the Missouri Insane Asylum was located, the inmates having been given an indefinite vacation to make room for the soldiers, whose mental status remained as sound as before, there being, apparently, nothing "catching" in lunacy.

The other battalion moved west on December 23rd, in cattle cars from Jefferson City to California, the seat of justice of

Moniteau county. Justice had flown, but its seat remained, when the half regiment, under Major John Cree Abercrombie, forced the doors of its churches for shelter on that bright, but "nipping," Christmas Eve morning. The trip from Jefferson City, although but twenty-five miles, was exceedingly trying on account of the severity of the cold. To the cattle cars was attached a caboose, where a scorching fire was kept up, and where, from the heat and stifling atmosphere, polluted by a packed crowd, a stay had to be limited to a few minutes, when a return to the cattle cars was imperative. The cattle cars were as much too cold and airy as the caboose was too hot and stifling, and when a man retired from one to the other it was to curse Halleck, the department commander, for not providing better transportation. However, before the war was over, when they had become seasoned as soldiers, these same men, when exhausted and foot-sore from a tiresome march, would wish they could ride again in "Halleck's cattle cars." For thus it is all through life—in its every phase—and luxuries or hardships are only enjoyed or suffered by comparisons with pleasanter or severer conditions.

The battalion quartered at California consisted of Companies A, B, E, H, and K, and soon after its arrival came under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Hall. Colonel Hall, Major Abercrombie, and indeed most of the officers, took quarters at the hotel, kept by an ex-county judge. At first the fare was rather poor, till one day the Colonel, whose dyspeptic habit was aggravated by the bad cuisine, had a short seance with the judge, which soon convinced the landlord that the Colonel was the "autocrat of the breakfast table." Hall said, in effect, he had no objection to the landlord himself being a "dough-face," a rebel with Confederates, and "loyal" in the presence of Union troops, but he did not like too much dough in his biscuits; and, while he was rather partial to "rye" in its order, he did not want it in his coffee, and that, if the judge did not furnish a better table to his guests, he would take it out of his hands, and run the hotel

under martial law. At these words the judge fell back in his arm chair before the fire as one paralyzed, his jaw dropped, and his eyes sunk in their sockets. But after that the cookery was satisfactory.

Before going to California, the Eleventh had been doing scouting duty up the Missouri River from Jefferson City. One of these expeditions, which went to Booneville, was strengthened by a battalion of the Third Iowa Cavalry, under command of Major H. C. Caldwell. This regiment of cavalry has furnished several men who, aside from military distinction, have reached eminence in civil life since the war. Its first Adjutant, and afterwards its Colonel, John W. Noble, became Secretary of the Interior in President Harrison's Cabinet, and its first Colonel, Cyrus Bussey, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; and Caldwell is now a United States Circuit Judge, interpreting the Federal law throughout a large circuit, which embraces the country where he then enforced the National authority.

In speaking of this regiment, Governor Kirkwood used to relate with some pleasantry the manner in which he selected its first field officers. He was in consultation on the subject with Caldwell, who had raised a company for it, and had been commissioned as Captain. He had settled upon the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and two of the Majors, and, mentioning their names to Caldwell, said, "Caldwell, I have got so far—who would make a good man for the third Major?" Caldwell walked about the room, but did not seem to think of any one for the place. Finally the Governor said, "I think I know a suitable person—Henry C. Caldwell." At this Caldwell jumped half way across the room, exclaiming, "By gracious!—I never thought of that." The Governor was so well pleased that he made Caldwell second, instead of third, Major.

The early history of many towns, like California, in central Missouri is coëval with the close of the Mexican War, when the troops she had furnished returned home, and gave to the new places names brought from the land of the Montezumas.

and the memory of many of the slaves went no farther back. A young darkey, having been asked his age, could not tell, but thought he was old, as he remembered "dem old revolutionary fellows"—meaning the soldiers from the Mexican War.

Originally the town had been located in a pleasant vale hard by a small stream, with sheltering hills and trees to the north and west. But before our advent had come the St. Louis and Pacific Railroad, laying its magnetic tracks about a mile south of the old town, and attracting to itself the future advancement of the place in business and buildings. Our hotel and the headquarters were thus near the railroad depot.

The able-bodied men of the town and neighborhood had mostly gone to the war on one side or the other, but the older generation and the younger, with most of the women, remained, and in the "receptions" that were given frequently by the boys of the Eleventh there were no "stag" dances. These pleasant gatherings, as heartily enjoyed by the "secesh" ladies as by the loyal soldiers, resulted, as usual, in some tender and lasting attachments. Lieutenant L. D. Durbin, of Company E, and Lieutenant William J. Dagley, of Company K, were constant devotees at the shrines to Terpsichore there erected, and after the war, moved by the same impulse, returned to the fascinating place—both to be there married, and Dagley to be afterwards accidentally shot and killed.

Military life at California, however, had its dark phases. Colonel Hall, who afterward became full Colonel of the regiment, had his wife and their only child, a little boy about a year old, with him. The child died, after a lingering illness, causing anguish to the parents and sorrow to all. He was buried in the local cemetery on a bleak winter's day, Lieutenant White, of Company H, reading from the prayer-book the Episcopal burial service at the grave.

It is surely inside the truth to say that no woman saw more of the real war from the Union side than Mrs. Hall. Continually and continuously she was in the saddle, the tent, the

bivouac, or hospital; in march, siege, or camp, from California to Atlanta,—she was a true volunteer, the “Daughter of the Regiment,” accompanying her gallant husband, and following the fortunes of the Eleventh, without pay or hope of reward.

Although most of the ladies of California were willing to join hands with our soldiers in the dance, there was one exception in the person of a woman who lost no opportunity to exhibit her loathing of Union troops, and resorted to the contemptuous act of spitting on the blue-coated boys to show her hatred of them. As General Butler had not yet devised the fitting method for the suppression of such outrages, she was rather avoided than opposed or suppressed.

Many of the men of the Eleventh who spent that winter in California afterwards by their gallantry and good conduct rose to distinction. Colonel John H. Munroe was then a private of Company H, but afterwards became Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. McPherson. His home is in Muscatine, and in 1892 he was the candidate of the Republican party in the Second District for Congress. Captain W. H. Michael was a private, serving in Company B. He was soon afterwards transferred to the Navy and rose to the rank of Acting Commander, equivalent to Colonel in the Army. He is the author of several works, and for a number of years till lately was the compiler of the Congressional Directory.

A pause in this desultory narrative may fittingly be made here to record a tribute to the personal characteristics of Colonel Hall. He was a small delicate-looking man, weak in all his system but his head and heart, which were respectively strong and warm. He had a fiery, haughty spirit for opponents who were his equals or superiors, a warm sympathetic nature for inferiors or dependents. He was poor, yet bore himself like a lord. His attendant Pat, whom he brought from his home in Davenport, believed in him and was as indispensable to him as Sancho Panza was to his master. Hall was of New England birth and a graduate of a Ken-

tucky military school, and was thus familiarized with the extremes of political sentiment North and South. He studied law with Judge James Grant, at Davenport. In 1856 he was involved in a legal case which brought him into prominence. He obtained a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts for the arrest of a man in Iowa, but before the arrest was made the requisition was revoked, whereupon Hall determined to take the accused by force. This was prevented and Hall was in turn arrested for kidnapping. Upon the case being brought before the supreme court of Massachusetts it was decided that after issuing such a writ the Governor had no power to revoke it, and Hall was acquitted. In 1858-59 he was City Clerk of Davenport and was president of the Young Men's Literary Association in that city. After serving with distinction at Shiloh, the siege and battle of Corinth, the siege of Vicksburg, and the Atlanta campaign, he resigned because of the promotion over him of General Belknap, who at the time was his junior. Returning to his home in Davenport he died there December 20th, 1865, aged 34 years, leaving a widow and one daughter, Elsie. After a few years of widowhood, Mrs. Hall relinquished her widow's pension of thirty dollars a month to marry Mr. Guild, and by this latter marriage she is the mother of a second daughter.

Soon after the Colonel had filed his bill of fare particulars with the Judge there was a great accession of warmth in the hotel occasioned by the arrival of a wagon-load of cannel coal from the neighboring mines about eight miles from California. This was a bituminous coal with a bright, clean, smooth surface, every scuttle-full of which had, as the Judge said, a "heap of warmth" in it. Although lying so near the town it had been little used, the people preferring to depend for fuel on the groves of timber which were abundant and nearer. The crackling fusilade which accompanied the combustion of the coal, together with the caloric thereby produced restored the good nature of the commander and thenceforth sociability was maintained between him and the Judge.

It was here we had the first visit from a paymaster. Major

Will Cumback, who had been a distinguished member of Congress from Indiana, came with his money-bags and paid the boys in gold and silver—the last “hard money” any of them saw probably till long after the war, say 1879, when specie payments were resumed. The son of this paymaster, a few years ago committed suicide in a fit of despondency, at a hotel where he was stopping, in an Iowa town.

And so the winter wore away with the battalion in guarding the railroad, scouting in the neighborhood, capturing rebel horses, and the like. And through it all the men improved as soldiers; the delicate got strong; the homesick recovered their spirits. What sickness occurred, whether measles, small-pox or mumps was mild. But one soldier died during our stay there.

When the first symptoms of early spring appeared the troops west of us, who had been freezing in tents at Sedalia, began to march by us over the muddy roads for St. Louis. This mode of transportation soon became too slow, as the exigency for reinforcements in Tennessee became more urgent, and thenceforth the regiments would whirl through the town in trains at night, when the enemy would know less of the movements. Finally, early in March, it came our turn, and one evening, loading our baggage on a long passenger train—not cattle cars—we whizzed off for St. Louis, bidding an almost reluctant adieu to California and the old Judge. Our train was not supplied with a “sleeper;” slumber and snoring were indulged in, in the sitting, nodding attitude. The Major was the last man but one to surrender to the drowsy god, and the last motion that one saw him make, by the flickering light of an expiring oil lamp, was the cape of his overcoat flapping upwards and his hand under it holding a bottle.

IOWA PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

HON. THEODORE S. PARVIN, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Iowa of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons, has recently put forth the proceedings of the fifty-first com-

munication of the order in Iowa, held at Cedar Rapids, June, 1894. It is an octavo work in pamphlet form of 265 pages, with an appendix of 157 pages, besides an index, making quite a large book, in which may be found not only the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, but some reference and information relating to nearly all the other Grand Lodges of the United States. It is a work which displays great erudition in Masonic lore, wonderful industry, tremendous energy and excellent taste on the part of the venerable secretary, who has served the order in Iowa in this capacity, with but one short break of interregnum, for over half a century, and is alike a credit to his son and assistant, Newton R. Parvin, who is also beginning to grow grey in the office of Deputy Grand Secretary.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA, at the instance of its President, Dr. J. L. Pickard, seconded by the Board of Curators, has lately issued its second publication, *Early Leaders in the Professions of Iowa*. This pamphlet, consisting of 135 pages, contains three addresses and one monograph relating to the work of the professions of medicine, law, teaching and the ministry in Early Iowa. The addresses were given before the Historical Society and the public: that on "Early Medical Practitioners" by Dr. William Watson, of Dubuque; on the "Early Teachers" by Professor L. F. Parker, of Grinnell, and on "Early Members of the Bar" by Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, of Cedar Rapids; and the monograph on the "Early Clergy" was compiled by Dr. J. L. Pickard, of Iowa City. The information gathered and preserved in this work is of infinite value, being accurate and reliable, coming as it does from lips and pens of living witnesses, and must be very helpful to those who shall write in connected form the early history of our State.

ERROR CORRECTED.—In "Early Clergy of Iowa" monograph, under the article regarding "Baptists," the first Association formed was called "Davenport," not "Dubuque." Association, as published.

DEATHS.

MRS. CHRISTINA SHEW died December 9th, 1894, at Princeton, Iowa, at the age of eighty-one. Mrs. Shew came to Le Claire in 1837, and was one of the first members of the Presbyterian Church, organized in 1840. She was a native of Belfast, Ireland, was three times married, and has been a widow for several years. She had seen the growth of Iowa from its beginning, and had a noble share in its development.

NOTES.

THE account of his Arctic expedition given in this number of THE RECORD by Mr. Frank Russell is the modest, direct relation of personal adventure, bespeaking the true hero. Mr. Russell does not seem to realize the magnitude of the undertaking he so signally achieved. Of all the Arctic expeditions which have found publicity in print, the Russell one seems to us the most daring. Others were made after long and minute preparation, with ample, and sometimes lavish, expenditure, and generally with powerful governments at their back, ready to send succor, if need be. This one was made unheralded, with scanty private means, not by a whole company, but by one man, who, after his return, bringing the trophies of his expedition in proof of its success, does not seem to appreciate the dangers he incurred, the difficulties he surmounted, or the importance of his journey. Think of twenty-one hundred miles traveled on snow-shoes, and two hundred and eighty miles alone in a canoe, in a strange land of the Arctic region! Though Mr. Russell should stay at home the remainder of his life, he has had adventures enough to entitle him to have his name enrolled on the list of great travelers and explorers, and to have an honorary place in the Geographical Societies. But, having the modesty which often accompanies true greatness, he evidently cares little for such honors.

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AMOS DEAN, LL.D.,

FIRST PRESIDENT¹ OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

BY REV. AMOS H. DEAN, MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS.

TO fully comprehend the nature of a work, to judge of it fairly, we should be, to some extent, in sympathy with its author. To appreciate his labors, we should know the circumstances in which he was placed, the disadvantages he had to overcome, the obstacles he had to surmount, the positions he filled, his modes of thought, his methods of study, his fitness for authorship in temperament and character. These we may gather in part from his book; but only in part. The writer of history deals with the facts of the outer world, rather than with his inner-self. He must, therefore, exhibit somewhat of the nature and tendency of his mind, his opinions and judgment. He must breathe into it much of his own character; yet, from such imperfect gleanings we can form but a limited conception of the man. It will not, therefore, be deemed out of taste to give a short sketch of the life of Prof. Amos Dean.

¹*Chancellor*, which was at first the title, changed afterwards to *President*.

Amos Dean was born in Barnard, Windsor county, Vermont, on the 16th day of January, 1803. His father, Nathaniel Dean, moved early in life from Massachusetts, and settling in one of those quiet valleys of the Green Mountain state, toiled to secure a home by clearing and cultivating the land. That period and locality afforded but poor advantages for education. The district school could do no more than teach the rudiments, laying a foundation upon which to build. But the scarcity of books, the few opportunities of improvement, and the mode of life made this a most difficult matter. It required an intense thirst for knowledge, together with much hardihood and persistence, to launch out into the untried and unknown world of letters. We, of to-day who, in addition to the benefits of the academy, the college, and the university, have a talented pulpit's yearly courses of finished and instructive lectures, and extensive libraries, public and private, can scarcely realize the difficulties our fathers had to meet and conquer to secure an education. They who, under such embarrassments, have attained to eminence in the field of literature must have been endowed with a student's nature and an indomitable will. Such was the case with Amos Dean. In his boyhood he manifested craving to know the causes of things. He was peculiarly thoughtful and abstracted, showing a great dislike for agricultural pursuits, not because of aversion to physical toils, but because his mind was elsewhere. This natural desire was stimulated by the conversation and attainments of his uncle, Hon. Jabez D. Hammond; and to him he often, in after years, attributed much of his success. Spurred on by this natural tendency, he attended the district school during the winter months; but during the summer he was obliged to work. The season for study was all too short for the gratification of his favorite object; so during the summer he availed himself of every rainy day, of every circumstance that gave a respite from the duties of the farm. Even during his labors he did not cease. He used to tell with great glee of the long rests he gave the horses when plough-

ing, that he might read some time-worn book, or drill himself in the elements of Latin grammar from a copy written on some old scrap of paper. It was a rare treat to him to be sent to the village on an errand; for then he could call on the minister, ask him some questions that had perplexed him, and borrow some book. His father used to wonder at the length of time it took him to execute these trifling matters of business, little dreaming how much he had accomplished. Of books he possessed but a very limited number, and these bore unmistakable evidence of having been perused and mastered. One of the first volumes he was ever enabled to purchase, after weeks of the most rigid economy, was *Robertson's History of America*. We have heard him tell with what a feeling of pride he carried it home, and how eager he was to acquire its contents. His large library, collected in after years, did not thrust this book out of sight, but there it stood on his shelves, still retaining its original leather cover.

In these early pursuits he was obliged to rely mainly upon himself; and hence, for a boy, he manifested a marked preference for study, and developed decided originality and independence. His isolation on the farm strengthened his natural disposition for meditation and thought. Who can tell how much this quiet life and constant communion with nature amid the rugged hills of his native place tended to give tone to his mind and strength to his thought? Thus he passed from boyhood to youth, and into early manhood; his desire for knowledge growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength.

In those times the first step towards professional studies, after leaving the district school, was in taking charge of one as teacher. So he left home with his small bundle of clothes, and smaller bundle of books, to teach in a neighboring district. In the duties of this position, and in the old custom of "boarding around," he acquired his first real experience of life. He accepted it as a stepping stone to something greater, and conscientiously devoted himself to his new avocation. He

regarded it as a school for himself as well as for his pupils. We can easily imagine with what exultation he received his first quarter's salary, half in money and half in produce. He continued teaching till he earned enough to support himself one term at an academy, and to purchase some books. He then set out for the academy at Randolph, Vermont, and there caught a glimpse of the boundless world of thought beyond. With all the enthusiasm of youth and the steady purpose of manhood, he began to explore, feeling his way cautiously but surely. It was with great heaviness that, at the expiration of the term, he was forced to return home to resume his life of self-culture and teaching. But he brought to the work an indomitable will, keeping ever before him the great aim of his life, a professional career. How this could be achieved he did not see, but he never doubted. He always believed that a place would be ready for him when he was ready for it; and he acted accordingly. At length, in his twenty-third year he had a chance to enter college; and, in the fall of 1825, he bade good-bye to his family, and in home-spun and home-cut clothing set out for Schenectady. Presenting himself to Dr. Nott, then, and for so many years since, the popular and efficient president of Union College, he made application to enter the senior class. Although he could not, in every respect, meet the requirements of the course, he was after examination admitted. Of his college life we need say little, except that he devoted himself to his studies, like a man determined to make the most of every opportunity for improvement. Graduating in 1826, with the second honor, he went to Albany, and commenced the study of law with his uncle, Jabez D. Hammond.

Having thus narrated the circumstances of his early life, and having seen him in his profession, we shall speak of him in his three-fold character, as a lawyer, as an educator, and as a scholar and author.

In the profession of the law he soon rose to prominence. Quick to grasp the vital points in a case, he was ready to

apply the legal principles that settled them. Having attentively heard his client's statements, he carefully went over it, summed it up, and submitted it to his conscience. If satisfied of its justice, he undertook it; and then, entering completely into sympathy with his client, he made the cause his own. He thus won and maintained an enviable reputation for honesty and integrity. He delighted in the theory and practice of the law; but his natural tendency to the quiet life of a student led him to prefer the patient labor of the office to the more showy duties of the pleader. He chose to make out a case, rather than to argue it before the court, thereby gaining more extensive knowledge of the principles of his profession. He was exhaustive in his research. He sought to know the whole of the subject. As a referee he was very favorably known; and his decision, supported by numerous and standard authorities, very frequently settled a case. This habit of complete mastery, and of condensing the points of a case into a clear, concise summary, fitted him for the great work of preparing a universal history. He continued the practice of his profession till 1854, when he gradually withdrew to devote himself to the Law School, and to the more careful prosecution of his historical studies.

But, though Amos Dean achieved a reputation as a lawyer, he is more widely known as an educator. His own struggle for education, the lack of the right discipline in his youth, and the need of universal mental training, early induced him to give the subject considerable attention. His first movement in this direction was in 1833, when, feeling the necessity of literary culture, both for himself and others, he organized the "Young Men's Association of Albany." This was the pioneer of those institutions for mutual mental improvement which have since found their way into almost every village and city. We are all too well acquainted with their character to require any account of their working; and we have too often experienced their utility as general educators, by means of literary discussions, annual courses of lectures, and libraries, to need any further proof.

At this period the steady advance of medical science, both in its practice and in the numbers of those entering it, demanded greater facilities for its study than was then afforded. The idea of founding a Medical College in Albany, suggested itself to two intimate friends of Prof. Dean, Dr. Alden March and Dr. James H. Armsby, both very eminent in their profession. Accordingly in 1838 they organized the "Albany Medical College." Prof. Dean accepted the chair of medical jurisprudence; and for more than twenty years filled that position. His theory of the true method of teaching was somewhat in advance of the manner then pursued, although now it is being very generally adopted. He endeavored not so much to pour into a student, as to draw him out, to cultivate in him the habit of thought, to discipline his mind, and make him more practical and self-reliant. To effect this, he taught by lectures, thus bringing the mind of the student into contact with the living mind of the teacher. This was the plan pursued with such marked success by Dr. Wayland, whose lectures have been published and used so extensively. In his manner a class of thinkers is trained, the system demanding continuous and close study on the part of the instructor, and a mastery of the subject by the pupil. Prof. Dean aimed in his lectures to give the principles in the most comprehensive and comprehensible form, referring to those text-books and authors where they were drawn out and exemplified. Thus having noted down the salient points of a subject, the student was prepared to read systematically, and to think clearly. This method of teaching he pursued in the Medical College, each year advancing in his department, and by hard study developing it more and more completely.

In 1851 Prof. Dean, together with Hon. Ira Harris and Hon. Amasa J. Parker, established a Law School under the name of "The Department of Law of the University of Albany," more generally known as "The Albany Law School." He assumed the active management, and lectured daily on that department of the law pertaining to business,

personal property, contracts, partnerships, bills and promissory notes, negotiable paper, insurance, bankruptcy, etc. In order to devote himself to this new duty, and to his studies, he withdrew from practice, and in 1859 resigned his chair in the Medical College. Feeling deeply the responsibility of this position, he labored conscientiously to fit himself for it. Although he prepared his lectures at the establishment of the school, he never deemed them finished. After an experience of sixteen years, he worked on them much harder than any student who listened to them. He was continually revising, condensing, and adding to them. In addition, he studied them thoroughly. Being asked once, why he always read them over for two hours before delivering them, he replied: "Any man to teach must be so conversant with his subject that he can answer all questions pertaining to it, and give his authorities." He has left a complete course of these manuscript lectures, which would, if published, be a most valuable book for lawyers and students of law. In the delivery of these lectures, he had a most excellent system. He first dictated the principle so that it could be taken down verbatim, and then cited those authorities which sustained it.

Prof. Dean had every quality that endeared him to his classes. He understood the nature of young men; and was himself so young in feeling as to sympathize with them in all things. He entered fully into their plans, felt for, and helped them out of their difficulties, directed their reading, gave them the use of his library, and always welcomed them to his house. His genial disposition, large heart, and wholesome advice made them feel at home with him, and led them to respect and love him. Although the classes were large, numbering over a hundred students, he knew them all by name, and made himself acquainted with their general circumstances and character. He regarded them as gentlemen, old enough to appreciate and improve the advantages they enjoyed; and based his discipline on their honor. So thoroughly did he make them feel their responsibility, that he

rarely had to resort to external means to preserve order; but when he did speak reprovingly the disturber always felt the keenness of his rebuke.

In the moot courts, where the classes argued cases by way of applying the principles so carefully laid down, he particularly delighted; and there he was even more winning than in the lecture room. All who attended these well remember with pleasure the warmth of the discussion, the unfolding of the case, the happy hits of the disputants, the opinions read by some members of the class, the vote; and then, as the twilight deepened and the gas was lighted, the spluttering of numerous pens recording the points of the professor's judgment, and the expectancy with which they awaited his decision.

In 1855, Prof. Dean was elected chancellor and professor of history of the University of Iowa.¹ He desired to establish

¹The following extracts from "An Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the State University of Iowa," June 21st, 1867, by Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., give in greater detail Dr. Dean's connection with the University:

"Amos Dean, of Albany, N. Y., was elected President, July 16th, 1855. On the first day of September the Board [of Trustees of the State University], after due consultation with President Dean, issued a *circular* in catalogue form. It is the first printed document of the kind to be found among the archives of the University, and will be an object of interest when the University celebrates its first centennial. It presents in detail a plan of organization by departments, nine in number, namely: I, Ancient Languages; II, Modern Languages; III, Intellectual Philosophy; IV, Moral Philosophy; V, History; VI, Natural Philosophy; and IX, Chemistry, to which were added the Normal School and Preparatory Department. A separate Professor was to be assigned to each department. The first five departments constituted the philosophical course of study, and the last four the scientific. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth departments, were to be taught exclusively by lecture, and examination. The student was allowed to select the departments he desired to attend, but was required to attend at least three, unless specially permitted to do otherwise. The departments were so arranged as to enable students to take the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, or of Bachelor of Science, at the close of two years; that of Bachelor of Arts at the close of four years, and that of Doctor of Philosophy at the close of six years. The collegiate

this institution on the university system, where all the branches should be taught, and the studies pursued according to his favorite method; but he felt too old to break up a long-continued life in the east, and commence anew in the growing

year was divided into two terms, of twenty weeks each, the first to commence on the third Wednesday in September, and the second, one week after the close of the first. * * * *

"At the annual meeting, held January 7th, 1856, the Board adopted the plan of organization embraced in the circular of September 1st, 1855, and increased the salary of the Chancellor to \$2,000. * * * *

"In January, 1858, the Board held its last meeting under the old law. Chancellor Dean, though not present, was appointed a committee to procure a seal and the necessary diplomas for the use of the University. * *

"The newly constituted Board met on the 27th day of April, 1858, Chancellor Dean presiding, and organized by the election of Maturin L. Fisher, Vice-President, Henry W. Lathrop, Treasurer, and Anson Hart, Secretary. Their terms of service were decided as follows: Messrs. Dewey, Burris, Brannan and Grinnell, two years; Downey, Barris, Clark and Davis, four years; and Wright, Lyon, Reno and Drake, six years. Chancellor Dean made a statement of his views in regard to the management and future prospects of the University, and recommended that it be closed until such time as the income of the fund would be sufficient to meet current expenses, and the buildings were ready for the reception of students. In accordance with this recommendation, the Faculty, except the Chancellor, was discharged, and all further instruction suspended, after the close of the term then in progress, till September, 1859. The Chancellor was continued in office at a salary of \$2,000. * * * *

"It is proper to state that Chancellor Dean, though connected with the University some four years, received but a nominal compensation for his services—the whole sum not exceeding \$500 for the period above named. Indeed when the labor performed is contrasted with the remuneration, it would be nearer the truth to say that he received nothing. Though not actively employed in the more special duties of his office, he seems to have manifested a deep interest in the prosperity of the University, and communicated regularly with the Board on all questions involving its present and future welfare. He visited the state twice in its interest prior to 1857, and once in 1858, prepared the plan of organization adopted by the Board, selected and purchased books for the Library, superintended the publication and distribution of circulars, and labored very earnestly to secure from the general government an additional grant of land for its benefit. Having failed in this last undertaking, he prudently advised its suspension till sufficient revenue could be derived from the existing endowment for its support."

west. So after spending three summers in Iowa City, he resigned, and continued the active manager of the Law School till his death. He also gave much attention to other educational interests in Albany. He was connected with the large Female Academy in that city as a trustee and lecturer on history. Deeply interested in the founding of the Dudley Observatory, he was soon elected a member of the *board of trustees*. He was also one of the directors of the State Normal School.

Let us now speak of Prof. Dean as a scholar and an author. We have said he was a student by nature; and so, while practicing law, and lecturing in the Medical College and Law School, he found many spare hours to devote to polite literature and history, his favorite pursuit. Shakspeare ever unfolded to him new beauties and a profound knowledge of character. True poetry he loved; and his well disciplined memory enabled him to recall at any time choice morsels or whole poems. Three years ago, while speaking with him of the English poets, he cited Shelley's ode to the skylark as a chaste and beautiful production, and then quoted it entire, bringing out its buoyant glee and undertone of sadness with great power. His early education had been so imperfect that he could not read the classics in the original; but in the best translations he felt their grandeur and beauty. This loss he always deplored; but his time was so occupied with his duties that he could not repair it.

In the first years of his profession, he read extensively upon the subject of political economy, with the design of preparing a work; but, after a time, abandoned it, and gave his attention to phrenology, then in its infancy in this country. He delivered a course of lectures upon this subject, which were published in 1835. Encouraged by the success of this book, he studied into and wrote a work upon *The Philosophy of Human Life*, which appeared in 1839. In 1850 his Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence were published, and in 1860 he condensed a portion of his law lectures into a work for

students and business men, entitled *Bryant & Stratton's Commercial Law*. Both of these were well received, the latter having had a very extensive sale.

But, while he was pursuing these varied studies, he was engaged upon what he regarded his life work. The study of history had fascinated him from boyhood. He gave himself to it with ever fresh delight. In its vast extent, he found a field for his love of research; in its wonderful unfoldings, he gratified his craving to trace events back to their causes; in its tragic element, his mind found excitement and stimulus. But he was not satisfied with the prevailing method of studying it. He considered history a connected whole, the unfolding of God's plan in the world. He studied it in its philosophy, and aimed to trace the events of one age back to some preceding cause, or causes, thus linking age to age, and nation to nation. In this way only, he believed, could one really understand history. As a result of his reading and reflection, he struck out a general plan for prosecuting the study of the progress of man as unfolded in his civilizations. In 1833, being then thirty years of age, he commenced *The History of Civilization*; and, with unflagging zeal, pursued it throughout the remainder of his life, throwing aside all that are esteemed life's pleasures for the single purpose of pushing on this life-long performance. The original plan included all the phenomena of human progress in civilization in five elements. He soon discovered that to be exhaustive, another element was needed. By adding society to the five other organizing forces or elements, industry, religion, government, philosophy, and art, the plan was completed.

At a meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Albany, Prof. Dean read a paper on the *True Method of Studying and Teaching History*. This elicited much criticism and praise, coupled with a suggestion that he should write a universal history on that plan. For the prosecution of this great undertaking, a large library was, of course, necessary. To meet this want he secured the London

and American catalogues of publications; and purchased the highest authorities that could aid him. In this way he collected a choice private library composed of standard works. He had quite a fancy for rare and curious books, but he did not gratify it at the expense of those needed for reference. As, with the years, he advanced from one subject, nation and age to another, many new works were published, throwing much light on that which he had already treated. These he noted down as they appeared; and from time to time added them to his collection. His history he completed in 1863, thirty years after its inception; and then began the revision of it in the light of all the more recent authorities. This occupied him three years longer. Although the work was now completed, he was in no hurry to publish it, saying that the more he studied and added to it, the more perfect it would be. His sudden death cut short his labors, but not before they were done, and well done. The result of so many years of investigation and study must add something to historical knowledge, and hence *The History of Civilization* is now presented to the world.¹ It remains for the future to decide its merits; but we may say that it is original in plan, clear and concise in language, and—as the author had no favorite theories, either social, moral, governmental, religious, or otherwise, to sustain—truthful in its presentation of facts.

It will readily be seen that, to meet the various engagements which demanded the attention of our author, a systematic mode of study was necessary. No life can be successful unless such be the case; and if it be systematized, it is wonderful how much can be accomplished. Prof. Dean was eminently methodical. Every portion of the day was set apart for some particular duty; and, by long continued discipline, he had learned to turn readily from one pursuit to another, dropping the first subject and taking up the next just where

¹ This Biography was published first as prefatory to the first of the seven volumes of *The History of Civilization*—the life work of Amos Dean.

he had left off on the preceding day. The first three hours of the day, beginning at five o'clock, were mainly devoted to the study of his class lecture. This he delivered between the hours of nine and ten, and then attended to all correspondence and matters of business. By twelve, he was again in his study reading reviews, etc., till dinner, after which he read and wrote upon his history till half-past ten at night. During the summer he generally sought recreation in his native state, but always carried his historical works with him. He found no time for amusements, attending only literary gatherings and the most instructive lectures.

His manner of writing was also systematic. He first read carefully all those works which treated of his subject. Then he went over them again, marking those passages he deemed of the most vital importance. His books are so emphasized that a distinguished historical scholar, who looked over his library after his death, said he was prepared to speak highly of his work. Having thus made the subject his own, and having digested it in his mind, he sat down to write. He never put pen to paper till he was fully ready; and then he wrote with great facility and directness. As his health was firm, and his spirits elastic, his mind was clear and always in working order. He neither required nor used any stimulus to quicken his faculties; nor did he depend upon those moods, which, while they sometimes enable a student to work with great rapidity, as often cripple and retard him.

It remains for us to consider the general character of Prof. Dean, in its relations to the state, to the family, and to religion. This, though a pleasing duty, is always difficult; and rendered doubly so where so much must be said in so small a compass.

He was endowed with a strong, vigorous constitution and great vitality, which his early life on the farm had developed into a healthy manhood. His wants were, on this account, very few, and his habits very simple. This simplicity he always retained, which undoubtedly had much to do in preserving his health, and enabling him to follow so closely the sedentary life of after years.

He was also blessed with a very happy temperament, naturally taking a cheerful view of life; and, in misfortune, consoling himself with the thought that it might have been so much worse. Three months before his death he had a severe fall, which fractured his right arm and rendered it useless. One of his first expressions was thankfulness that his arm instead of his head was shattered.

He did not believe in borrowing trouble; but, when it came, he met it with Christian fortitude, patiently enduring what he could not overcome. It must not be inferred from this that he lacked feeling. His sensibilities were very acute both to suffer, and to feel for the sorrows of others; but he never gave way to them. Keenly sensitive himself, he was careful not to wound another; and, if he had done so unwittingly, anxious to make reparation. While he would not condescend to court the good opinion of men, he always valued and endeavored to deserve it.

His temperament unfitted him for a political life. He could find no pleasure in its strife. Although feeling very deeply for the success of republican institutions, he worked in silence, generally avoiding public assemblies and rarely making speeches. He was singularly devoid of that ambition which seeks to shine in public places and on great occasions. In politics his sympathies were with the whig party; but he always maintained his independence in voting for men and principles. At the organization of the republican party he allied himself to it because it more nearly embodied his own views. Although not strictly an abolitionist, he saw the sin and curse of slavery, and rejoiced when the time came for that proclamation which made us truly a free nation. Throughout the war he was unfaltering in his faith in, and fidelity to, the government. He watched with the deepest anxiety the course of the struggle, exulting in every victory that crowned our arms, and lamenting every reverse that delayed the ultimate triumph of the cause. Few who met his cheerful smile and happy greeting during the darkest days of the conflict

ever realized the load of anxiety that weighed upon his mind. And, when peace was finally restored, no one felt a greater sense of relief and gratitude.

In the family the real nature of Prof. Dean manifested itself in all its warmth and fullness. He was peculiarly domestic, clinging to every relation with the strongest attachments. Almost every summer during the later years of his life he visited his native state, renewing and strengthening these ties.

As he grew older he seemed to be drawn more closely to his old homestead and to the friends of his youth. How well we remember with what joy he would ride or walk miles to call upon some relation, and with what eagerness and rapidity he would put question after question concerning some whom he had not seen for years. His coming was always the signal for the gathering of the family, and merrily the laugh went round at the rehearsal of boyhood recollections. This, together with his strong personal love, made his visit as pleasant to his kindred as it was to himself. But he lavished all the wealth of his affection upon his immediate family.

In September, 1842, he married Miss Eliza Joanna Davis, of Uxbridge, Mass., a lady every way adapted to make him happy. God blessed them with children, who bound them together more closely; and when He called two prattling babes to Himself the stricken parents found consolation in God and in each other, and loved the more intensely those whom He had spared.

As a husband, Prof. Dean was always considerate and attentive; but his attentions were of that unobtrusive character which are the outgrowth of a true union. He showed the depth of his affections less by words of endearment than by acts of love. His love was, like the steady flow of a river, quiet because deep.

As a father, he was indulgent, but not to excess. He held his children as a trust; and, by precept and example, endeavored to fit them for future usefulness. His discipline was

mild, yet effective, appealing to their higher nature; and when he reproved they felt it was in sorrow, not in anger. As they grew older he entered into all their purposes and became their counselor in all matters. He secured and maintained their confidence by promising only that which he could fulfill; and, by pointing out the good or evil effects of their conduct, led them to pursue or renounce it. Although he seldom laid down a positive prohibition, he carried his point by judicious management. Having himself lacked the advantages of a careful instruction, he made many sacrifices that his children might have the benefit of a liberal education; but he left to each the free choice of his profession.

These cares of the family and his protracted studies left Prof. Dean but little time to cultivate society. He was of a very social disposition; but he felt that he must deny himself that gratification rather than neglect his duties. Hence he sought society in his family, his classes, a few intimate friends, and in his books. Besides, his long continued studies had, to some extent, unfitted him to enjoy social gatherings. He felt most at home in his library; and there he received his friends with the utmost cordiality.

He was very easy of approach, drawing everybody, and especially young people and children, to him by his pleasant smile and kindly greeting. His manners were homely and unaffected, but no one could mistake the largeness of his heart and the sincerity of his nature that prompted every act. True nobility shows itself in a refined sensibility that feels for other's misfortunes, and shrinks from obtruding itself on the attention of others. But when called out, it is genial, prompt to render acts of kindness, and anxious to make all about it happy.

Prof. Dean was a firm believer in religion. He seemed almost to have grown up into the kingdom. From his boyhood he maintained a pure and unblemished life. His principles were firmly established; and, though subjected to the hitherto unknown temptations of college and city life, he did

not yield. He did not, however, make a public profession of religion till soon after his marriage, when he united himself with the Fourth Presbyterian church of Albany, then under the charge of the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D.D. His religion was that of the heart and life, his grand actuating motive. He considered the subject as one sacred to every heart, and therefore he made no parade of it. He lived it.

His last sickness was very short. He was taken ill Sunday morning, January 19, 1868, and suffered acute pain for two days, when he seemed to improve. His friends and class had strong hopes of seeing and hearing him again in a few days. But, though we little dreamed it, his work was done. Sunday night, January 26, 1868, he suddenly but peacefully entered into that rest prepared for the people of God.

But a short time before his sickness, he quoted the following beautiful lines which, in view of his peaceful departure, seemed almost prophetic:

"Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through stormy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
'Twill cost a sigh, perhaps a tear.
Then steal away, giving little warning,
Say not good night,
But in some happier clime
Wish me good morning."

We have thus endeavored to sketch the character of Amos Dean. We submit it to his friends with confidence, knowing that they will supply what is lacking; and to the general reader with the hope that he will overlook its imperfections.

ELIJAH.

AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH CONCERT, OCTOBER 1ST, 1894.

[A very short time before her death Miss Helen M. Cox appeared in concert, rendering with unusual sweetness and force an Aria from Elijah, "Hear Ye, Israel." It was her last appearance in public in the use of her gift of song.

Soon after, she became the wife of Mr. David Fairchild and in a few short weeks her sweet voice was hushed in death.

The following tribute from the pen of Mrs. Isadore Baker appeared in the *Iowa State Press*. It is a tribute of affection from one artist to another. Mrs. Fairchild was well and favorably known throughout the State as a musician of rare attainments. Mrs. Baker has a national reputation as a writer for magazines.]

"**G**RATEFUL, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell."

Had we but known 'twere last that we should hear,
Her sweet voice, thrilling and divinely clear,
As sings the lark when heaven's gate is near,
Would we have listened with more rapt intent
The prophet's message—"Hear ye Israel,
Be not afraid, be comforted; 'tis well."
Heard we-- and knew it not --a soul's farewell
From frail mortality's environment?

She loved the music of great master-tone
Of Hayden, Mozart, Bach and Mendelssohn,
Their themes of joy so like to nature's own
In deathless forms of rhythmic harmony;
For music to the soul doth joy impart,
'Tis love's expression glorified in art,
And brings a solace unto every heart
That heeds the mystic charm of melody.

"Hear ye, O Israel,"—the sacred theme
Comes to our hearts again as if in dream,
Through death's dark night of mystery supreme
Where faith alone can light the starless gloom—
The faith that doubts not God's eternity,
That life lives on in measure glad and free,
Nor ends in silence and mystery
As fades the rose upon an earthly tomb.

I. B.

ALUMNI OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
IN PUBLIC LIFE.

BY JAMES A. ROHBACH.

[NOTE. The purpose of this article is to give briefly a sketch of those graduates who have filled any Federal, State or Judicial office, and necessarily excludes the many who have been members of the State Senate and House of Representatives, county officers and others distinguished in their profession. To all of whom their Alma Mater points with just pride.

The arrangement of the names is in alphabetical order, the numerals following the name indicating the year of graduation. Wherever an alumnus is a graduate of more than one department, the numerals refer to the date of graduation from but one department in order as follows: 1st Collegiate, 2nd Law, 3rd Normal (this department was merged into the Collegiate in 1873). Thus where an alumnus is a graduate of all three departments, the numerals would refer to date of graduation from the Collegiate; were he a graduate of the Law and Normal, they would indicate the year of graduation from the Law. In all cases where the alumnus is a graduate of more than one department, the sketch will set forth such fact.

The Iowa Law School was founded at Des Moines in 1865 and in 1868 the Law Department was established, and the Iowa Law School became consolidated that year with the Law Department, and by the terms of the compact between the University and the Iowa Law School, the graduates of the latter were adopted as graduates of the former. The founding of the Department was then antedated and made to include the graduates of the Classes of 1865-67-68.]

BENJAMIN STANTON BAKER, '74, Omaha, Nebraska, was born at Sabula, Iowa, February 8, 1850. He graduated from the Normal Department of the State University in 1872, and from the Law Department in 1874 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From 1874 to 1876 he was Superintendent of Schools, Hamilton County, Iowa. Removed to Nebraska and was elected to the State Legislature, representing his constituency in that capacity from 1889 to 1891. In 1890 he was appointed United States Attorney for the District of Nebraska and occupied the office until 1894. Mr. Baker is now engaged in the active practice of his profession.

RIPLEY N. BAYLIES, '67, Chicago, Illinois; was born September 5, 1845, at Greensburg, St. Helena Parish, Louisiana, and graduated from the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University of Iowa, in 1867 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He has been engaged since his graduation in the practice of the law, and since 1888 has also engaged extensively in building and promoting Electric Street Railways in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana.

He was a corporal in Company F., 47th Iowa Infantry, and remained in the service from April to October, 1864. In 1884 he was Circuit Judge of the Fifth Judicial District of Iowa.

WILLIAM BROMWELL BURNET, '79, Cincinnati, Ohio, was born at his present address, July 15, 1854. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University in 1879 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and received a certificate for the advanced course, then provided for by the Department, in 1880. He has since actively engaged in the practice of law at Cincinnati. During the years 1886-1889 he was United States Attorney for the Southern District of Ohio.

PORTER WILEY BURR, '73, Charles City, Iowa, was born in Mercer, Maine. He received his education at Griswold College, Davenport, graduating from that institution with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1872, and in 1873 graduated from the Law Department of the State University receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From 1877 to 1881 he was Clerk of Courts for Floyd County, and for one year, 1881 to 1882, was Mayor of Charles City. Elected City Attorney and held the office from 1883 to 1887, and since 1893 has been Judge of the Twelfth Judicial District of Iowa.

JOHN RIDDLE CALDWELL, '84, Toledo, Iowa, was born January 28, 1856, at Arch Springs, Blair County, Pennsylvania. He removed with his parents in 1863 to Philadelphia and there attended the public schools, afterwards attending Logan Academy at Bellwood, Pennsylvania. In 1873 he

began teaching in public schools, spending his summers working upon the farm. He removed to Iowa in 1877 and from 1879 to 1883 was Principal of the Dysart, Iowa, public schools, and taught in four Tama County Normal Institutes, civil government and history. In 1884 he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Law Department of the State University. In 1885 he was appointed a member of the commission to locate the Soldiers' Home in Iowa. He was County Attorney of Tama County from 1887 to 1890 inclusive, and was appointed Judge of the Seventeenth Judicial District of Iowa, entering upon his duties January, 1892, and was elected in the fall of that year for the unexpired term, serving until January, 1895.

JOHN CAMPBELL, '77, Colorado Springs, Colorado, was born September 13, 1853, in Monroe County, Indiana. He attended both the Collegiate and Law Departments of the State University, graduating from the former with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1877, and from the latter in 1879 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and subsequently received the degree of Master of Arts from his alma mater. Removed to Colorado Springs in December, 1879, and was actively engaged in the practice of the law until elected District Judge in 1888. He was City Attorney 1880-81-82, and County Attorney one year for El Paso County. Served as member of the house from El Paso County in the State Legislature, session of 1885, and as State Senator, session of 1887, resigning the senatorship in the fall of 1888 to accept nomination to district judgeship of the Fourth Judicial District of Colorado; was elected and served as District Judge six years. In the fall of 1894 was nominated by the Republican State Convention for Supreme Judge and was elected last November to that office for a term of nine years. His address is now, care Supreme Court Chambers, Denver. Judge Campbell has been for more than ten years a member of the Board of Trustees of Colorado College, situated at Colorado Springs, and has been Chairman of the executive committee of the

same. He is an active church worker, serving for many years as a trustee of the First Congregational Church at his home. He is now also Lecturer on Private and Municipal Corporations in the Law Department of the State University of Colorado at Boulder.

GEORGE H. CARR, '77, Des Moines, Iowa, was born November 23, 1852, at Whitehall, New York, and in 1877 graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He served as Mayor of Emmetsburg from 1884 to 1886, and was Judge of the Fourteenth Judicial District of Iowa, from January 1, 1887, to October 13, 1894, when he resigned and removed to his present address, becoming a member of the law firm of Carr & Parker.

ALEXANDER CLARK, '84, formerly of Muscatine, Iowa, was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, February 25, 1826. He removed to Iowa in 1842 and took up his residence at Muscatine, where he engaged for more than a quarter of a century in business as a barber, when because of failing health he was compelled to seek other employment. He then engaged in Masonic work in the colored lodges and in publishing a newspaper at Chicago. He was among the most prominent of the colored men of the United States. In 1884 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was appointed United States Minister to Liberia in 1890, and died at Monrovia the capital of that country, June, 1891.

CLARENCE DORR CLARK, '74, Evanston, Wyoming, was born at Sandy Creek, N. Y., April 16, 1851. He went to Iowa when a lad with his parents and after receiving the rudiments of an education in the common schools, entered the Law Department of the State University, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1874. He taught school for four years, and since that time has been engaged in the practice of his profession. Removed to his present home in 1881

and has served five years as prosecuting attorney of Uinta County, Wyo. Was elected to the Fifty-first Congress, and reëlected to the Fifty-second, being Wyoming's first Representative in the National House of Representatives. He was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming by President Harrison, but declined. Senator Clark was chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of his State January last, to fill a vacancy existing on account of the failure of the Legislature to elect in 1893 and on February 8 last took his seat as a Senator in Congress. His term of office expires March 4, 1899.

JAMES PERRY CONNER, '73, Denison, Iowa, was born in Delaware County, Indiana, January 22, 1851, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1873. He was District Attorney for the 13th Judicial District of Iowa, and Judge of the Circuit Court of the same district for the years 1885 and 1886, and for the following four years was Judge of the District Court of the 16th Judicial District. In 1892 was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis. Judge Conner is now engaged in the active practice of the law at Denison, Iowa.

COE I. CRAWFORD, '82, Pierre, South Dakota, is a native of Iowa, having been born in Allamakee County, January 14, 1858. In 1882 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was States Attorney of Hughes County, Dakota from 1886 to 1888, and was a member of the Legislative Council of Dakota Territory during its last session (1889) and also a member during 1889-90 of the first State Senate of South Dakota. He is now serving his second term as Attorney General of South Dakota, having been reëlected in 1894.

HORACE EMERSON DEEMER, '79, Red Oak, Iowa, was born September 24, 1858, at Bourbon, Marshall County, Indiana, and graduated from the Law Department of the State Uni-

versity in 1879 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From the date of his graduation until 1887 was engaged in the practice of his profession. Prior, thereto, however, he engaged for a time in the furniture and lumber business. From 1887 to 1894 he was Judge of the District Court, Fifteenth Judicial District of Iowa, and in May 1894 was appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Jackson and elected in November, 1894, for the term expiring December 31, 1898. Judge Deemer is a lecturer in the Law Department.

CHARLES B. ELLIOTT, '81, Minneapolis, Minn., was born in Morgan County, Ohio, January 6, 1861, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws, in 1881. The University of Minnesota has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was Judge of the Municipal Court of Minneapolis, from January 15, 1890 to January 4, 1894, and is now Judge of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of Minnesota, having entered upon his duties as such January 4, 1894, his term expiring January, 1901. He was a lecturer in the College of Law, University of Minnesota from 1889 and since 1894 has been professor of Corporation and International Law. Judge Elliott has written numerous magazine articles and the following books: *United States and Northwestern Fisheries*, 1887, 1 Vol. 157 pages; *The Principles of the Law of Private Corporations*, 1895, 1 Vol. 600 pages.

WILLIAM R. ELLIS, '74, Heppner, Oregon, was born near Waveland, Montgomery County, Indiana, April 23, 1850. He removed to Guthrie County, Iowa, in 1855, and spent his time until eighteen years old in attending the district schools and working upon the farm, and for the next three years divided his time between teaching school and farming. He attended the Iowa Agricultural College and subsequently graduated from the Law Department of the State University in 1874 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. After gradua-

tion, for two years he practiced law and engaged in newspaper work at Hamburg, Iowa. He also served that city two years as City Attorney and one year as its Mayor. Removing to Oregon in 1883, he has resided at his present address ever since 1884. He has served one term as County Superintendent of schools, and three terms as District Attorney of the Seventh Judicial District of Oregon. In 1892 he was elected to the Fifty-third Congress as a Representative from the Second Oregon District and was reelected in 1894 to the Fifty-fourth Congress.

JOSEPH COE ELWELL, '72, Pueblo, Colorado, was born in Milford Center, Union County, Ohio, October 19, 1850. He entered the Junior Class of the Collegiate Department of the State University, taking the Classical course, but gave up his college course for the law, graduating from the Law Department with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1872. He was district attorney of the Third Judicial District of Colorado, 1886-87-88, and in 1888 was nominated for district judge, carrying five counties out of six, the sixth being the strong Democratic county of Los Animas. In 1891 the Third Judicial District was divided by the Legislature and Pueblo County was made a part of the tenth district. Gov. Routt appointed him the same year judge of the tenth district and in the fall of that year he was elected for full term 1891-1894. Judge Elwell is now engaged in the practice of the law at Pueblo, Colorado, having failed of reelection, although nominated over ten other aspirants, being defeated by a combination of various organizations. Judge Elwell is the happy father of seven children, three girls and four boys.

SAMUEL MILTON ELWOOD, '73, Sac City, Iowa, was born at Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, September 17, 1850. He attended both Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa, and the Agricultural College at Ames, but did not graduate from either. In 1873 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was

elected Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Iowa in 1894, and entered upon the duties of that office January 1895, his present term expiring January 1899.

CHARLES D. FULLER, '80, Fairfield, Iowa, was born at Agency City, Iowa, July 8, 1860, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1880. For four years (1890-1894) he was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Iowa. Since January, 1894, he has been United States Attorney for the Southern District of Iowa.

WILLIAM E. FULLER, '70, West Union, Iowa, was born at Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania, March 30, 1846. He was educated at the Upper Iowa University, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1870. In 1866 and 1867, he held a position in the office of Indian affairs, Department of the Interior. He was a Representative in the General Assembly of Iowa 1876 and 1877. Served six years as a member of the West Union Board of Education and was its President. He was a Representative from Iowa in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, and is now engaged in the practice of his profession, having since his retirement from Congress served his city as its solicitor.

FRANK R. GAYNOR, '77, Le Mars, Iowa, was born September 2, 1852, at Hamilton, Canada. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University in 1877, with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and has actively engaged in the practice of law. He is now serving his second term as Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, having been first elected in 1890 and reelected in 1894.

JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS, '74, Indianapolis, Indiana, was born October 7, 1855. He graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University in 1874, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1875 from the Law Department

with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession. In 1877 he was a Representative in the Indiana Legislature, and from January, 1889, until January 1893, was Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

WILLIAM JOHN HADDOCK, '61, Iowa City, Iowa, was born near Belfast, Ireland, February 28, 1835. He is of Scotch descent. In 1849 he came to America, landing at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He graduated from the Normal Department of the State University in 1861, and in 1862 was admitted to the practice of the law. In 1872 he was appointed Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Iowa and served out the unexpired term. The same year he was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior on the committee to investigate the charges of fraud against the Indian agent of the Pawnee tribe. In 1864 he was chosen Secretary of the Board of Regents of the State University and has held that position continuously since that date.

ALVAH L. HAGER, '75, Greenfield, Iowa, was born October 29, 1850, at Levant, Chautauqua County, New York. In the spring of 1859 his family removed to Iowa, locating in Jackson County, and in 1863 removed to Jones County and engaged in farming. He received his education in the public schools; entered the Law Department of the State University in the fall of 1874, and graduated therefrom in 1875 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The same year he began the practice of the law at Greenfield, and later served his city two years as its Mayor. He was a Senator in the Twenty-fourth General Assembly, representing the Sixteenth Senatorial District, and in 1892 was elected a representative from the Ninth Congressional District of Iowa in the Fifty-third Congress, and was reelected to the Fifty-fourth Congress.

DICK HANEY, '74, Mitchell, South Dakota, was born at Lansing, Iowa, November 10, 1852. He was educated at Iowa Wesleyan University, and the Law Department of the

State University, graduating from the latter in 1874 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was city attorney of Lansing several years, and for seven years was an active member of the Iowa National Guard, entering as a private and holding the position of Second and First Lieutenant and Captain in succession, which last position he resigned when he removed to Dakota. He was District Attorney of Aurora County, Dakota Territory, from January to November, 1889, and Judge of the Circuit Court of the Fourth Circuit, South Dakota, from the admission of the State November 2, 1889, to the present time, having entered upon his second term January, 1894. His present term of office expires January, 1898.

JOHN W. HARVEY, '68, Leon, Iowa, was born at Bluffton, Indiana, September 16, 1840, and graduated from the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University, in 1868 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He served three years, ten months and two days in the army, entering the service as a member of Company G, Eighteenth Iowa Infantry, and served his company as Sergeant and First Lieutenant, and was later Quartermaster with the rank of Captain in the United States service. He has served as President of the Leon School Board for ten years, and is now President of Farmers and Traders State Bank of Leon. He was elected Judge of the Third Judicial District of Iowa in 1882 and served two terms, from January, 1883, to January, 1891.

JOSEPH CHURCH HELM, '74, Denver, Colorado, was born June 30, 1848. He entered the State University in the fall of 1866, and was in attendance the succeeding four years in the college class of 1871, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Didactics in 1870. He returned in 1873, and entered the Law Department, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1874. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him some five years ago. He was a member of the Colorado House of Representatives from 1877 to 1879, and of the State Senate from 1879 to 1881, resigning the sen-

atorship to become Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Colorado, which position he held until 1883, when he became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, being Chief Justice from 1889 to the fall of 1892, when he resigned to become the Republican candidate for Governor, but failed of election. He served in the army three years, entering the service August, 1861, as a member of Company B, 13th United States Infantry. Of this time he served eighteen months as drummer boy and the same length of time as a private. From March, 1865, to April, 1866, he was a member of Company D, 6th Infantry, First (Hancock's) Army Corps. He is now engaged in the active practice of the law.

ROBERT CHANEY HENRY, '69, Mt. Ayr, Iowa, was born December 14, 1841, in Harrison County, Ohio, and removed to Iowa in 1844. Until he was twenty-seven years old he followed farming; then entered the Law Department of the State University, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1869. From January, 1879, to January, 1883, and from January, 1887, to January, 1891, he was Judge of the Third Judicial District of Iowa. He served in the army as a private in Company A, 13th Iowa Infantry, and later as a member of Company F, 45th Iowa Infantry.

FRANK DORR JACKSON, '74, Des Moines, Iowa, was born January 26, 1854, at Arcade, Wyoming County, New York, removing to Iowa in 1867. He spent his early days working upon the farm and attending the common schools. He attended the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, and subsequently entered the Law Department of the State University, graduating in 1874 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He engaged actively in the practice of law until 1882, when he was unanimously chosen Secretary of the State Senate. In 1884 he was elected Secretary of State of Iowa, and reelected to the same position in 1886 and in 1888 respectively. In 1886 he was chosen Vice-President of the Royal Union Insurance Company, and in 1890 was chosen its Presi-

dent. He was elected Governor of Iowa in 1893 and entered upon the duties of that office January, 1894, his term expiring January, 1896.

WILLIAM JOHN JEFFRIES, '73, deceased, was born in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, July 27, 1846. He attended Monmouth College, Illinois, and Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and subsequently entered the Law Department of the State University, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1873. He entered upon the practice of the law at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, soon after graduation, and in 1880 was elected Judge of the First Circuit of the First Judicial District of Iowa, and was reelected in 1884, serving from January, 1881, to January, 1887. • Died January 18, 1889.

MARTIN NELSON JOHNSON, '73, Petersburg, North Dakota, was born in Racine County, Wisconsin, March 3, 1850, and removed to Iowa the same year. He graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873, and in 1876 graduated from the Law Department with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The same year his alma mater conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. He spent two years as a teacher in the California Military Academy, at Oakland, California, immediately after graduation from the Collegiate Department. In 1876 he was a Presidential Elector. From 1876 to 1883 he practiced law in Iowa, serving in 1876-7 as a member of the Iowa State Legislature and from 1878 to 1882 as a Senator, after which time he removed to Dakota. From 1886 to 1890 he was District Attorney, and in 1889 was a member of the Constitutional Convention of North Dakota, and also Chairman of the first Republican State Convention held in North Dakota. He was a candidate for the United States Senate that same year and received forty-two out of eighty Republican votes, but was beaten by a coalition of the Democrats with the minority of the Republican caucus. In

1890 he was elected a Representative in the Fifty-second Congress, and has since been reëlected successively to the Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Congresses.

MARCUS KAVANAGH, JR., '78, Chicago, Illinois, was born at Des Moines, Iowa, September 3, 1858. He graduated from the Seminary of Our Lady of Angles, Niagara Falls, New York, in 1876 with the degree of Bachelor of Science and subsequently received his Master's degree. In 1878 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He entered actively upon the practice of law at Des Moines, Iowa, upon graduation, and held the office of City Solicitor of Des Moines from 1882 to 1886. He was Judge of the Ninth Judicial District of Iowa, from January, 1887 to January, 1891. After the expiration of his term as Judge, he removed to his present address.

SCOTT M. LADD, '81, Sheldon, Iowa, was born June 22, 1855, at Sharon, Walworth County, Wisconsin, and spent his early days upon the farm. He graduated from Carthage College, Illinois, in 1879, with the degree of Bachelor of Science, and in 1882 received his Master's degree from the same institution. In 1881 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University, with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From 1881 to 1887 he was actively engaged in the practice of the law and since January, 1887, has been Judge of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, and has been twice reëlected, his present term expiring January, 1899.

CHARLES H. LEWIS, '69, Sioux City, Iowa, was born October 17, 1839, in Erie County, New York. Until he was twenty years of age he remained on the farm; subsequently entered Cornell College, Iowa, and spent three and a half years in that institution. He served three years in the war, entering as a private of Company H, 27th Iowa Infantry, August 2, 1862. At the expiration of one year, was promoted to Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, and on August 7, 1864, was commissioned as its Adjutant. He was mustered out as

Adjutant with the Regiment August 5, 1865. For the next three years he engaged in the mercantile business. In 1869 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He entered upon the practice of the law upon his graduation, and was District Attorney of the Fourth Judicial District from 1870 to 1875, and was Judge of the same District from 1875 to 1891. He is now engaged in the practice of his profession.

JOSEPH LYMAN, '66, formerly of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was born at Lyons, Michigan, September 13, 1840. He had but fairly started in his college studies, when the war broke out, and he enlisted as a private in Company E, 4th Iowa Cavalry. From October, 1862, to February, 1865, he was Adjutant of the 29th Iowa Infantry, and then became its Major. During the year 1864 he was Aide-de-camp and Inspector General on the staff of Brigadier-General Rice, and from February, 1865, until his muster-out he was Aide-de-camp and Assistant Inspector General on the staff of Major-General Steele. He graduated from the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University, in 1866 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Council Bluffs, Iowa. From 1867 to 1870 he was Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue of the Fifth Iowa District, and from January 1 to December 31, 1884, he was Judge of the Thirteenth Judicial District of Iowa. He was a Representative from the Ninth Iowa District in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. Died 1890.

NATHAN WILSON MACY, '73, Harlan, Iowa, was born March 25, 1848, at Knightstown, Henry County, Indiana. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Didactics from the Normal Department, and with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the Collegiate Department of the State University in 1873, and in 1875 graduated from the Law Department, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He has also received the degree of Master of Arts. He taught school

from the fall of 1876 to the winter of 1880, and then engaged in the practice of the law. In 1888 he was first elected to the bench as one of the Judges of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Iowa, and has been successively reëlected, and is now serving in that capacity.

EMLIN MCCLAIN, '71, Iowa City, Iowa, was born November 26, 1851, at Salem, Ohio, and removed to Iowa in 1855. He graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University in 1871 with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, and in 1872 in the Classical Course with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1873 from the Law Department with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From 1873 to 1881 he engaged in the practice of the law in Des Moines, and during the years 1875-77 he was Clerk of the Committee on Claims in the United States Senate. In 1881 he became a Professor of Law in the Law Department of the State University, and has held that position continuously since that date. From 1887 to 1890 he was Vice-Chancellor, and since 1890 has been Chancellor of the Law Department. He has published the following books: *Annotated Statutes of Iowa*, 1880; *Outlines of Criminal Law and Procedure*, 1883; *Iowa Digest*, 1887; *Annotated Code of Iowa*, 1888; *Synopsis of Elementary Law and the Law of Personal Property*, 1891; *Cases on the Law of Carriers*, 1894. In 1882 his alma mater conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1891 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the State University and also from Findlay College, Ohio. He has been the Delegate from Iowa to Convention of Commissioners from various States to secure uniform laws, and in 1894 was elected by the State Senate Code Commissioner of Iowa, and is now holding that position.

JOHN JAMES MCDANNOLD, '74, formerly of Mt. Sterling, Illinois, now of Chicago, was born in Brown County, Illinois, August 29, 1851. He spent his boyhood days upon the farm, receiving his early education in the common schools and at a

private school at Quincy, Illinois. In 1874 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and entered upon the practice of the law at Mt. Sterling, of which city he has been Mayor. He was appointed Master in Chancery for Brown County, October, 1885, and has held office continuously since. In 1886 he was elected County Judge, and was reëlected in 1890, resigning October, 1892, having been nominated for Congress, and was elected in November of the same year as the Representative from the Twelfth District of Illinois in the Fifty-third Congress. In December, 1894, he formed a partnership to practice law in the city of Chicago.

WILLIAM M. MCFARLAND, '80, Des Moines, Iowa, was born in Posey County, Indiana, April 1, 1848. He graduated from Iowa Wesleyan University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873. He subsequently engaged in the newspaper business. In 1880 he graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He removed to Estherville, Iowa, in 1884, and in 1887 was elected to the Twenty-second General Assembly as a representative, and was reëlected in 1889. In 1890 he was nominated and elected Secretary of State of Iowa, and was reëlected in 1892 and 1894. His present term expires January, 1897.

JOHN JOSEPH MCHATTON, '83, Butte City, Montana, was born February 3, 1860, at Mt. Sterling, Illinois. He engaged early in life in farming and teaching. In 1883 he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Law Department of the State University. He was Associate Judge of the Municipal Court of Stillwater, Minn., in 1884. For one month during 1885 he was City Clerk and Attorney of Butte, Montana, to fill a vacancy, and was Judge of the Butte City Municipal Court 1886-1887. In October, 1889, he was elected Judge of the Second Judicial District of Montana, and entered upon his duties immediately after election. He was

reelected without opposition in 1890 and again in 1892, his present term expiring January, 1897.

SMITH MCPHERSON, '70, Red Oak, Iowa, was born February 14, 1848. He received his education in the common schools and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1870. He has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession since November of that year. From August, 1874 to December, 1880, he was District Attorney of the Third Iowa Judicial District, and from January, 1881, to January, 1885, he was Attorney General of Iowa.

GEORGE W. NIMOCKS, '71, Great Bend, Kansas, was born May 31, 1844, in Jefferson County, Iowa. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University in 1871, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Since 1872 he has practiced law at his present home. During the war he served as a private in Company K, 47th Regiment Iowa Infantry. He has been elected Prosecuting Attorney of Barton County, Kansas, four times, and has served in that capacity eight years. He was Judge of the Twentieth Judicial District of Kansas in 1885.

JOHN W. NOWLIN, '75, formerly of Rapid City, South Dakota, was born May 12, 1852, at Princeton, Scott County, Iowa. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University in 1875 with the Degree of Bachelor of Laws. He removed to Dakota Territory after graduation. In 1878 he was elected Probate Judge of Pennington County, Dakota, and was reelected in 1880. In 1882 he was elected to the Territorial Legislature, and in October, 1889, he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court of the Seventh Judicial District of South Dakota, and was serving in this capacity when he died, March 31, 1892.

JOHN F. OLIVER, '79, Onawa, Iowa, was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, June 15, 1855. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of

Bachelor of Laws in 1879. He has engaged actively in the practice of law since graduation, and was elected Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa in 1894, assuming the duties of that office January following. His present term expires January, 1899.

JOHN A. PICKLER, '70, Faulkton, South Dakota, was born January 24, 1844, near Salem, Washington County, Indiana. He removed to Davis County, Iowa, at the age of nine years, and at eighteen entered the army, serving three and a half years, two years of this time in the ranks of the Third Iowa Cavalry, and was mustered out as Captain in that regiment. He also served six months as Major of the 138th United States Infantry (Colored). In 1870 he graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University, with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, and in 1872 graduated from the Law Department of the University of Michigan. He was elected District Attorney of Adair County, 1872, and in 1874 removed to Muscatine, Iowa. In 1880 he was a Presidential Elector, and the following year was elected a member of the State Legislature. He removed to Dakota in 1883, and in 1884 was elected to the Territorial Legislature of Dakota. He was appointed in 1889 Inspector in Public Land Service in the Department of the Interior, and was a member of the Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third, and has been reelected to the Fifty-fourth Congress.

WILLIAM BARLOW QUARTON, '82, Algona, Iowa, was born August 24, 1858, at Carlinville, Illinois. He graduated from Oskaloosa College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881, and in 1882 from the Law Department of the State University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. From the date of his graduation up to October, 1894, he was actively engaged in the practice of the law, at which latter date he was appointed District Judge to fill a vacancy in the Fourteenth Judicial District of Iowa, and was elected the following November for a full term, which expires January, 1899.

NATHANIEL BURR RAYMOND, '81, Des Moines, Iowa, was born September 9, 1855, at Cincinnati, Ohio, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1881, and has been engaged in the practice of his profession. He was editor of the *Western Jurist* during 1882 and 1883. In 1890 he was elected Reporter of the Supreme Court of Iowa, and held that office from January, 1891, to January, 1895.

MILTON REMLEY, '67, Iowa City, Iowa, was born in Lewisburg, West Virginia, October 12, 1844, removing to Iowa in 1855 and locating on a farm near Iowa City. In 1867 he graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1872 received his Master's degree. From 1872 to 1874 he practiced law at Anamosa, Iowa, and during the latter year removed to Iowa City, where he has since been actively engaged in the practice of the law. In 1888 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention held at Chicago, and in 1892 was Presidential Elector at Large. In 1894 he was elected Attorney General of Iowa and entered upon his duties January, 1895.

DAVID RYAN, '67, Newton, Iowa, was born March 15, 1840, in Washington County, New York. He enlisted in the army, August, 1861, as a private in Company E., 8th Regiment Iowa Infantry, and in September, 1861, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and on July 4, 1863, was promoted to the Captaincy of the same company. In February, 1864 he was commissioned Colonel of the 2nd Regiment Enrolled Militia, Division West Tennessee, and was mustered out of the United States service May, 1865. He was a prisoner of war for six months, part of the time at Libby Prison. He graduated from the Central University, at Pella, Iowa, in 1866 with the degree of Bachelor of Science, and in 1867 from the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

He was a Representative in the Eleventh General Assembly of Iowa, and in 1886 was elected Judge of the Sixth Judicial District of Iowa and has been reelected twice, his present term expiring January, 1899.

ROBERT RYAN, '67, Lincoln, Nebraska, was born in Washington County, New York, July 22, 1843. He graduated from the Iowa Law School, now the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1867 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He enlisted in the army August 12, 1861, and served three years in Company E., 8th Regiment Iowa Infantry, in 1862 he was promoted to Sergeant. He was captured at Shiloh and was held as a prisoner of war for two months. The Legislature of 1892-93 of Nebraska having created the office of Commissioner of the Supreme Court, whose duties are largely the same as those of Supreme Court Judge, he was appointed to this position March 16, 1893, and is now serving in that capacity.

EDWARD PAXSON SEEDS, '77, Manchester, Iowa, was born August 1, 1855, at Wilmington, Delaware, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1877. He served as City Clerk of Manchester during 1881 and from 1882 to 1885 was in the Railway Mail Service. He was City Solicitor 1886-87, and a Senator in the General Assembly of Iowa during the sessions of 1883 and 1890. In 1890 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico and served as such four years. He is now engaged in the practice of the law at Manchester, Iowa.

JOHN JOSEPH SEERLEY, '75, Burlington, Iowa, was born at Toulon, Stark County, Illinois, March 13, 1852. He graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University in 1875 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1877 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Law Department. He was Principal of the Iowa City High School, 1876, and in 1877 began the practice of law at his present home. From

1885 to 1891 he was City Solicitor of Burlington. In 1888 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated, but in 1890 he was successful in his candidacy, being elected a Representative from the First Iowa District in the Fifty-second Congress, and since April, 1893, has again been City Solicitor.

ELLISON GRIFFITH SMITH, '74, Yankton, South Dakota, was born December 5, 1852, in Noble County, Ohio. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873 from Lenox College, Iowa, and in 1874 graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was Register in Bankruptcy from 1877 to 1880, and Reporter of the Supreme Court of Dakota Territory from 1878 to 1886. From 1879 to 1885 he was Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Dakota Territory, and during the same years was Territorial District Attorney. He was a member of the Upper House of the Territorial Legislature 1886 to 1888, and since 1889 has been Judge of the First Judicial District of South Dakota, having three years yet to serve unexpired term.

JOSEPH HENRY SWENEY, '81, Osage, Iowa, was born in Warren County, Pennsylvania, October 2, 1845, and was educated in the common schools of Pennsylvania and Iowa, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1881. He was a Sergeant in Company K, 27th Iowa Infantry, during the war, serving three years. For four years he was Colonel of the Sixth Regiment, Iowa National Guard; was subsequently Brigadier-General and Inspector General of the State. In 1883 he was elected a Senator in the General Assembly of Iowa, and reelected in 1887. He was President pro tem. of the Senate, served as Chairman of the Senate Railway Committee in the Twenty-first and Twenty-second General Assemblies, and during his entire service in the Senate was a member of the Judiciary and Military Committees. In 1888 he was elected to Congress and served as a Representative in the Fifty-first Congress.

WILLIAM H. TEDFORD, '69, Corydon, Iowa, was born November 8, 1844, in Blount County, Tennessee. He enlisted at the age of sixteen years in Company F, 11th Regiment Iowa Infantry, and served as private and non-commissioned officer three years and nearly eleven months. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1869. In 1884 he was a Presidential Elector, and in 1890 was elected Judge of the Third Judicial District of Iowa and in 1894 was reelected to the same position by the unanimous vote of both the Republican and Democratic parties. His present term expires January, 1899.

WILLIE D. TISDALE, '75, Ottumwa, Iowa, was born at Bloomfield, Iowa, February 23, 1853, and graduated from the Collegiate Department of the State University in 1875 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1878 from the Law Department with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was City Solicitor of Ottumwa from 1880 to 1882, and Judge of the Second Judicial District of Iowa from 1893 to 1895. He is now engaged in the practice of the law.

ANTHONY VAN WAGENEN, '76, Sioux City, Iowa, was born in Washington County, Iowa, December 28, 1852, and graduated from the Law Department of the State University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1876. He engaged in the practice of the law at Washington, Iowa, until 1882, when he removed to Lyon County, Iowa, and was in active practice for eight years, when he retired from general practice to devote his entire time to the Lyon County Bond Cases. In 1892 he was appointed Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, and elected the same fall for the remainder of the term. He refused to be a candidate for reelection in 1894, and is now engaged in the active practice of the law at his present home.


MARTIN JOSEPH WADE, '86, Iowa City Iowa, was born October 20, 1861, at Burlington, Vermont. He graduated from the Law Department of the State University, with the

degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1886, and engaged actively in the practice of law. During the years 1890-1892, he lectured in his alma mater, and from September, 1892, to January, 1894, he was Professor of Law, and since that date has been Lecturer on the Law of Evidence. He was appointed Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Iowa, in December, 1893, and in November, 1894, was elected to fill the unexpired term and also for full term from January, 1895, to January, 1899.

PATRICK B. WOLFE, '70, Clinton, Iowa, was born in Chicago, Illinois, October 7, 1848. He removed to Clinton County, Iowa in 1852 and has since resided in the county. He attended the Christian Brothers' School at La Salle, Illinois for two years and subsequently the State University for one year, then entering the Law Department and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1870. He began the practice of the law at DeWitt, Iowa, in 1871, and was City Attorney for four years, and a member of the school board for fifteen years. He was elected to the State Senate in 1885 and reëlected in 1889, resigning in 1891 to accept the Judgeship of the Seventh Judicial District of Iowa, which had become vacant by the resignation of Judge Howat, and in 1892 was elected to fill out the unexpired term, and in 1894 he was re-elected. He removed from DeWitt to Clinton, his present address, in 1893.

THE BATTLE FLAGS OF IOWA.

By S. H. M. BYERS.

 READ softly here. 'Tis valor's home:
Sons of a noble West,
Beneath the splendors of this dome
'Tis fit your banners rest.
Oh! remnant of a mighty host
That marshalled for the fray,
Nor feared war's dreadful holocaust
Be welcome here to-day.

Bear once again the flags ye bore
 'Midst howling shot and shell,
And squadron's charge, and cannons' roar
 And shrieks and shouts of hell;
And touch your silken flags again,
 And kiss yon shining stars,
And hold them to your breast as when
 You held them in the wars.

Rewaken memories of the past
 That long have slumbered still,
And hear once more the bugle's blast,
 And feel the battle's thrill.
And hear again the shout, "They fly!"
 The cry the victors gave—
Oh! never yet was such a cry
 Heard this side of the grave.

And if some comrade's heart blood stain
 The tattered stripes and stars,
And naught of the old flag remain
 But faded battle scars,—
Think not 'twas vain that comrade stood
 His sacrifice too high—
For every drop of freedom's blood
 Is written on the sky.

And angels meet with smiling eyes
 The comrades that ye gave,
And welcome into Paradise
 The spirits of the brave;
And whether in the battle's smoke,
 Or in some prison drear—
God's angels heard the hearts that broke,
 And answered with a tear.

Oh! stars and stripes of Donelson,
 And Shiloh's bloody flags,
Think ye there's naught of all ye won
 Save these poor faded rags?
Think ye no memories of the past,
 Can stir our hearts to-day?
Nor cry "To Arms," nor bugle's blast,
 Nor battle's fierce array?

Oh! banners that Atlanta knew—
 And Vicksburg's frowning heights,

With bloody hands they welcomed you
In half a hundred fights.
Think ye the hands that bore you then
On Chattanooga's brow,
On Corinth's field, and Belmont's plain,
Can be forgotten now?

Cursed, doubly cursed, who would forget
That these torn banners here
With his own father's blood were wet,
With his own mother's tear;
That when on Lookout's heights was borne
Amidst the battle's shout,
Yon stars and stripes, now old and torn
His brother's life went out.

Oh! flags that never knew defeat,
Or led a conquest war,
That waved o'er many a fort and fleet,
And never lost a star;
Come there not sometimes in the night,
When all the world is still,
The heroes of Iuka's fight,
The men of Champion's Hill,

Assemble round you once again,
In uniforms of blue,
A thousand spirits of the slain,
That gave their lives for you?
From out their graves at Winchester
See ye their columns wheel?
From Pea Ridge, and from Wilson's Creek,
The stormers of Mobile?

Come they not smiling once again
About your table-round,
To sit there in the moonlight, when
There is no battle sound?
And tell of dangers half forgot,
Of battles long since by—
And how for liberty 'tis not
So hard a thing to die?

Oh! Land with patriots such as these,
Securely can'st thou rest—
And fear no foes, on land or seas,
No traitors, East or West.

Oh! Thou that kept these heroes brave
When the dark conflict came
Make us but worthy what they gave,
And worthy of their fame.

[This inspiring poem, by the gifted author of "The March to the Sea," was read at the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, at Des Moines, August 10, 1894, the anniversary of the battle of Wilson's Creek.]

EDWIN COPPOC.

[In sketches of John Brown and his men, contributed to the Salem (Ohio) Era, is the following concerning Edwin Coppoc, who, with John E. Cook, was hung at Charlestown, Virginia, December 16, 1859, for participation in John Brown's attack on the Harper's Ferry Arsenal.]

THE States of Kansas, Iowa and Ohio, contributed more men in aid of John Brown's scheme than all others put together, although the New England States perhaps did more in a financial point of view. The Iowa men who gained historic fame, and are laid away in martyr's graves, were: Edwin Coppoc, Barclay Coppoc, and Steward Taylor.

Edwin Coppoc was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, June 30th, 1835, hence at his death was in his twenty-fifth year. When Edwin was seven years old, his father, Samuel Coppoc, died and left a large family in destitute circumstances, so that the family had to be broken up and scattered among relatives. Edwin was sent to reside with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Joshua Lynch, but as his grandfather was old and there were no children about the house, Edwin soon became tired of the home and was finally placed in the family of Mr. John Butler, a worthy Quaker of the neighborhood, where he found an excellent home and where he remained until the year 1850, when he removed to Cedar county, Iowa, and lived with his

mother, who needed the assistance of the boys in starting a little farm. Mr. John Butler says of Edwin:

"In the spring of 1842 his mother applied to me to take Edwin into my family and have the care of him, he then being about seven years old, his father having died a few months previous to that time. He accordingly came without any time being fixed then, how long he should remain, and stayed with us until the spring of 1850, during which time there was nothing to remark in point of character, except that he was fearless, never manifesting anything like cowardice in times of danger or at night. He was a very industrious and careful boy, more careful and particular that everything was kept in its proper place on the farm and about the buildings, and to have his work done well and more prompt, to have it done in a given time, than is common with boys of his age."

After going to Iowa, he and his brothers labored hard to improve their prairie farm, and succeeded in building a house mostly of hard wood lumber, that still stands. Edwin worked out among the farmers and was considered one of the very best of farm hands and he was very industrious and willing, and when he was about the house made himself generally useful and by his little acts of kindness and humorous ways, endeared himself to all the matrons and maidens in the neighborhood. One of his old acquaintances says that he never saw a young man who could win the good will of ladies like Edwin Coppoc.

He and his brothers inherited a small amount of money, each, and Edwin was employed to go to Tama county and select some land for himself and brothers. He found a few excellent pieces of land which he entered for his brothers and took a rougher, poorer piece for himself. It was not in his nature to "put all the cream in his own pocket." In the spring of 1858 Edwin and three companions went to Kansas, and during the summer ran a breaking team, and in the fall cut and put up hay for sale. During the summer he had taken a claim and while absent a short time his claim was "jumped"

by an unprincipled squatter, and after a lawsuit he was compelled to abandon it. This so discouraged him, that in December he returned to Iowa and made arrangements to work the home farm during the following season. This arrangement pleased his mother (Mrs. Anna L. Raley) and step-father, who felt sure of a good crop under Edwin's care, but, alas, their hopes were doomed to be shattered, for about midsummer, the two brothers, Edwin and Barclay were found to be preparing for something, for they had sold their stock, etc., and Edwin had engaged a colored man to take care of the crop.

On the 25th, of July Barclay said to his mother:

"We are going to start to Ohio, to-day."

"Ohio!" said the mother. "I believe you are going with 'Old Brown,' and when you get the halters around your necks will you think of me?"

"We cannot die in a better cause," said the brave Barclay. So, at ten o'clock, with cheerful countenances and tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips, did these noble young men part with that mother, who had struggled for years to rear a family of children, only to see them fade with consumption, or fall in their country's cause.

DEATHS.

WILLIAM COOK, who lived at Dubuque for sixty years, died there February 11th, 1895.

JOHN L. CONZETT, a resident of Dubuque for fifty years, died in that city February 18th, 1895, aged eighty-four years.

JUSTUS CLARK, of Red Oak, died February 17th, 1895, at Los Angeles, California, aged seventy-six. He was born in Vermont, and came to Burlington in 1839, but removed to Montgomery County in 1876. He served three terms in the lower house of the Legislature, and had acquired large wealth.

MRS. ELIZABETH DUNHAM, at the age of ninety years, died March 2nd, 1895, at Clinton, where she had lived forty years. She attended the reception given General Lafayette at Geneva, Tennessee, on his visit there in 1825, by Albert Gallatin, one of the compatriots of Washington.

GEORGE W. VAN HORNE, aged sixty-one, died at Muscatine, February 8th, 1895. He had been United States Consul at Marseilles, France, by appointment of President Lincoln; was a graceful magazine writer, and a vigorous political editor. At the time of his death he was postmaster at Muscatine.

CAPTAIN I. V. DENNIS died suddenly at his home near Coralville, Iowa, December 26th, 1894. He was born November 13th, 1822, at Batavia, Clermont county, Ohio, and came to Iowa in 1839. He built the first frame house in Johnson county, and was a compositor in the office of the first newspaper published in Iowa City, the *Standard*, of which the Iowa City *Republican* is the direct and legitimate descendant. He entered the volunteer service in 1862 and was elected Captain of Company G, of the Twenty-second Iowa, Colonel William Stone's regiment. After a service of seven months in Missouri, he was discharged on account of permanent disability from sickness. He was a member of Kirkwood Grand Army Post, of Iowa City, and was buried with military honors at Oakland Cemetery, adjoining Iowa City.

NOTES.

WE are indebted to Hon. Charles Aldrich, of Des Moines, for a copy of the proceedings of the Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa, at their Reunion in February, 1894. It is a pamphlet of 152 pages and is extensively illustrated, and contains interesting addresses delivered by eminent members of the Bar, of the olden time and of the more modern days from that of the President, Hon. George G. Wright to the end.

A MEDAL two and a half inches wide and four ounces in weight is reported by the Hamilton County Journal to have been picked up on a farm in Winnebago County. It is thought to have been one of five medals issued to Indian chiefs by President Madison. On one side is Madison's profile, with the words "James Madison, President of the United States, A. D. 1809;" on the other an Indian peace pipe and tomahawk, and the words "Peace and Friendship."

WE have received from Mr. G. W. Walker, of Tama, Iowa, a letter pleasantly commenting upon the article from the pen of Capt. W. H. Michael, on "Iowa and the Navy During the Rebellion," which appeared in the October number of the Record for 1895. Mr. Walker was Chief Engineer of the Flag Ship "Black Hawk," of the Mississippi Squadron from the time she went into commission until she was burnt at Mound City, April 22, 1865, and was a worthy representative of Iowa in the Navy during the late war.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE, who enlisted as a private in the 11th Iowa Infantry, and rose by intelligence and bravery to the rank indicated above, has been appointed by the Secretary of War one of the three Commissioners to transform the battlefield of Shiloh into a National Park, as authorized by the last Congress. Cadle and General Don Carlos Buell represent respectively the Armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio, which fought on the Union side; and Major Looney, of the insurgent forces which fought there under Johnston and Beauregard, is the representative of the Confederate Army in the Commission.

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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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LYMAN PARSONS.

BY REV. T. J. DOW, IOWA CITY.

ON the 28th day of February, 1895, at his home on East Market Street, after a brief illness, occurred the death of one of Iowa City's most esteemed citizens, a man who for twenty-six years had been associated with the business and moral interests of the community. Lyman Parsons, the subject of this sketch, was born in Albany County, New York, November 12th, 1829, at a town about twenty miles north of Albany. His father, Alpheus Parsons, was a son of Adieu Parsons, a native of Massachusetts, and of English descent.

Lyman Parsons spent his boyhood days in Massachusetts, where he received a common school education. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the trade of stone cutter. In 1851 he went south, where for a time he was engaged in railroading. Then turning his attention to contracting on the Tennessee & Georgia Railroad, and later on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, helping to build the bridge at Kilbourn City, Wisconsin. In 1866 Mr. Parsons was married to Miss Elsie F. Leonard, a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Wisconsin at the time of her marriage, her father,

Luther Leonard, having removed to that State in 1860. To Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were born nine children, all of whom are living.

For ten years he was in the employ of the Rock Island Railroad Company, after which time he followed contracting for about fifteen years on the same road, doing the stone work from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1882 he severed his connection with the Rock Island Railroad, and became the following year President of the First National Bank of Iowa City, which position he held at his death.

He served the Historical Society as its Treasurer for nearly ten years; and was one of the Trustees of Close Hall, both of which offices were made vacant by his death.

Mr. Parsons' business qualities are best described by one who knew him as a business man. Below we give an extract from a paper read by the Honorable Peter A. Dey at the Parsons memorial service held in the Christian Church in Iowa City, March 10th, 1895. Mr. Dey was associated with Mr. Parsons in a business way for several years, and thus speaks of the man whom he had learned to love:

"For more than twenty years some of us have been associated with Mr. Parsons, have noted the principles, and springs of action, that governed him and formed, as we believe, a correct estimate of his character. Physically he was a strong, rugged man. His mental and moral qualities were like his physical; there was no disguise, no concealment; he met every question that arose squarely and honestly, with an unflinching courage and a will to triumph over difficulties. He did not allow himself to be discouraged by reverses, and had full faith that his enterprise, carried through faithfully and honestly, would eventually succeed. He never abandoned what he had undertaken, even under discouragements that disheartened others.

"As a banker he was always ready to extend a helping hand to the poor man who, by economy and industry, was endeavoring to meet his obligations; but, on the other hand,

he had an innate abhorrence of all trickery and dishonesty, and no patience with, or respect for, those people who sought to gratify their tastes, wants, and habits at the expense of others. While he believed every man was entitled to the full enjoyment of what he had earned or acquired, the men who lived beyond their means and attempted to prey upon the frugal and industrious were entitled to no sympathy from him, and he never failed to express his views in language that was unmistakable.

“His fortune was accumulated by a strict adherence to the methods that governed his conduct in all things. Like all self-made men, he was self-reliant, but while adhering tenaciously to his own convictions, he was tolerant of and respected the views of others. Greater early advantages of education might have been of service to him, but they would hardly have changed the man; he was as God made him, honest, just, unwavering in his friendships, and a pattern worthy of imitation. His clear head and wise counsel will long be missed by the directors, officers, and employes of the bank of which he was so many years the head.”

In politics Mr. Parsons was a staunch Republican, and always used his influence to further the interests of his party; though he never sought political preferment.

Although eminently successful, as a business man, prosperity did not cause him to forget his obligations to his family, to society, and to his Creator. He was a member of the Christian Church, and was very pronounced in his religious convictions. He had no sympathy with loud professions, not backed by honest, upright living. Religion apart from the every day and everywhere events of life was to him only a shadow. “By their fruits ye shall know them” was his criterion. He had faith in humanity. His own pure, honest life led him to regard every man honest until he had been proven otherwise. As a member of the Official Board of the Church, he was always a wise counsellor. In matters of discipline he preferred to err on the side of leniency rather than severity.

Now that history has canonized the memory of Mr. Lincoln in the hearts of the American people, I think it important that the facts should be correctly stated with reference to the position of Iowa's delegation in the Chicago Convention.

The State Convention that nominated the delegates to the National Republican Convention of 1860, in order to fully represent the views of the various portions of the State, selected thirty-two delegates to represent the State and cast the eight votes to which Iowa was entitled in the National Republican Convention. The following is a list of these delegates as taken from the official record published by authority of the Convention:

At Large—Wm. Penn Clarke, Iowa City; L. C. Noble, West Union; John A. Kasson, Des Moines; Henry O'Connor, Muscatine; J. F. Wilson, Fairfield; J. W. Rankin, Keokuk; M. L. McPherson, Winterset; C. F. Clarkson, Metropolis; N. J. Rusch, Davenport; H. P. Scholte, Pella; John Johns, Fort Dodge.

Districts—Alvin Saunders, Mount Pleasant; J. C. Walker, Fort Madison; Jos. Caldwell, Ottumwa; M. Baker, Congdon; Benj. Rector, Sidney; Geo. A. Hawley, Leon; H. M. Hoxie, Des Moines; Jacob Butler, Muscatine; Thos. Seeley, Guthrie Center; C. C. Nourse, Des Moines; Wm. M. Stone, Knoxville; J. B. Grinnell, Grinnell; Wm. A. Warren, Bellevue; John W. Thompson, Davenport; John Shane, Vinton; Wm. Smythe, Marion; Wm. B. Allison, Dubuque; A. F. Brown, Cedar Falls; Reuben Noble, McGregor; E. G. Bowdoin, Rockford; W. P. Hepburn, Marshalltown; J. J. Brown, Eldora.

The State was entitled to cast only eight votes, and the Convention decided that the smallest fractional vote that might be cast for any candidate should be one-half of a vote. We had in the delegation nine original Seward men. Among these nine, I recollect distinctly, were William Penn Clarke, the Chairman of the delegation; Henry O'Connor, of Muscatine; Reuben Noble, of Clayton County, and Jacob Butler, of Muscatine.

Of the original Lincoln men in the delegation we had eight entitled to cast two votes. Among these, I recollect distinctly, were Mr. Alvin Saunders, since Territorial Governor, and United States Senator from Nebraska; James F. Wilson, of Fairfield, since a member of Congress and United States Senator from Iowa; Thomas Seeley, of Guthrie; Wm. M. Stone, since Governor of Iowa; and the writer of this article.

Mr. Kasson was for Bates, of Missouri. Governor Kirkwood, elected in 1859 Governor of Iowa, was present in Chicago at the time, and was very active in laboring for the nomination of Mr. Lincoln.

I see the name of Mr. Allison, of Dubuque, among the delegates, and also Mr. Hepburn, but I cannot now recall their position with reference to the candidates.

I remember distinctly there was a controversy between the Lincoln and Seward men as to whether or not Mr. Seward should receive more than two votes on the first and second ballots. The Lincoln men in the delegation, however, were very anxious that Mr. Seward's vote should not appear larger than that of Mr. Lincoln, and as a fractional one-fourth could not be counted, that fraction was given to one of the other candidates. It is not correct to say that a majority of the delegates were in favor of Mr. Seward's nomination.

The vote of Iowa on the first ballot stood as follows: Lincoln, 2; Seward, 2; Cameron, 1; Bates, 1; McLean, 1; Chase, 1.

On the second ballot the vote of Iowa stood as follows: Lincoln, 5; Seward, 2; Chase, $\frac{1}{2}$; McLean, $\frac{1}{2}$.

On the third ballot the vote of Iowa stood as follows: Seward, 2; Chase, $\frac{1}{2}$; Lincoln, $5\frac{1}{2}$.

Before the result was announced by the Chairman of the Convention, the delegates began to change their votes, and Iowa cast its entire eight votes for Mr. Lincoln.

The statement, therefore, that the Iowa Republicans were influenced by the New York press at that time, and that that fact accounted for their preference of Mr. Seward, is not

correct, because Mr. Seward never was the choice of a majority of the delegates, and the New York paper that was most extensively read in Iowa by Republicans at that time was the New York Tribune, then edited by Horace Greely, and he and his paper were laboring zealously for the nomination of Mr. Bates, of Missouri, and were hostile to the nomination of Mr. Seward.

I write this to keep history straight. Whatever of honor Iowa is entitled to for having contributed to Mr. Lincoln's nomination she ought not to be deprived of by misapprehension of the facts.

I doubt if any delegate who voted for Mr. Lincoln's nomination realized how well and wisely he was choosing. No one could have foreseen the crisis through which the Nation was to pass, and the high qualities of the patriot we were calling to the responsible duties that devolved upon our nominee. There is no doubt a special and overruling Providence gave us the man so necessary to our safety as a Nation. But even if it was by accident that we guessed what was best, we are still entitled to cherish the memory of a duty so well performed.

C. C. NOURSE.

EARLY METHODISM IN NORTHWEST IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS, MERRILL, IOWA.

IT is a matter of deep regret that in the work of forming and establishing Church Organizations, other enterprises and institutions, as well as Commonwealths, whose influence for good is to be felt perhaps for all time to come, that the founders have often failed to forecast the Future, so as to realize the importance of noting down and seeking to preserve names, dates, and striking incidents, as historic data, of such vital interest to coming generations.

Hence it is that the Historian, in collating material for his production, finds much, if not most, in a chaotic state—more or less incomplete, disconnected, and confounding, if not conflicting.

This has been the experience, first and last, in preparing the present paper for THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD. However, in all, I have sought to make impartial research and record, and in every instance give "Honor to whom honor is due." In the plan of arrangement, I have thought proper to adopt the following order:

I. THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH UP TO 1869.

(The close of the writer's pastorate—or for one decade.)

Until a short time before the Indian Massacre of March 6–8 of 1857, the territory embraced by the "Spirit Lake Mission," which was then the extreme outpost of Methodism in Northwest Iowa, was the fishing and hunting grounds of the "Roving Red Man," especially the "Lake Region," in Dickinson County.

The settlers who came in just before the outbreak, comprising six or seven families,—in all about fifty persons,—were at this time indiscriminately and inhumanly murdered, save a few who were away from home, and two or three who were taken captives and some months afterward obtained their freedom.

The loveliness of the place, notwithstanding the terror consequent on the massacre, soon charmed and drew in many new settlers, so that in 1859 it was thought there was a demand for regular preaching among them; and accordingly the Reverend George Clifford, then Presiding Elder of the Sioux City District, Upper Iowa Conference, employed Reverend O. S. Wight, a local preacher, then living near Cherokee, Cherokee County (where he still resides), to travel the Mission.

Brother Wight preached with acceptability to the people of

Spirit Lake, Okoboji, and Peterson, and on the third day of June, 1859, organized the Spirit Lake Class, or First M. E. Church, composed of the following persons: Dr. Ball and his wife, Sarah Ball, a daughter, a Mr. Root, and a man and his daughter by the name of Foster.

The Upper Iowa M. E. Conference, which met at Dubuque in the autumn of 1860, appointed Reverend C. F. McLean, then a probationer, and still a member of that Conference, to the charge.

This year the Mission was enlarged so as to include the settlements of Estherville, in Emmett County, and Jackson, Minnesota; and during this year two new classes were organized, namely: at Estherville October 1st, 1860, having nine members (names not given); at Jackson, Jackson County, Minnesota, December 23rd, 1860, with thirteen members and probationers, whose names likewise are not given.

Reverend McLean was succeeded, in the fall of 1861, by Reverend Joel A. Van Anda. Revivals followed, and at the close of the year he reported twenty-one members and many probationers. Under Reverend Van Anda, on April 14th, 1861, was organized the Okoboji Class, in Dickinson County, with the following as original members: Henry Meeker (Leader), Reverend J. S. Prescott (former member of a Wisconsin Conference), Mary Prescott, Benjamin Close, H. L. Close, Serepta M. Henry (authoress), Daniel Bennett (afterward Sheriff and ex-Sheriff), H. J. Bennett (lately Private Secretary of Honorable William McFarland, Secretary of State), Julia Bennett, and Charlotte Hunt.

To these were added, on November 11th, 1861, Julia Prescott, J. W. O'Farrell, Lohaney O'Farrell, Marion Kellogg, Esther Rogers, Sallie Bennett, Minerva Bennett, Marcus Eddy and wife.

The next year Reverend C. J. Jones traveled the work. He labored very acceptably for about one-half of the year, and then resigned the charge to rejoin his family, who did not come with him to the Mission; whereupon Rev. J. A. Van

Anda was sent to fill the vacancy, which he did, leaving the work in a prosperous condition, having forty-eight members. The fifth year the field was occupied by Reverend S. M. Hyde, a local preacher, under whose labors the work fairly held its own. Reverend S. Pillsbury, a superannuate of the Rockford Conference, who had settled with his family at Okoboji, on the historic "Gardner Place," traveled the charge as successor of Reverend Hyde. He labored as extensively as his impaired health would permit, his able sermons greatly interesting and profiting the people of each appointment; but no revival meetings were held, and no great advance was made.

Reverend Seymour Snyder succeeded Father Pillsbury, being appointed to the charge by the Des Moines Conference, into whose bounds the Mission fell, by the action of the General Conference of May, 1864.

Brother Snyder's year was one of hard toil, but of equal success. His avoirdupois was about 240 pounds. He loved to fish and hunt, and usually carried a revolver or double-barrelled shotgun, and often both, as hunting was good, and the settlers were constantly in peril from Indians and horse-thieves. He had previously traveled for two years on the Smithland Circuit, and one year at least reaching the Peterson settlement. The writer will never forget a trip which he and Reverend Snyder made together, in the fall of 1863. Our Conference met that year at Davenport, it being the Upper Iowa, and then embraced the north half of the State. This Conference returned him to Smithland, Woodbury County, for the second year, and appointed the writer to Sioux City; and joining our single horses, we made the trip from the east to the west side of the State in open buggy. We had both a revolver and shotgun, and, as I remember, traded on the way somehow,—Reverend Snyder says the writer traded a Bible to him for the shotgun.

At Sac City we fell in company with Reverend Mr. Skinner, a Close Baptist preacher, who, for our enlighten-

ment, gave us some tracts on Baptism, etc., as we parted from him and resumed our journey.

The following day, for want of something better, I used some of the tracts for gun-wadding, whereupon Brother Skinner had a joke on me that I did not hear the last of for years; but I had it back on him when he fired some ten times at a prairie chicken sitting at very close range, missing it every time, after which the bird deliberately flew away, unharmed. Whether it was the tracts used for wadding or the Bible trade we never knew.

Brother Snyder was jolly and a great jest-maker—sometimes a little severe in his jokes, but unintentionally. Once at Smithland, arriving at the Church at meeting time, and finding it locked and unwarmed, he chalked on the door, "No key, no fire, no people—no preaching here to-day," and went to his next appointment. At Estherville the people had become careless about replenishing the fire during service, so one evening, when half through his sermon, the house getting cold, he suddenly stopped, deliberately stepped out of the pulpit, took his hat, went out, brought in a big armful of wood, built up a rousing fire, then returned and finished up his sermon, as if without interruption.

Reverend Snyder has the honor of organizing the first M. E. Church at Peterson, in Clay County. He visited the settlement in the fall of 1863, while pastor at Smithland, and soon after formed a Class of the following persons: H. Waterman, Annie Waterman (his wife), R. B. Crego and wife, Jacob Hall, wife and daughter, and perhaps John Collins.

However, it should be remembered that Reverend O. S. Wight began to preach near there (for it was a mere settlement) in the fall of 1858, his first sermon being in a grove on August the 22nd, and from that on regularly once in two weeks. Moreover, Reverend Martin Metcalf preached once or more previous to this date.

Brother Wight was succeeded by Reverend T. D. Adams.

Reverend R. S. Hawks, a local preacher, followed Brother Snyder, in 1864 and 1865. In the fall of 1865 Reverend William Mallory was appointed to the charge.

In 1866-7 the Spirit Lake Circuit jogged southward, leaving out Minnesota Territory, and Peterson became one of the writer's appointments for one year, as hereafter shown.

Reverend Whitney was pastor in 1867-8, and Reverend C. W. Clifton in 1868-9.

Returning to Spirit Lake and Brother Snyder, after this digression, it should be recorded that in the summer of 1865 he planned the first camp meeting ever held in the "Lake Region." The place was the "Smith Grove," on West Okoboji Lake, which was as successful as novel. An urgent invitation from the Presiding Elder, Reverend D. Lamont, brought the writer, who was then stationed at Fort Dodge, to this meeting, at which a partial arrangement was made for me to take the charge the ensuing year.

Brother Snyder closed up his pastorate prosperously, having added some twenty to the membership of the Mission. He continued to travel, serving several important charges, until 1888, when at Conference he asked, and was granted, a superannuated relation, and now resides at Spencer, Iowa, highly respected, beloved, and honored for the part taken in laying the foundations of the Church in primitive times.

The Conference of August 30th, 1865, held at Osceola, Clark County, appointed the writer to the charge. This year all below Okoboji belonged to Peterson Circuit (supplied by Reverend R. S. Hawks), my work embracing Estherville, Emmett, and Jackson, on the Des Moines River, and Spirit Lake, Okoboji, with all the territory about the Lakes, which virtually covered two counties in Iowa and one in Minnesota.

The revivals of the following winter resulted in the conversion of sixty souls, and the increase, after taking off Peterson, etc., was twenty members and forty probationers. Four new Classes were formed: at Center Grove, January 4th, 1866, (H. J. Bennett, before mentioned, Leader); Emmett Class,

April 1st, 1866 (A. Mattison, Leader); Petersburg, Minnesota, October 13th, 1866 (Miles Metcalf, Leader); Loon Lake, Minnesota (Brother Johnson, Leader).

The following Conference returned W. Avery Richards to the Mission, with Reverend D. Lamont still as Presiding Elder. This year brought trying events. The writer had a hard run of bilious fever, and while making the first trip, after an illness of two months, in having his team of ponies (Billy and Charlie) ferried over the river at Estherville, had both of them drowned, and was himself rescued from the water by an expert swimmer, "Gene Ridley," or would have lost his own life.

Sympathizing friends soon rallied to his aid, Mr. Edwin Ridley, brother of the former, circulating a subscription, soon raising nearly enough to buy a new team.

During this year twenty-four joined the church on probation, but the increase did not properly appear, since Jackson and Petersburg, in Minnesota, became a separate charge, at the previous Conference, and was traveled by Reverend Peter Baker, so that Spirit Lake charge was able to report but sixty-three members in all. The work, as elsewhere shown, included Peterson this year. The ensuing Conference returned the writer for the third year, with Reverend W. B. Brown, a convert of the first year, and afterward Representative to the State Legislature, as junior preacher.

Brother Brown made three or four rounds on the charge, with great acceptability, then concluded he had missed his calling, and resigned. The plan of the work was immediately changed to a "three-weeks circuit," having eleven preaching places and a travel of from eighty to one hundred miles each round.

Revivals broke out in some of the settlements, notably Lakeville, in Dickinson, and Spencer Grove, in Clay County. At the former place a Class was organized August 9th, 1867, with fourteen members (G. W. Pratt, Leader). The first sermon was preached in a tent by the writer, W. Avery Rich-

ards, from the text, Proverbs 3: 3. Time, July 26th, 1867. The Class, or First M. E. Church, at Spencer was organized November 3rd, 1867, by the writer, with twenty members, and Homer Calkins Leader, as shown by the old Spirit Lake Church records.

This Conference year the membership grew to 114 members and 50 probationers—total, 164. The charge had nine Sunday Schools, and in three years six new Schools had been organized, seven new Church organizations formed, many souls saved, and something done to help lay the foundations of the Church, and Methodism in the Church, as now (in 1895) developed, even in a manifold degree.

The "time limit" of three years (the rule then) terminating, the writer was compelled to remove, and he was appointed to Prairie City, Jasper County, leaving, as he departed, very many warm-hearted friends behind, and thus ending toils and privations never to be regretted, but always remembered with increasing satisfaction, and even joy.

II. THE EXTENT, DIFFICULTIES, AND PRIVATIONS OF THE WORK DURING THE FORMATIVE PERIOD IS WORTHY OF MENTION.

In those primitive days our "Circuit" was large, and we had it entirely to ourselves. We could hardly say with Wesley, "The world is my parish," but we did have a "liberal slice." It was truly "the regions beyond," "the last place." The field of operation seemed bounded and unbounded—limited and unlimited. To the east we reached the settlements on the Upper West Des Moines, taking in, as seen, Estherville, Emmett, Petersburg, and Jackson, joining hands with the brother at Algona. To the south we went as far as what is now Sioux Rapids and Peterson, while to the west and northwest beyond the line of the State there were few, if any, settlers, so that we joined the newly-formed charges in Dakota, and stretched out toward Winnipeg, in both direc-

tions calling to brethren we could not, as yet, "see eye to eye." Up to the close of the second year of the writer's pastorate there were no other denominations represented, by way of organization or minister, and I was "monarch of all I surveyed."

The difficulties, dangers, and privations of the work were many and great. Emphatically "Pioneer," we had long stretches of wild prairie between the small settlements—often fifteen to forty miles "without a house." The latter was the distance on the old route to Peterson when supplied by the writer in 1866-7.

Blizzards and snow-blockaded roads in the winter, and swollen streams in summer, helped to make up a varied and trying, and even perilous, experience. To reach one Quarterly Meeting the writer had to hold alone in winter, the Elder failing by the deep snow, I was six hours driving from Center Grove to Estherville, a distance of some eighteen miles; and during one summer I had to swim my horse twenty-two times across the Little Sioux and Des Moines Rivers. In one of these experiments, as elsewhere noted, the team was drowned and my life imperiled.

Our preaching places, with a few exceptions, were in log cabins, tents, and schoolhouses, or, what was worse, made of prairie sod, without a floor, and a stool, bucket, bench, chair, or board for a pulpit. At Loon Lake, in the cabin of Brother Dickinson, who sometimes in meeting related his vision of "*Cheer*lots and horsemen," I had to stand between joists to stand erect in preaching, with a long row of milkpans, empty and set up edgewise, for a sounding board, while a saucer and lighted rag, supplied with skunk's oil, was my only chandelier. The ringing sound from the tin pans annoyed me very much.

Some privations were endured, in common with the early settlers. Especially in the spring of 1867 there was even destitution for from four to six weeks. The snows had fallen very deep, and lying late, had melted suddenly, the roads had

become impassable, and the people being largely dependent on Fort Dodge and Mankato for supplies, which places were almost inaccessible with teams, there was utter want. Flour run as high in price as \$14 per hundred, and many people actually subsisted for weeks on only boiled wheat, potatoes, milk, or buffalo fish. The writer dined with one family at Estherville where they had nothing but salt and potatoes; at other places later on where weeds, for greens, constituted most of the meal. One family at Loon Lake, Minnesota, ate nothing but boiled wheat for five weeks; another lived on clear milk for three weeks. In the last case the children became so weak that they took to their bed. Yet a hearty, thankful "Grace" was often said amidst all this privation.

The writer regrets that he is without much data relative to the labors of the very first Presiding Elders, including Reverends George Clifford, Daniel Lamont, and W. McK. Cain. They all had very large Districts, requiring a drive of a good many thousands of miles in open buggy each year. Each one's District, in turn, was quite half of what is now the Northwest Iowa Conference, and part of the time including all of the then settled portion of Dakota Territory.

All of these men were heroic for the Gospel's sake. Especially Reverend Lamont was an untiring worker. He had long, hard drives over rough roads and across unbridged sloughs and streams, and he experienced many hardships and dangers. The toils and perils of many of these noble men of early Methodism have been none too well remembered, and they themselves have been none too much honored, especially in declining years.

Similar and perhaps equally trying times came with the "Locust scourge," a few years later, under the administration of Reverend Bennett Mitchell, as Presiding Elder, and the pastorate of Brothers Preston and W. H. Drake, and part of the term of Presiding Elder Reverend H. D. Brown. Many of these men and their families manifested a Christian heroism and devotion truly self-sacrificing and noble. Long overland drives, in cold and heat, small, even meager, salaries, conse-

quently the plainest living, threadbare apparel, and other deprivations, consequent on such a life and in such trying times.

Notably among these is found the Reverend Bennett Mitchell, D. D., who has since been a candidate for the Governorship of Iowa, was once or more a delegate to the General Conference, and is still loved and revered by the members of the Northwest Iowa M. E. Conference, of which he is still an effective and most honored member.

The local or lay preachers of early Methodism in Northwest Iowa claim notice for the active part they took in the work, especially as "supplies," and in the absence of the traveling preachers. Like some of Wesley's "Lay Helpers," they were not the best educated and most refined men, but had their place, and many of them filled it with efficiency and honor, considering the work they had to do, and the primitive times in which they labored. Among them were the very first preachers, as to time. We had very timid preachers, and self-confident preachers. One of them could preach a good sermon barefooted, and once, while honored with the office of Justice of the Peace, could marry couples without license, and after learning his mistake, compel them to obtain license, *un*marry (by some process), remarry them, and send them on their way rejoicing.

One good brother, having a seeming of the *military*, being urged to preach at one of the less important services of a Quarterly Meeting, a little embarrassed, announced his text in a given chapter of "*General James*." Another would use the text, "Two men went up into the Temple to pray," etc., and calling the last one a *Republican*, would go on, it was said, and exhort his brethren to be good and true *Republicans*,—perhaps a better doctrine than interpretation.

III. THE FORMATIVE PERIOD COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT (IN 1895) SHOWS A REMARKABLE CONTRAST OF IMPROVEMENT—OF GROWTH EVERY WAY.

What was then the "Spirit Lake Mission" is now the principal part of the Sheldon District—the extreme Northwest

District of the Northwest Iowa Conference. The first year of its existence it had one Class of five members and three preaching places.

At the close of the writer's pastorate, in 1868, it had one pastor, 114 members, fifty probationers, nine Sunday Schools, and no church or parsonage property, and was simply one Charge of the Sioux City District. Now (in 1895) about the same territory (which, then, of course, was very sparsely settled) has an entire Presiding Elder's District of thirty-two charges, with as many pastors, 3,747 members, 557 probationers, sixty-five Sunday Schools, forty-two church buildings, valued at \$89,650, and twenty-four parsonages, valued at \$25,250. It raised, last year, for missions \$2,872, and for other church benevolences \$2,234, while the same territory has been graced with the seat of three Annual Conferences. What was then a "wilderness now rejoices and blossoms as the rose." Well may we say, "What hath God wrought!" and what has man, under the guidance, the providence, and blessing of God, accomplished! What a change from Then till Now!

I mark a change in other ways. First, in the people. There are many vacant places. I think of Brothers Mack, Metcalf, Pratt, Wells, of Spencer; Mother and Father, and lately, Peter Baker, Father and Mother Pillsbury, all of whom have passed away.

The babes and children have grown to be men and women. The young men and maidens have reached life's prime, and on many of them the almond tree begins to flourish, while the fathers and mothers of that day, who yet live, are rapidly nearing the shore of the Mystic River. O that the Boatman may land them safely "on the brighter, better side."

Again; material, physical and secular changes have been going on.

Who that saw this land, wild as it was, even when the writer came, does not mark a great change?

The farms then were little patches, here and there, of broken land; now well improved eighties and one hundred and sixties

join each other, and are green with rankly growing corn, or golden with ripening grain. Spacious dwellings, even elegant mansions, and grand hotels, take the place of sod huts and log cabins.

There were then a few little row-boats, and one or two small sail-boats on the lakes of Dickinson county. Now many large sailing craft, and steamers plow these beautiful waters.

There was seen an occasional emigrant or freighting wagon moving over the prairies, or through a neighborhood. Now the "iron horse" comes rushing and whistling in on numerous railways, bearing tons of merchandise and thousands of visitors, to this charming lake region.

IV. THE PROSPECTIVE FUTURE LOOMS UP BEFORE US STILL AS OF GREATLY INCREASING ACHIEVEMENTS AND DEVELOPMENTS.

Viewing the past and present, and noting the change from then till now, what is the work and possibilities of the coming years? What will Methodism, and what will the common church, now well established through this region, by all other Evangelical denominations, become, as decade after decade goes by?

How many new fields and plans of operation will open up? How many temples of worship be built, and how much of Emmanuel's land become golden for the Master?

This country is too beautiful, too grand to be dominated by sin and satan; its virgin resources too great and pure to be perverted and ruled by evil.

May all be won for Christ! The Gospel should sound out over all these fertile prairies, everywhere, and be heard reverberating around all these shores, in every hamlet, home and hotel, until its restraining, melting, moving, moulding influence is everywhere, and thousands of churches become centers of universal attraction, and unresisted, saving power.

REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

BY REV. G. W. L. BROWN.

THE name Richards comes from Richard; is Welsh-English, and has been traced back to Richard the First, who, for his valor in a Crusade in the Holy Land in 1191-2. was surnamed "Richard the Lion-hearted;" but the subject of this sketch holds that the hunt for "royal blood," thus flowing down Time's stream, fed by the tributaries of many generations, is like searching at some great



REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

river's mouth for the little rivulet that helps feed it at its sources, thousands of miles away.

However, along this ancestral line are, perhaps, a few names of distinction, such as "Reverend William Richards, Missionary from America to the Sandwich Islands," where he also became Instructor to the King, who made him, at length, Minister to England. Time, 1792—1859. Also Reverend John Richards, D. D., agent of "An American Board for Foreign Missions." Period, 1797—1859. Finally, W. T. Richards, among the best contemporary landscape painters, honorably named "A Pre-Raphaelite."

Reverend W. Avery Richards was born December 28th, 1838, near Clyde, Ohio, where his parents settled in an early day, coming from Connecticut, where they were born and reared. "Avery," as he was always called, was the second son and fifth child.

When seventeen years of age, the family moved to Winneshek County, Iowa, where Reverend Richards was converted, and after two years of preparation, mostly in High School, he entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, afterward filling the pastorate at Dixon, Sioux City, Fort Dodge, Spirit Lake, Goldfield, Newell, and other important charges, in the meantime passing through the four-years course of clerical and theological study, preparatory to Deacons' and Elders' orders, and was ordained by Bishop E. S. Janes.

In 1869 he was married to Miss Sarah Augusta Flint, daughter of Mr. Caleb P. Flint (late of Monroe Township, Johnson County, this State), and sister of Reverend W. H. Flint.

Unto them were given five children, four boys and one girl, the training of whom, because of the father's frequent absence from home, has devolved largely on the mother—a task well performed; besides she has rendered valuable aid to her companion, both in the ministry and his limited literary work. Their four eldest children are students of the University of the Northwest at Sioux City.

A few poetic compositions appeared in the school days of

Mr. Richards, but it remained for a sojourn of some eight years in the romantic lake region of Dickinson County to quicken into greater exercise his genius. Here "Wilds of Western Iowa," "Lake West Okoboji," "Cedars of West Okoboji," and several other poems of nature were written, the two former of which, with "Iowa's Drouth," appeared in this magazine for 1894-5.

Up to the time of leaving the lake region, writing with Reverend Richards was a mere "inspiration," or pastime. Since then he has courted the muse as time would permit, having written about 7,000 lines; contributing to several magazines, weekly papers, and volumes of collected poems, among which are "The Magazine of Poetry and Literary Review" (Buffalo, New York), "The Current" (Chicago), several church and secular papers, and the books, "Poets of America," "Poets and Poetry of Iowa," and "Flowers by the Wayside."

His poems are true "poems of nature," of which he seems "native born;" hence they are largely soliloquies, or talks with nature, and nature dictating to an amanuensis, as he has it in his poem, "My Muse." Over most it would be just to write *Soliloquium*, *Solitarius*, *Natura*.

His poetry covers a wide range of natural and other themes, in varied composition; some of which is unique in construction, *e. g.*, "Universal Rhyme," "Voice of the Clock, or Time's Warning," "Heyday of Childhood," etc.

His rhyming is perfect, his rhythm smooth, and his numbers musical. He will publish a volume of poetry in the near future.

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD.
THINGS REMEMBERED.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.



REMEMBER, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—THOMAS HOOD.

I am not so very old—only in my sixty-seventh year—and if it were not for this white head I could readily imagine myself a brown-haired boy. But what immense changes have taken place during the period of my recollection! I do not propose to write of these, for they are matters of recorded history and may be read by all. It has occurred to me, however, that the setting down of a few facts of minor importance—some very commonplace matters—"the short and simple annals of the poor"—would really serve to show how the life of the people has changed since the days of my early recollection. Others—and there are plenty to do that—will record the great facts of history. I will make the merest mention of facts which many good people may regard as trivial.

I remember when there were no matches to be ignited by a slight scratch. There were few or no stoves in that part of Western New York where my father's family lived. Houses were warmed and food cooked by open fireplaces. Good housekeepers used to "cover up the fire" as a rule, so as to be able to kindle it anew every morning. But when it went out it was rekindled by "striking fire" with a flint and steel and igniting some kind of tinder, either a piece of "punk," a soft fungus growing in decayed wood, or a bit of cotton rag. We did have matches, but they were simply "fat" or pitch pine sticks, dipped in melted sulphur, and made by each

housekeeper. Once the spark caught in the tinder, the home-made match could be lighted. Thrifty, careful housekeepers often had opportunities to lend a few live coals to neighbors who were too lazy to "cover up the fire." I remember what



CHARLES ALDRICH.

a curious and exciting event it was when my father brought home from the neighboring store the first little box of matches that would take fire by scratching them on some hard surface. But they cost much more than they do to-day, and were only

used on the rare occasions when the fire happened to go out. The habit of "covering up the fire" lingered in the old home, as I suppose it did in others, for many years.

There was another device for obtaining light and fire which I recall, though my memory is not very clear in regard to it. Some sort of inflammable, phosphoric liquid was kept in small, tightly-corked bottles. By dipping a little stick into this liquid it would at once take fire on being brought out into the air. I believe I saw one, but I do not think they came into general use in our part of the country.

I remember the old tallow candles—the only mode of lighting houses. At first these candles were made by "dipping" them. Every good housekeeper owned a set of candle rods. The "shiftless," or less thrifty, used to borrow from their neighbors. These rods were little round pine sticks, a third or half inch in diameter, and eighteen or twenty inches long. Soft, loosely-twisted cotton wicks, the length of the candle, were looped around them, and a couple of strong, light bars, five or six feet long, so placed as to support the ends of the small rods. The wicks were then dipped in melted tallow until the candles "grew" to the desired size, though they were unevenly shaped, being large at the lower end and small at the top—a sorry way of lighting a house, people would think at this day. I remember when there came an innovation upon this crude way of making candles,—in the shape of tin molds. These molds were made of polished tin, and the candles came out of them very smooth, slightly tapering in size from the lower to the upper end. Even this improvement was rather slow in coming into general use, and the more frugal and conservative housekeepers adhered to the old tallow dips. Families who owned a set of molds, however, were rather proud of the fact, deeming themselves in the van of progress, and inclined to look down upon their old-fogy or less fortunate neighbors.

I remember the regular autumnal visits of the perambulating shoemaker. In those days the only foot-gear kept in

country stores was men's top boots and coarse brogan shoes. Shoes for women and children were made by village or cross-roads shoemakers. But farmers were every autumn in the habit of buying materials—as half or whole “sides” of sole leather, and sufficient cowhide and calfskin—to make the shoes for their families. It was quite an event when this supply of leather was received at our house. It was examined critically and carefully, and its qualities fully discussed. We all thought it was about the best the market afforded. After some days the shoemaker—ours was old Solomon Childs—came with his bench and kit of tools. A good place was assigned to him near the great kitchen fire-place, when the work of making shoes for the family began. Those for the females generally came first. The old man had served in the War of 1812, and his brain was full of “moving accidents by flood and field”—telling us over and over again how our side so triumphantly “whipped the British,” or drove back and discomfited the Indians. The ancient shoemaker usually stayed with our family a week or ten days, and during the long evenings the boys took turns in holding the tallow candle for him. “Now, bub,” said Uncle Solomon, “hold the candle so that you can see, and then I can see;” and he pounded or sewed till 9 P. M., doing a week of honest work. He was a man of about sixty years, portly, bald-headed, with great beetling eye-brows,—an excellent workman of the old style. The finest boots and shoes of that day were made of grades of calfskin which would now be considered coarse and heavy.

One of the institutions of that remote time was the man who manufactured sausages. The farmers for the most part fatted and slaughtered their own beef and pork. For a short time in cold weather their families would rejoice in fresh meat, but corned beef and salt pork were the staple meats ten-twelfths of the year. Occasionally a “fatted calf” would be killed in the spring, but even that lasted but a brief period. Soon after hog-killing time, late in autumn, an old man who was the proud and consequential owner of a sausage machine, dropped

into our neighborhood from some unknown, out-of-the-way region, going from house to house, and grinding up the carefully selected sausage meat. This was good, honest, corn-fed pork, without any admixture of tough or otherwise equivocal beef. The machine—enclosed in a box—was a rude, revolving iron cylinder, armed with cutting knives, and the concave wooden sides were also fitted with opposing stationary knives. “The boys” of the family were called upon to turn the crank. I distinctly remember that this was very hard work. The old man with great gray eye-brows and red nose,—from which latter organ on the cold days a drop almost always depended,—fed the machine, and generally, with the airs of a commander-in-chief, bossed the job. On those frigid nights a great fire would send the flames roaring up the wide chimney, while the great kitchen was filled with the odor of sage, “summer savory,” and raw pork. The dog and cat stood near by, intent and expectant, while the boys at the crank tugged and perspired like men a-mowing. A picture of this scene comes back, with all its humorous features and accompaniments, after the lapse of nearly sixty years, as vivid and full of life as though its events were but of yesterday.

In my early years our school teachers whittled out the goose quill pens with which the pupils learned to write—except that occasionally one brighter and possessed of more mechanical genius than the others—some “big boy”—could make his own pens. “Will you mend my pen, please?” was a request frequently made to our teachers. The quills from which pens were made came from the wings of geese, which could be found upon almost every farm, for our mothers from this source produced their own feather beds. There came, at some time, a little change in the preparation of quills by which they were made transparent. These were called “oiled quills,” and were kept for sale at most of the country and village stores. Boys or girls in the district schools whose parents could afford to supply them with oiled quills were inclined to feel very proud of the fact. Common quills seemed coarse

and countrified in comparison with the beautiful transparent ones. Previous to forty years ago nearly all writing was executed with quill pens. When steel pens first appeared it was deemed a sort of affectation to use them. But they gradually superseded the goose-quills. Some old people, however, never could get used to metallic pens, but clung to the old goose-quills. In 1881 I saw the poet Longfellow write a copy of his beautiful little poem, "The Arrow and the Song," using a quill pen. He adhered to the goose-quill as long as he lived. In the winter of 1860 members of our State Legislature were supplied with oiled quills from the office of the Secretary of State, though later on in the session the House of Representatives instructed its Clerk by resolution to purchase gold pens for the members, and doubtless the Senate did likewise—for such an example was apt to be contagious. In those old days we had no envelopes. Letters were so folded as to be readily sealed with wafers, which have also disappeared. We used black sand instead of blotting paper to absorb, or dry up, the ink on freshly-written pages. But the sand-box is also a thing of the past. And now the type-writing machine—the latest innovation—bids fair to supersede all pen writing. But who would not avail himself of one of these rapid and accurate machines, with its so often interesting and engaging propelling power?

I remember when most families in the country made the cloth, except cotton fabrics, in their own homes, with which both males and females were clad—linen for summer and woolen for winter wear. I remember some rosy-cheeked girls, now long at rest under "the mossy marbles," who went with me to the district school, whose winter clothes were made of very handsome red or checked flannel, the product of their mother's loom. One of our neighbors, good old Deacon Winship, often animadverted upon the luxury and extravagance of the times. Among other things, the Deacon was wont to assert that in his younger days, when he used "to go to balls" with his wife, she wore white woolen dresses, which

had been clipped from her father's sheep, carded, spun, woven, and made up at home.

Flax was raised on my father's farm. When it was sufficiently matured it was "pulled" and laid in swaths to be rotted by exposure to rains and morning dews. It was then put through a "brake"—a rough, home-made wooden machine by which the woody stems were broken. Then it was beaten to free it from the stems. Next it was drawn through a hatchell. This was a piece of board or plank thickly set with sharp, polished steel or iron pins four or five inches high—this process eliminating the tow or coarser fibres and the last of the woody stems. Both the flax and the tow were spun and woven into cloth. Tow cloth was used for bagging and coarse summer pantaloons. These were cool and comfortable in summer, but would be apt to create a sensation on State Street or Broadway! But flax-brakes, hatchells, and spinning wheels have long since passed away, and are rarely to be seen at this time except as *curios* in museums.

As far back as I can remember, houses were warmed and cooking done by open fire-places. These old fire-places were wide and roomy, with broad stone hearths and heavy iron (sometimes brass-mounted) andirons. O, the magnificent fires we used to have during the long winter evenings in my mother's kitchen! A great "back-log" was first put in place, and then came the "fore-stick." Fire was kindled on the hearth, and great armsfull of wood piled upon it. When the wood was fine and the nights cold these great fires would come near warming the whole house. A crane was hung upon one side of the fire-place, to swing in and out. Upon this were pot-hooks of various lengths, upon which the kettles were hung, and with such rude appliances our mothers and grandmothers did the cooking for their families. Bread was baked in flat iron kettles, by putting hot coals under them and upon the lids or covers—and very good bread, too. These old-fashioned "bake-kettles" may still occasionally be seen in back neighborhoods.

The oval-shaped stone or brick oven was in use as long ago as I can remember. Occasionally it was built out-of-doors, but oftener in the house, attached to the chimney, of which in fact it formed a part. A flue was constructed from the top of the oven leading into the chimney, thus giving it a good draft. These ovens would generally hold a dozen or more large loaves of bread, and would also bake pies and cakes, or roast meats. When "baking-time" came around, extra efforts were put forth to secure "oven-wood." This was to be dry, split fine, and about as long as the oven itself. The thrifty housewife prided herself upon the excellent quality of oven-wood provided by the head of the family. He was a "poor stick" who left the "wimmen folks" to pick up their own oven wood! But in those days of the "old woman" such semi-barbarians existed in every rural community. A brisk fire was kept up until the oven was not only hissing hot, but heated so thoroughly as to retain the heat for some hours. The kneaded loaves or other articles to be baked were then set in the oven and the door closed. In due time everything would be "done to a turn," whatever that was—the loaves, pies, and cakes richly browned and cooked completely through. Meats were most admirably roasted in these ovens of our mothers and grandmothers—especially the Thanksgiving turkey or the Christmas goose. Notwithstanding the march of invention, no process of baking or roasting has ever accomplished better results. One of the first improvements in baking bread and biscuits that I remember was the tin reflector oven. The lower part sloped up to the center on the back side, and the top down to meet it. Being open toward the fire-place, widely flaring, they reflected the heat, so that it baked both sides of the loaves or cake, roasting meat to perfection. It was a great improvement at that time, but must have gone out of use fully fifty years ago.

Cooking stoves may have been in use in many regions, but as I remember there was only now and then one in our section. The first stoves that I ever saw, were built with a cir-

cular, rotating top, fitted with griddles of various sizes. A crank on the side of the stove enabled the cook to bring any one or two of the griddles over the fire-box. When the "Rotary Stoves" first came into use, they were quite expensive and only the "first families" could afford them. They were cumbersome and heavy. The next improvement in cooking-stoves was that of the elevated oven, so arranged that the flame and heat from the fire-box passed up on each side of it. The elevated oven also went into innocuous desuetude thirty to forty years ago. After this device came the reign of the Stewart cooking stove and the range, of which last there are patterns and styles without end. Speaking of the Stewart—and I have had one in my house for almost thirty years, and it is a model cooking and heating-stove yet—a dealer once recommended one to an Irishman, saying: "It will save half the fuel!" "Thin, be jabers, oill tek two uv um and save it all!"

I remember that in those old days—in fact, until about the time of our great civil war—the luxury of canned fruits was scarcely known. We had few grocers. Merchandising was for the most part carried on in general variety stores, which sold "dry goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, tinware, boots, shoes, notions," and other things set forth in the advertisements, as "too numerous to mention." About the only items on sale in the way of fruits and vegetables were dried apples, dried peaches and beans. The apples were strung on long strings at the time of drying and were apt to be fly-specked and wormy, while the peaches were unpeeled—too often a bad lot. These things would be a sorry substitute for the choice canned fruits and vegetables which may be had in every country village to-day. The change in this respect I believe was largely due to the war for the Union. Canned goods were in demand as delicacies for the sick and wounded soldiers at the front, and the loyal women responding to this great want, taught everybody how easily and sensibly fruits and vegetables could be preserved in tin or glass, for sale or future use. And now the custom has become universal throughout

the civilized world. Even the farmers, who ought largely to raise these articles themselves, patronize the grocers most liberally. But this only emphasizes the change as all the more noted and important.

In the matter of cutting and threshing grain, the changes have been quite as marked. As far back as I can remember, say, sixty-two or sixty-three years, oats, wheat, barley and rye were mostly cut with the old-fashioned "cradle," a broad scythe, with several long rods called "fingers," which were arranged parallel with the scythe, so as to catch the straw as it fell before its broad sweep. Carrying the cradle-full back to his right and partly behind him, the stalwart reaper was able to lay the whole in a smooth swath. After it was dry the straw was gathered with a rake into suitable bundles and bound with a band of its own material. Toothed sickles were still in use, especially in lodged grain, but they were everywhere giving place to the cradles. Stalwart young farmers who could own their own cradles deemed themselves near "the head of the procession," feeling sorry, or looking down upon, those who were still obliged to use the sickle. Many a farmer made his own cradle-snath, buying his scythe at "the store," while cradles complete could be purchased in most villages. Threshing, in those days, and long afterward was done with the flail. This was made of two pieces of wood—the handle about the size of that of a hoe, and the "swingle" or "swiple" a shorter, heavier piece. They were fastened together with a stout cord or thong. With these rude implements our fathers pounded out their small grain. Before I left the farm I did some of this sort of threshing myself. I recollect that it was very vigorous exercise and was apt to give one a good appetite for his dinner. In the Historical Rooms at Des Moines, at the J. F. Wilson Library in Fairfield, and I presume in the State Historical Rooms, Iowa City, samples of these old flails, which were swung by stalwart Iowa pioneers, may be seen by visitors. The first threshing machines were a species of treadmill, operated by two horses walking up an endless, revolving

inclined plane. I suppose that one of our present great steam separators would thresh more grain in half an hour than one of these primitive machines would in two days. But they were a wonderful improvement at that time.

Forty to fifty years ago many a rural neighborhood contained its shiftless, ne'er-do-well farmer—one who, perhaps was addicted to strong drink, or controlled by downright laziness. Of such a one you might hear it said, and scarcely another expression could convey so much of derogation and contempt—"why, the lazy fellow burns his own rails!" A man who was so lazy or shiftless as to burn his own fences for fuel was deemed so far on the road to the bad—whatever the cause—that his reclamation need not be hoped or expected. But in quite recent years the most thrifty farmers have been burning their rail fences! In fact, it is one of the best evidences of thrift and progress to see a farmer thus getting rid of his rail fences! Should he husband them as carefully as did his father or grandfather, he would be set down as an old fogey, indeed! But why this change—for fences involve the expenditure of millions of dollars? Simply, because the rail fence—the fence of the fathers and of Abraham Lincoln—has been superseded (after American timber has been well-nigh destroyed) by barbed steel wire. The rail fence is a thing of the past in most parts of our country, and especially in the prairie regions of the west. However, it still clings to out-of-the-way neighborhoods, as well as to some not considered "out-of-the-way." In fact, within the last year and a half, I saw a man splitting pine rails within five miles of the city of Washington. He had already built several rods of this primitive fence. Our Iowa farmers have been doing better than this for several years. They have either used their rails for firewood, or sold them in the towns for that purpose, and superseded them with barbed wire fences or adopted the law which restrains domestic animals from running at large, and so are able to dispense with outside fences altogether. This change has largely taken place during the past twenty years, and is so recent as to be still in the memories of most readers.

In a hundred directions, perhaps, the life of the people has changed, each in as marked degree as in the instances I have quoted. Farmers in the country may now readily command luxuries which fifty or sixty years ago were beyond the reach of the wealthy, Are equal changes to come during the next half century?

Des Moines, Iowa, June 17, 1895.

THE SIOUX INDIAN WAR.*

BY SOLOMON R. FOOT, SAN PEDRO, CAL.

(Continued From Page 137.)

THE people at the corral thinking they would soon meet an assisting party on the road, formed their teams in line and proceeded towards Forrest City, sending one man on a horse in advance instructed to immediately return to the train, if any enemy was seen. Leaving the dead men where they had fallen and the few straying cattle and one wagon, they proceeded on the way, fearing an attack at any moment. No one can portray, or even conceive, the action of fear on the minds of persons in a time of danger. Some individuals are paralyzed, others stimulated to action, endowed with judgment and courage. One man at the time the Indians were seen passing them, was so paralyzed with fear that he placed his hands over his eyes, his head under a bush and tuft of grass, like a partridge, leaving his body in plain view. He had to be forced to go inside the corral. One woman when leaving her home had a brood of young ducks in a box. She carefully brought them with her, took

*In this narrative the writer does not assume to give a history of the Indian uprising of 1862, but only to relate some incidents of it personally known to him.

them into the corral, her whole mind absorbed in care and preservation of the lives of her "dooks."

Everyone on the alert, looking closely at every depression in the prairie and every bunch of bushes that might conceal a foe, they came to within a mile of the city, when they discovered mounted Indians furiously riding in pursuit. Fully realizing what their fate would have been, had they remained at the corral, and the extreme peril they were now in, they with lash and goad-stick, urged their weary teams into all possible speed. They entered the outskirts of the place and were met by some of the citizens. Their pursuers were baffled, disappointed, came to a halt when they saw that the party had been met by others. The Indians not daring to follow them, wheeled about, brandishing their weapons with insulting gestures and horrid yells, rode away to find an easier and more defenseless prey.

The party was received and provided with food and rest by the hospitable citizens of Forrest City. Feeling in comparative safety, they proceeded on the way to the Mississippi river by the way of Kingston to Fair Haven, where they arrived without further incident. Some of them went to Anoka and Minneapolis, and other towns in the interior, and others to St. Cloud.

Burdick, Kouts and Foot with their families went to St. Cloud, where Kouts had a brother-in-law (Francis Arnold), and Foot's mother, grandmother of the sixteen year old girl-teacher, resided in St. Cloud. The Uncle Silas was killed by the Indians on the 6th of May following, in 1863, on the road to Ft. Abercrombie. He and one man with him at the time were driving beeves to the fort. Both were killed. Burdick and family went to his native state, New York. He enlisted into the United States Volunteers, served till the close of the war, and then with his family returned to his former residence in Minnesota, and resumed the life of a pioneer. Thomas, a Welchman, whose name was given to the "potato hole," which he and his brother had dug for defense, returned to his old home.

The people in the towns on the river were very much excited, and apprehended an attack from the combined forces of all the Indians of the northwest. "Hole in the Day," chief of the Chippewas, had threatened the extermination of all the people on the Upper Mississippi river, and the Winnebagoes were believed to be in league with the Sioux. The citizens of St. Cloud made some preparation for a defense in the construction of a stockade near to the brick court house in the central part of the city. Rifle pits were dug outside of the buildings next to the prairie. St. Cloud extended up and down the river fully two and one-half miles, designated as Central, in which was the court house, jail, and county offices; Upper town, Loudry's addition, three and one-quarter miles from the court house, and Lower town, a mile or more from the Central town. In the Lower town, the residents under the supervision of Samuel Holes, who a few days previous to the general escapade left his residence at Green Lake and moved his family to St. Cloud, a fort was built. It was an unique affair. Posts set into the ground, on inside, and outside boards were nailed, the space filled with dirt, an angular drive way entering. Port holes angling right and left in the walls, so as to protect from every approach, over the whole a roof covered with boards, on top of which were placed grass sods with dirt as a protection against fire—the whole in a circular form something in the shape of a huge tent. Inside could have assembled six hundred people with necessary effects to comfort and a siege of several days. Wood, water in barrels, and other conveniences were placed inside, and every preparation made for immediate occupation. The firing of guns and the ringing of bells, was the signal agreed on to go to the forts. Some valuable furniture and a piano had been placed in the brick court house, and some household effects carried inside of Holes' Fort. Some of the timid persons and families fled from the city to St. Paul.

The people from the frontier towns, and even settlers from

the towns near, flocking here, soon increased the city's population by hundreds. Citizens organized and made requisition on the governor of the State for arms and ammunition, and put patrol and picket guards on duty. A mounted company of men was organized by and under command of Oscar Taylor, which patrolled the outside country and settlements, burying the dead, and rendering assistance in escorting the fugitives to places of safety, restoring in a degree a more confident feeling of security. Under the concealment of timber, brush and groves, the Indians raided the settlements within a few miles of the city. Some sickness among the refugees resulted from exposure, privation and excitement.

The city of St. Cloud was as liable to an investment by the combined forces of the Sioux, Chippewa and Winnebagos as any town on or near to the frontier. Its store-houses of goods and supplies for the Red River and Manitoba trade being located in the place, was well-known by the Indians and was a great inducement for them to concentrate and loot the town. The prompt and efficient action of the State officials and agents quieted the Chippewas, prevented a coalition with the other tribes, and St. Cloud, more fortunate than some other towns was spared its threatened doom. Holes' Fort remained for some time after peace was declared, a monument attractive to the sight-seer.

Although the general government remunerated all claimants for the loss of property, no compensation has ever been made for the loss of life, or the suffering of those who were wounded and crippled for life. It is not for the reason that I was wounded and have been a sufferer from that to the present time, I write this. It is for those orphan children, and mothers who were made homeless, whose fathers and husbands were slain by the ruthless savages. One or two (of the many) of which came under my observation directly.

Mother Enderson (I say mother, for the reason of her heroic fortitude and care she gave to her wounded son-in-law, Erickson, and myself). The Indians came to her home just

as the day was closing. Her husband and older son were shot dead. She caught her youngest little girl, some six years of age and fled to a small underground excavation used as a milk house, where she eluded discovery, the Indians being more intent on plundering the house. A younger son about fourteen years old, was shot through the fleshy part of the shoulder; instantly falling, he was by the Indians supposed to be killed. After securing such articles from the house as they fancied, and destroying all else, they left, taking captive the two older daughters, the eldest eighteen years old, the sister some ten or eleven, hurrying them across the prairie some distance to a grove. In the grove the Indians kept these girls subjected to their brutal indignities. The following morning the Indians' ponies having strayed the girls escaped, while the Indians were looking for them. Mr. Mark W. Piper found the girls that day, lost on the prairie, and took them to a place of safety.

The younger son recovering after the Indians left, called his mother from her hiding place, approaching the house to behold her husband and son cold in death. She, with the assistance of the wounded boy, yoked together a steer of one of her distant neighbors with one of their own, attached them to a sled and started to go to her oldest married daughter (Mrs. Erickson) some three miles distant, first placing pillows under the heads of her husband and son, covering them with blankets. She looked for the last time on her murdered loved ones. Arriving at Erickson's she discovered that the place was apparently deserted. On closer inspection she found Erickson and myself, the only occupants, and we so disabled as to hardly reply to her inquiries.

Taking her mismated team of oxen from the sled and hitching them to a wagon that had been standing so near to the house that the reds had not dared to take it, they having driven off the team that had hauled the wagon which had been turned out in the yoke a few rods distant. The weather was warm and Erickson and myself had bled profusely; our cloth-

ing was saturated with blood and worms were crawling in our wounds. The good old mother re-dressed us with clean clothing, and placing bedding in the wagon assisted us into it and started on the way to Forest City. We camped, or laid in the wagon one night on the way, Mother Erickson caring for us, supplying us with water to quench our thirst and bathe our wounds. The following day we arrived at Forest City, where Ericksons and my wife had come the previous day. We stopped at the house of Captain George C. Whitcomb, where the kindest of care was given us.

Poor Mother Enderson, not knowing the fate of her captive girls, mourning the death of her life-partner and son, being almost distracted with grief, she begged of the people to give her work to do, so that she might employ her mind on something else than grief.

A man, who with his wife and six small children had emigrated from Wisconsin two years before the war, had made a claim, and such improvements on it as enabled him to be in a fair way to secure a comfortable home, had one ox team, two cows and some other minor effects, in the whole constituting on the frontier, a fair start to do well. He was one who with his family, was made homeless by the Sioux raid and lost the little property he had. Afterward while in the employ of a United States Government contractor, he was killed by the Indians—Uncle Sam's red pets—the goose that lays golden eggs for contractors and agents.

The claim for the destruction of his little property was by the widow put in the hand of one of the legion of agents, who were very willing to handle it for the percentage. In due time she received fifty dollars from the agent for the loss of home, her little stock, and her protector and provider, the husband, the father; nothing was left for the support of the widow, and her orphaned, helpless children.

Numerous others, the heads and providers, were killed, leaving families to the cold charity of the world. While the frontier war made some men rich it made many poor who were in a fair way to secure homes and independence.

People were induced by the General, Territorial and State Governments to settle on the frontier, being promised safety and protection. Either through inefficiency of officials or otherwise the protection failed or was given too late.

The Indians have ever been the source from which speculators, contractors and agents have enriched themselves, not only at the expense of the people, but the Indians have been robbed from the time of the first settlement by an avowed, Christian people. Contractors and "stay at homes" made fortunes as the result of the uprising of the Indians in Minnesota in 1862. The whole state was enriched, advanced ten years at least, thereby. The suffering and poverty of the stricken ones redounded to the benefit of those Shylocks who were so circumstanced as to avail themselves of the unfortunate. The blood shed on the frontier was coined into gold by a majority of the people of the state at that time.

Whether the uprising of, and the war made by, the Indians was the result of the war of secession or was instigated by the Southern Confederacy, has never been fully proved. Minnesota and her leading citizens might have done themselves honor, had they pensioned the widows, orphans and disabled men of the Sioux Massacre of 1862. Some of the states of the south are more generous, having pensioned widows, orphans and soldiers, survivors of the Lost Cause. Minnesota fails to pension or recognize those who enriched her with their blood in a cause which was won.

NATIONAL SONGS.

THE DOMINANT, a musical monthly published at Philadelphia, some time ago offered one hundred dollars, and fifty dollars, as first and second prizes for the best and second best patriotic songs, to be awarded by a committee consisting of Colonel John A. Cockerill, editor of the New York *Morning Advertiser*, Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet

and critic, and Jerome Buck, Jr., a member of the editorial staff of the New York *World*. Several hundred poems were submitted. The awards were unanimously made in favor of Osman C. Hooper for the first prize and Thomas J. Duggan for the second. We append these offerings:

SONS OF AMERICA.

BY OSMAN C. HOOPER.

Sons of America! Heirs to the glory
 God-guided patriots nobly have won;
 Liberty stands on our mountain-tops hoary,
 Lighting her torch from the fires of the sun.

CHORUS—Speed the message onward,
 Strivings deep and long
 Here at last are bursting
 In triumphant song.
 Liberty and union,
 Set 'twixt sea and sea;
 Blood-bought by our fathers,
 Here shall ever be.

Liberty, dream of the Pilgrims' devotion,
 Here to a stature heroic has grown;
 Driving back foes that came over the ocean,
 Crushing the enemies sprung from our own.

CHORUS.

Fearful the cost, but how priceless the treasure!
 Battlefields were but the altars to God;
 War-clouds the incense and cannon the measure,
 Lives, the free sacrifice redd'ning the sod.

CHORUS.

Liberty, patron of cot and of palace,
 May our devotion to thee never cease;
 Long may we drink from thy heavenly chalice,
 Deep to contentment, and progress and peace.

CHORUS.

Banner all glorious, float ever o'er us!
 Every star shining there steadfast and true;
 Holding the lesson of Union before us,
 Written for aye in the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

OLD GLORY.

BY THOMAS J. DUGGAN.

Old Glory! Flag of Liberty!
 In triumph wave o'er land and sea,
 The pride of millions yet to be,
 'Neath Freedom's glorious sway;
 We gaze upon each starry fold
 In beauty to the skies unrolled,
 And link with thee in pride untold
 Our land, America.

CHORUS—Unfurl thy grandeur to the stars,
 Dear flag of many battle scars,
 Renowned in hallowed story:
 All hail to thee, O emblem grand,
 The guardian of our native land,
 Old Glory!

Old Glory! founded by our sires
 Amid the flame of battle fires,
 Thy gleam the heart of all inspires
 With rapture, day by day;
 The flag of the New World art thou,
 To tyranny thou ne'er shalt bow!
 Forever wave above the brow
 Of free America!

CHORUS.

Old Glory! for thy honored past,
 Our hearts revere thee till the last;
 Our dearest hopes are on thee cast,
 To never fade away;
 Triumphant, noble, brave and free,
 Still onward shall thy progress be,
 For honor, peace and liberty,
 And for America!

CHORUS.

Another prize of a hundred dollars was offered by *The Dominant* for the best musical settings for these poems, the object being to secure a genuine home-made national anthem. But it will, of course, take more than the endorsement of a committee to adapt verse or music to such a use—its fate must be submitted to the supreme verdict of popular judgment.

THE INDIANS OF TAMA COUNTY.

IN the number for October, 1870, of *The Annals of Iowa* (published by the State Historical Society), the late John Doe, M. D., of Iowa City, contributed an article entitled "The Musquakas of Tama County," giving a sketch of this remnant of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians.

These people have to-day been brought into prominence through action taken by the State Board of Health, which, through its vigilant and accomplished Secretary, Dr. J. F. Kennedy, is ever on the alert to protect all classes, whether living in palaces or teepees, from the common foe, disease. Dr. Kennedy is *ex-officio* editor of the *Iowa Health Bulletin*, the organ of the State Board of Health, in the June number of which, lately issued, occurs the following:

"There are many readers of the *Bulletin* who are not aware that we have in Iowa—in Tama County—an Indian reservation with a government agency in connection therewith. The following in relation thereto will be of interest to all of our readers:

OFFICE OF E. R. SMITH, M. D., TOLEDO, IOWA, April 29, 1895.
J. F. KENNEDY, M. D., *Des Moines, Iowa, Secretary State Board of Health:*

DEAR DOCTOR: I am informed that one John Mackintosh, an Indian, is practicing medicine among the Musquakie Indians, as well as among the whites, of this (Tama) County and Marshall County.

I am also informed that other Indians are also practicing medicine.

It is my opinion that this matter should be looked into. I am informed that there are now Indians suffering from injuries and serious diseases and under the care of this Mackintosh. His cure and treatment is said to be wholly insufficient, and these poor Indians are almost totally neglected.

Should you wish to investigate this matter, write to Hon. H. M. Rebok, Indian agent for this tribe. Respectfully, E. R. SMITH.

"Upon receipt of the foregoing letter we sent it to Hon. H. M. Rebok, who replied as follows:

SAC AND FOX AGENCY, TOLEDO, IOWA, May 2, 1895.
J. F. KENNEDY, *Secretary State Board of Medical Examiners, Des Moines, Ia.:*

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter inclosing that of Dr. E. R. Smith. In reply to your inquiry as to whether the facts set forth in Dr. Smith's letter are correctly reported, I have only to say that what he states is unfortunately true. We suffer a great disadvantage in the Indian work here on account of the practice and the influence of the "medicine man," and the health of the tribe is utterly neglected. There is no qualified physician appointed by the Indian Bureau to attend these people. I found a boy about ten years old last Sunday in one of the wic-ups who is suffering from a kick of a horse, and although he received the injury nearly two months ago, I did not learn of it until I accidentally found him on Sunday. The medicine men keep these things from me as much as possible, and even when I find them out I am practically helpless to do anything for them on account of the failure of the Indian department and the State to provide a

competent physician and to establish rules to govern the practice. I found the medicine administered to this boy by the Indian doctor. One kind of medicine was ground sassafras root; another seemed to be wood of sassafras ground; another was maple sugar, and another ground weed seed. The little fellow had some fever, and was quite warm across the bowels. I doubt very much if he is given enough food of the right kind to restore him even if nature is able to overcome his injury.

I have asked the board of supervisors of Tama County to provide a physician for these people and am refused. I hope there is some law under which you will have power to assist in correcting this deplorable condition. It will certainly be a great mercy to the Indians and a substantial help to those engaged in the Indian work. Yours very truly,

M. REBOK, *United States Indian Agent.*

"Upon receiving this confirmation of Dr. Smith's report, we at once wrote to (Dr.) John Mackintosh, the Indian medicine man, informing him that he could not legally assume the duties of a physician without a certificate from the State Board of Medical Examiners; to the Indian Bureau, Department of the Interior, calling attention to the statements in the letters of Dr. Smith and Agent Rebok, and imploring the department to do something to supply this tribe with such medical supplies and attendance, and such hospital accommodations as are suggested by the dictates of humanity, and as will save them from the ignorance and superstition of the 'medicine man.' To this letter we have as yet received no reply. We also wrote to Hon. Howard Everett, Auditor of Tama County, suggesting that the board of supervisors, in conjunction with the United States government, make some arrangement with the county physician of that county for the proper care of these Indians when sick and disabled, as well as look after the sanitary condition of the well, their food and their proper protection in winter. The following is the reply to this letter:

TOLEDO, IOWA, May 23, 1895.

HON. J. F. KENNEDY, Esq., *Des Moines, Iowa:*

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 22d inst. received and contents noted. I am well aware that the condition of our Indians is pitiable, and have been pleased to note the untiring energy of Mr. Rebok in soliciting public attention toward them. Their legal relation among us has never been determined, and that we have a right to grant their claims I have some doubt.

Granting your suggestion to employ them a county physician, thus recognizing them as wards of our county, we mortgage ourselves for all time and place upon our pauper list the names of four hundred more, a burden we are unable to bear. I assure you that this action will meet with most severe criticism from almost every citizen of our county.

In case it will be impossible to solicit aid from the government, I would suggest that Mr. Rebok petition our county for aid, which in all probability would be refused, then let the courts determine our relation.

Any further suggestion that you may offer will meet with the most careful consideration.

I am, very respectfully,

HOWARD EVERETT, *County Auditor.*

"Here the matter rests at present. The public press throughout the State have taken up the matter and all unite in the declaration that something should be done to afford relief, and that it should be done speedily. We believe and have insisted in our correspondence with the government, that as these Indians are its wards, it and it only is responsible, not only for blankets and rations, but especially in sickness and disability, for such medical and surgical care as will afford comfort and the best chance for recovery.

"P. S. Since writing the foregoing we have noticed with pleasure that an Iowa 'Indian Aid Association' has been organized with Rev. Dr. Fellows, of Toledo, President, and Hon. J. R. Caldwell, of the same place, as Secretary. We shall be glad to aid this worthy association in every way we can to better the condition of these unfortunate remnants of a pre-historic race."

DEATHS.

JOHN MICHAEL HAAS died at his beautiful home in the eastern edge of Iowa City, March 14th, 1895, being in his ninety-first year. He was born May 5th, 1804, in the village of Fahrenbach, situated in a charming valley near the river Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, then in the Kingdom of Hanover, Germany. It is a region where the grape draws its most delicious flavors from the long, slow, summer-day suns, and where the spring meadows waft a fragrance hardly known elsewhere; it is a country where the soil has become so enriched by the fertilizing deposits of centuries from the historic river as to be incomparable to any land we have, unless it be the "American Bottom," bordering the Mississippi above St. Louis.

His birth occurred in a time and country when and where Napoleon, in the exigencies of his wars, wiped out kingdoms and duchies as the moist finger obliterates the white letters on a slate. But this ducal principality was spared through the marital alliance of its chief with one of the ruling families not yet fallen before the displeasure of the despot.

In 1838 Mr. Haas with his wife and two children (Katherine and Francis Joseph) left the Fatherland for America. To-day such a proceeding is one of slight event, but then it was a momentous undertaking. It was before the days of ocean steamers, and when a man had often to buy the privilege of his own expatriation, and also give a guaranty that he would not thereby subject his government to future expense. This was what Haas did, for the reason that he feared, despite the greatest frugality, that he should shiver in winter, so scarce was the timber and so rigid were the forest laws.

After seventy-two days' sail, in the spring of 1838 his ship brought him to Philadelphia, from whence he soon pushed west to Pittsburg, where he earned some money laboring on public work in the vicinity, for his purse by this time had become slender. With his resources thus replenished he went on the Ohio river by steamboat to Evansville, Indiana, where he remained only a short time, as his objective point and destination was St. Louis, which he reached in due time. Here he set up his loom, being by trade a weaver, and by this occupation, followed sedulously and persistently for several years, he wove the fabric of his fortune. From this beginning, with penetration to espy opportunity and courage to seize it, he advanced the lines of his prosperity by entering the arena of commerce in a small and cautious way. Soon, with intuitive business forecast, he perceived the fortunes opening here in Central Iowa to honorable and judicious endeavor, and in 1852 he joined here his daughter and son (who had preceded him) in the establishment of a general store in Iowa City. By business sagacity, proverbial uprightness, unremitting devotion to every-day duty, leniency to debtors and accommodation to all, his affairs thrived with the most prosperous. But even compound interest requires time for accumulation, and small profits will generally take more than as long a life-time as Haas's to make one grow rich. Fortuitous circumstances must be in attendance to secure to one wealth. These came to Mr. Haas in the great war of 1861. Goods of all kinds, and his among the rest, advanced tremendously in value throughout the four years of war. Like a rubber string the prices stretched from 1861 to 1865 without seeming to be affected by the tension till the latter year. This was the crowning reward of Mr. Haas's effort and foresight, so that in 1868 he was able, in the beginning of his decrepitude, to transfer the labors and anxieties of business to his son Francis, who with his sister (Mrs. Katherine Menne) had loyally and intelligently assisted their father throughout his long and successful commercial career. At this time Mr. Haas, with his wife and daughter, retired to his newly-built and commodious

mansion in the eastern verge of town, where among apple trees and grape vines which he planted and trained with his own hand, he often returned in memory to Fahrenbach near the Rhine, and where his life was extended in hale and happy old age (marred only by the death of his wife March 29th, 1872, and of his son July 12th, 1892), into the last decade of a century.

His living descendants are his daughter, referred to above (her only child, Francis C., having died in 1866), and the children of his son, viz., E. J. Haas, a merchant of Chicago. Dr. A. L. Haas, a dental surgeon of Coon Rapids, Iowa. and John M. Haas and Miss Laura N. Haas, of Iowa City.

The nonagenarian of whom we write was an example for any business man to follow in probity and industry, and as a man he was a pattern that any one might copy, having been governed always by impulses of rectitude and benevolence.

NOTES.

ALTHOUGH the scene of Mr. Foot's interesting sketch of frontier life appearing in this number is not laid in our State. yet it describes incidents so similar to experiences of pioneers of Northwestern Iowa as to make it not inappropriate to our pages.

The experimental policy of transforming the Indian warrior into an American soldier, restrained by discipline and actuated by martial ambition, lately adopted and thoroughly tried by the War Department with a view to utilizing his warlike propensities, has been abandoned, and the two companies of this class still in the service have been ordered to be consolidated and at the end of their enlistment terms finally discharged.

BARNES OR BARNES.—Persons of this name are requested to furnish data concerning their family history, which will be used in compiling the Barnes Genealogy, now in preparation.

BYRON BARNES HORTON, Sheffield, Pa.

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SILAS TOTTEN, D. D., LL. D.

BY SAM'L N. WATSON, D. D., M. D.

RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, IOWA CITY.

IN following the history of the successive heads of the University of Iowa, the name of the Reverend Doctor Silas Totten appears to deserve especial consideration as being that of the man who first gave definitive form and shape to the University as it now is. Some confusion appears to have arisen as to the title by which the head of the University was originally known, and we find Dr. Totten variously spoken of as President, and as Chancellor. A thorough search of the official records makes plain the facts as follows: viz., that the title of Chancellor as applied to the head of the University had never any legal existence in fact, but was simply assumed whenever used. Dean was elected President, as was Totten, and as were also the two who were elected before Dean. The office was denominated President from the first. Though Dean is sometimes referred to as Chancellor, as was also Totten, it was by some semblance of official courtesy without foundation in fact, and his office of President was largely nominal, as he was not known to have been at the University but twice. Dr. Totten was the first

head of the University to be in actual residence, and to do the work of the office of President, by which title he was officially known.

The subject of this sketch was born in Schoharie County, New York, on the 26th day of March, A. D., 1804. His scholastic education was obtained at Union College, Schenectady, from which he graduated with honor in the class of 1830. Shortly after his graduation he was elected tutor in Mathematics in his Alma Mater, and occupied this position from 1831 to 1833. In April, 1833, Mr. Totten was appointed professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, Connecticut. On the 24th day of August, of the same year, he was married to Mary Isham.

During this year also he was ordered Deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in St. Paul's Church, Wallingford, Connecticut, by the Right Reverend Thomas C. Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut, having already pursued theological studies under the direction of Professor Alonzo Potter, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania. In June, 1836, Professor Totten was ordained Priest by Bishop Brownell in Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut. His work at Washington College was markedly successful, and the confidence which he inspired in those with whom he was associated in this educational work was shown by his election on May 4th, 1837, to the Presidency of the College, and also to the Hobart Professorship of Belles Lettres and Oratory, an honor which was speedily recognized in the world of letters by the gift of the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, his Alma Mater, in 1838. Dr. Totten was President of Trinity College, then known as Washington College, for eleven years, resigning the office on the 3rd of August, 1840. During his administration the College made marked progress. A new building was added, and vested funds were largely increased; the name of the institution was changed from Washington to Trinity at the request of the alumni; the

graduates were organized into the House of Convocation as a constituent part of the academic body, and a chapter of the ancient and honorable Phi Beta Kappa society was established, of which Dr. Totten was the first President.

In June, 1849, Dr. Totten was elected Professor of Rhetoric and Mental Philosophy in the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, Virginia, and was occupied with this work until October, 1859, when he accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity parish, Iowa City, Iowa. He entered upon the duties of the office on the 12th day of November of this year; and with this date his work as a citizen of Iowa begins. His rectorship was of short duration, for his experience and ability were speedily recognized by the authorities of the State University, and on November 27th. 1859, he was elected President of the University, to enter upon the duties of that office June 1st, 1860. During the year that intervened Dr. Totten officiated as rector of Trinity parish, and was also occupied with the University authorities in preparing the buildings and apparatus for the opening of the University, and in rearranging the curriculum. On the 1st of July, 1860, he resigned the rectorship of the parish to devote his time wholly to University interests, although holding services for the parish from time to time during the following year until June of 1871, when his successor took charge. The College of William and Mary conferred upon him the honor of its LL. D. degree in 1860. Dr. Totten's administration of the University of Iowa displayed the same power and ability that had marked all his work hitherto, and although short, it was a period of growth and advancement for the institution. He resigned the office on the 23rd of August, 1862.

During the winter of 1862-3 that followed, his time was largely occupied in work for Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa, and he was instrumental in raising funds to discharge the indebtedness of the buildings of that institution.

In September, 1863, Dr. Totten removed from Iowa to Illinois and took up the active work of the Church's ministry

as rector of St. John's Church, Decatur. Here he established a school for young ladies which proved a marked success. He continued this work for three years, removing in 1866 to Lexington, Kentucky, to take up work of a similar character. In that year Dr. Totten, assisted by his three daughters, opened in Lexington the well known Christ Church Seminary, a Church-school for young ladies, and a most important institution of learning of the Diocese of Kentucky. The work of this school and the duties of missionary at large in the Diocese occupied him until his death, on the 7th of October, 1873, when he passed to his reward, honored, beloved and respected by all who were associated with him.

Dr. Totten was somewhat known in the field of writers. In 1836 he published "A new Introduction to the Science of Algebra," a mathematical work of quite wide use in its day, in both schools and colleges. In 1848 he published "The Analogy of Truth" in four discourses, with a discourse on the connection between practical piety and sound doctrine, a volume of 108 pages; and in the same year he was the author of "A Letter about Jubilee College."

Though most of his life engaged in the work of education, Dr. Totten was constantly making use of every opportunity of work for the Church whose orders he possessed, and his services as a clergyman of the Episcopal Church were most highly valued. Throughout all his life as opportunity offered he made use of his ministry in assisting neighboring clergymen in officiating in vacant parishes, and in doing missionary duty in the vicinity of the schools and colleges in which he was employed.

During the last few years of his life his Church home was Christ Church, Lexington, Kentucky, where he was most intimately associated with Reverend Doctor J. S. Shipman, then rector of the parish, and a few characteristic words from his pen may most fittingly close this all too brief sketch of a life so useful.

"Were I called upon to describe Dr. Totten's character in

a single sentence, I should say that it was beautifully, almost marvellously, *balanced*. There was not a feature in his character that was not strong; I could never see that any one was stronger than another. With an intellect as cold and as clear as an icicle, there was yet a soul within him, which I verily believe, would have taken him to the block or to the stake, in witness of the truth of his convictions. It was on a missionary errand that he was suddenly stricken with disease. He reached the parish, but found himself unable to officiate. The surplice, which he had folded at his home to wear in his ministrations at the altar, was to be unfolded only to enwrap his lifeless body for the grave. Noble Soldier of the Cross! He fell, as such as he would wish to fall, with his harness on."

NOTE.--It seems peculiarly fitting that it should have fallen to the lot of the writer to prepare for THE RECORD this sketch of the life of Dr. Totten; inasmuch as his *Almæ Matres* were those two Colleges of which Dr. Totten was President, Trinity College, Hartford, whose degrees in Arts the writer holds, and the University of Iowa from which he has degrees in Medicine and Divinity.

THE LANDSCAPES OF EARLY IOWA.

BY PROF. T. H. McBRIDE.

IOWA is a land of beauty. No traveler makes his summer outing by her prairie highways, north, south, east, or west, but returns to tell of wondrous fields, sunny pastures, groves, farm houses and villages hardly elsewhere to be matched. So completely has the whole State passed beneath the plow, so quickly assumed the appearance of one vast farm, that one who thus studies the Iowa of to-day realizes with difficulty the strange picturesque wildness of fifty or sixty years ago when of farms, villages, cities, over the vastly greater part of this area there were none. For the benefit of those whose later experience makes them familiar

with the present status only, it has been thought worth while to describe briefly the Iowa of that earlier day. For older men this is less needed; such have but to shut their eyes a moment till memory, all too willing, lifts up again the vision of past scenes and years.

It might perhaps be thought that the signs of human occupation form the chief distinguishing characteristic of the new physiognomy; but this is only partly true. Our human sympathy leads us to dwell on such features and to find in them a certain charm. But even were all the houses suddenly to disappear, even though the netted highways with right-angled meshes should dissolve and blend again unmarked into the adjoining fields, even then the prehistoric landscape would lack much of restoration. Hill, valley, rock and stream are always of course the same, but these form only the background, the skeleton; the charm, as the character, lies in the details with which the larger features are evermore clothed and covered. In detail the modern landscape is very different from the old. Apart from inequality of surface diversity in the appearance of a country is due largely to the distribution of forest and meadow. This distribution ever picturesque, at least in eastern Iowa, remains to-day so far unchanged as to indicate the original conditions. True, very much of our Iowa woodland has been reduced to so-called farms or pasture-fields, but enough still remains to suggest the principal outlines of those landscapes which must have met the eye of the earliest civilized inhabitant. The differences lie deeper and affect alike the forest and the prairie. Of course planted groves of all sorts must be forgotten. The primeval woods were confined to two very dissimilar locations; to ridges of clay, sand, or rock and to flood-plains of streams, flats more or less wide, subject to overflow; all the richest, most fertile areas of the State were prairie. Sometimes the two poorer regions mentioned blent, or came close together, especially since Iowa streams have a fashion of cutting through ridges and rocks; but not infrequently the streams were found

shaded with only a fringe of their characteristic species while groves of forest trees covered isolated hill tops far away. The primeval forests in these diverse localities were very different in character. The species were different. Down by the streams the wild plum, wild cherry, box-elder, soft maple and elm made with the grape and Virginia-creeper thickets almost or wholly impassable, with shade so dense that the ground beneath was absolutely bare. Where by the junction of two streams the flood-plain was widened with richer alluvial soil, walnuts, hackberries and cottonwoods with an occasional bur-oak, gave to the woodland more the appearance of an eastern forest, and here and there on rocky banks were groves of hard maple rivalling those of Pennsylvania and Vermont. But on the clay ridges the white oak flourished sometimes to the exclusion of all else; while the most striking peculiarity of the Iowa upland forest was its openness. One could drive through it anywhere. To one following some long clay ridge the trees opened on every hand as in a royal park, and out past their clean white weathered boles on a summer day the emerald prairie gleamed and shone to the horizon's edge. Even in the midst of these wooded hills there was many an open mead, an area perfectly bare of trees, an acre, ten acres, or a section, it might be where no tree had ever stood. Here the ground received the drainage of the surrounding region, was therefore more moist and covered with denser grass. Around the margin of such a little meadow sometimes the hazel flourished with the blackberry, the plum and thorn. Instead of grass-grown mead, sometimes occurred a lake of greater or less extent; sometimes a lake filled full of aquatic or marsh-loving vegetation, a morass in which incautious quadrupeds were lost continually. Such morasses were not infrequent in the woods on the hill-tops forty or fifty feet above the surrounding prairie lowlands. Everywhere, however grew the grass, rankest where the soil was strongest except, as noted, immediately along the banks of thicket-bordered streams. In many cases even the thicket was lacking by the

stream and the grass grew down to the water's edge. The Cedar river in its upper courses, used to flow along mile after mile through open prairie with scarcely a bush to darken its pellucid waters while any forest to which the stream might rightfully lay claim shaded the sandy hill-tops sometimes miles away! The woods of to-day are all thickets where time has not sufficed in the struggle for place to give the stronger individuals such preëminence as effectually shuts out all smaller growth. To the old regime or status contributed likewise the annual fires which swept all grass-grown regions, forest and prairie alike, keeping down the natural increase of the forest so that only the hardiest individual under exceptional conditions managed to thrive at all. Occasionally where some "old settler" still preserves them may yet be seen some of the old oaks of Iowa's primeval woods. Such trees are now, owing to the absence of forest fires, wholly surrounded by "second growth" and do not show to the casual observer for what they really are; but if one be privileged to walk through such a surviving bit of woodland and can for the once imagine the smaller trees removed, and the ground beneath the remaining lofty white oaks carpeted with grass, he may even yet at least in imagination see the woods of Iowa when through their shades the Sacs and Foxes "pursued the panting deer."

But if the woodlands have thus undergone notable alteration hardly less remarkable to the eye of the careful observer are the changes to which the simple prairie has likewise been subjected. Here the modifications are of two sorts: in the relative moisture and in the flora entire. I am aware that it is rather hazardous to indulge in any positive assertions in reference to matters meteorological; still I believe it will be readily conceded that the prairies of Iowa are everywhere appreciably drier than they were prior to their cultivation. This we may attribute not to any special change in climate, but to the simple fact of universal drainage consequent upon the processes of agriculture. The prairies were wet, and in all

low places staid wet. Very rarely did the surplus water pass off by anything like a ditch as now, but every valley was a bog, utterly impassable to man or beast. The waters did not seem to run at all, but gradually evaporated or sank to lower and lower strata. Our pioneers were great readers of the Pilgrim's Progress and thoroughly did they appreciate Bunyan's famous slough. They pronounced it *slew* and no one needed to go far to ascertain exactly the force of the dreaming tinker's figure. Over the oozy sloughs the sedges waved head-high, and into their treacherous depths horses, oxen or even men ventured at peril of their lives.

To fitly describe the changes in the prairie flora would require a special article. We must content ourselves with mention of one or two facts which are sufficiently suggestive. In a state of nature every region has a flora of its own, every species holds in check another and all persist from year to year, from century to century, in state of trembling equilibrium. The slightest interruption produces an immediate effect, starts a readjustment. What then must have been the effect when the ploughshare overturned thousands of acres in a single day, The whole flora of the prairie went down to rise no more, to give place to plants of man's selecting and to weeds. The original prairie flora included species comparatively few; only such as could endure an annual conflagration found a place. Plants suited for such conditions are either those having perennial subterranean stems and roots, or annuals whose seeds are in some way protected from the action of the fire. Most prairie plants were of the class first named. In the lowlands, under the general name of slough-grass, sedges covered thousands of acres with a mantle of deepest green, whose lustrous sheen went waving in the breath of summer like the rolling of the tropic sea; on the highlands "upland prairie grass" offered in softer tints an equally attractive picture. Here too flourished the red-root (*Amorpha canescens*) with leaden foliage and purple flowers, pest of the ploughman, and the wild rose blushed all unseen.

In moister meadows the *Habenaria*, the green fringed orchid, waved its creamy spikes and the wild lilies tossed their fiery cups. Everywhere *Lobelias* sprang and in the swamps wild parsnip stood in forests and hemlock filled the air with odors rank. Later in the year the composites took the field completely. The sunflowers spread their cloth of gold, the torches of *Liatris* flared, the compass plant marked with edge-set leaves the meridian of the prairie and lifted its tall stems distilling resin. In fact one can hardly imagine any thing more richly beautiful than an Iowa prairie in full bloom under the summer sun. Only the fertile pastures of the Alps can show such wealth of color and these by their scant dimensions hardly offer a comparison. Against the invasion of foreign plants the native species formed efficient barrier, but once disturbed, the charm was broken and hosts of alien species occupied the ground. For instance blue-grass, now so common, seems at the outset to have been wholly lacking. It can endure the plough; not so our native grasses. It will even drive out most other weeds and as we know has overrun the State. The plantain came with the pioneers and dandelion followed shortly after; although as late as 1854 there were no dandelions in some of our eastern counties, and surely none further west. In the year mentioned people sent from Iowa to Pennsylvania for dandelion seed! The cockle bur was unknown and ragweeds confined to narrow limits. The flora of the prairies has been wholly changed.

Since the characteristic animals of a region also lend character to its landscapes, a word or two as to faunal changes may not perhaps be out of place. Changes in the animal world are of course even more radical than those seen in the world of plants. Deer that were once abundant are entirely gone and even many a smaller species quite extinct. Even the avian fauna, if students tell us rightly, has been more or less modified by the inrush of civilized man. The prairie-hens were a most common bird over the whole prairie. All day long you could hear the rustling of their wings, and in the

winter mornings their trumpeting filled the State with strains of more than martial music. Mating took place in early spring and every old resident must remember the abundant eggs with which the prairies were once strewn. The prairie fires which should have taken place in autumn sometimes were delayed and did not come until the grass was dry enough again to burn in the following spring. Often before the fires would come the prairie-hens had made their nests. The birds all flew before the fiery storm and after the blaze had passed many a nest lay white with ruined eggs, conspicuous upon the blackened plain.

Even parrots once enlivened the groves and meadows of our southern counties. Great flocks settled in spring on leafless trees and lit them up with the colors of the rainbow, easy mark, alas! for every idle vagabond with wit enough to carry a gun.

Twice in the year were the landscapes of Iowa glorious with a beauty they can show no more: in summer, when as described the whole earth was one parterre in which nature displayed her maximum variety of vegetation, the attainment of unnumbered ages; in autumn, when that same vegetation the frost-cured harvest of the year, went down in general conflagration. After a few killing frosts came then as now the delightful sunny weather which passes on to Indian summer, and the prairies became perfectly dry. Then came the fires. Where they started or to what end no one seemed to know. Various were the explanations offered. It was said the Indians lit the fires to set the great game in motion. Some thought the fires were started by the careless habit of the passing hunter. A better explanation lay in the fact that fire was needed to make clean the way for next year's crop of grass. At any rate no one seemed to care much whether the prairie burned or not and everywhere precautions, back-firing, ploughing, were taken to protect the pioneer's scanty stack-yards. Fires were expected and people were on the look-out for them every night. Sometimes their coming was

announced by smoke which filled the air by day with filmy haze, and at evening rolled in cloudy masses down the low watersheds of the plain. More frequently by night a pale red tint appeared along the horizon's edge, a light reflected, as from the sky to-day comes to the traveller the glare of a distant electric-lighted city. If there were no wind the phenomena were repeated sometimes for days together before ever we saw the flames at all. We learned the first approach by the ever increasing smoke until at length along the sky-line of our landscape we saw the painted flames, like distant choppy waves on a sunrise-tinted sea; so slowly they came on, the very poetry of combustion, as tuft after tuft of tall blue-stem went up in lambent blaze. By morning everything had passed; the blackened prairie spread for miles, far as the eye could reach, the image and reality of desolation. But if once upon a prairie-fire the wind should rise, then came the storm, a fiery blizzard of destruction. The flames sped along the ground with marvellous rapidity, the air was burdened with ashes and flying sparks, and great smoke wreaths were rolled along in ever increasing volume, darkening the sun. Whole hill-sides burned as by a single blaze, and down in the valleys where the grass was high the flames were higher still and the roar terrific. No living creature could stand before the storm. Everything ran for life. Deer, led by wonderful instinct, sought the streams and pools; wolves dashed in terror past the settler's cabin, and the wild fox found his covert in the bank. Domestic animals shared the excitement of their wilder kin. Horses neighed, cattle bawled and all ran to and fro striving to escape the rude confine which alone insured their safety. Of course, such a storm was but a moment in its passing, but grand in its on-come and retreat, while in its wake was left the same blackened prairie as before, only that everywhere the fires continued in unburned tufts and smouldering heaps, smoking by day and blazing up at night like fitful embers.

There are yet many among us to whom the whole history

of our State is but life's memory. In the hearts of such, amid all the refinements of modern life there rises often doubtless a longing unconfessed, a keen desire for the old-time freedom and the wild beauty of that earlier day when the State was new. That may not be; no more for them nor for the generations following. Let such rather congratulate themselves on the experience which is theirs. Once only in recorded time has nature turned over to the hands of civilized man a world in newness, freshness, absolute. Has destiny made us in any sense partakers of the gift unique, ours be the joy, ours too the peculiar responsibility of use.

EARLY INSTRUCTION IN PHYSICS IN IOWA.

BY FRANCIS E. NIPHER.

THE modern method of teaching Physics by laboratory methods, was put into practical operation on a large scale in Iowa, at an early day. There had been some discussion concerning a reform in the method of teaching Physics, and at the School of Technology in Boston an experimental laboratory for more advanced students had been started. But the plan of instruction had not been worked out. It was a serious question to determine upon experimental work which students of various grades might profitably undertake. It was to this question that Professor Gustavus Hinrichs addressed his attention, and the plans for which he put into practical operation at the State University of Iowa in the year 1870-71. At that time the University gave instruction in one preparatory or sub-freshman year. The catalogue of 1870-71 gives the names of 136 students who were then pursuing sub-freshman work, many of whom are to-day well known in Iowa. There were also 78 special students. Nearly all of these were started in a course of experimental labora-

tory work. The class was divided into four sections, and the afternoons of the five school days and Saturday forenoon were wholly given up to laboratory instruction. Professor Hinrichs and his two assistants, Mr. W. C. Preston and the writer, devoted their entire time to this work. The manual of instruction used was the newly published "Elements of Physics demonstrated by the Student's own Experiments," which had just been published for Professor Hinrichs by Griggs, Watson & Day, of Davenport. Each student worked independently of every other. Each experiment to be undertaken required certain pieces of apparatus, which were given permanent places at the tables. They included such experiments as the specific gravity of solids and of liquids; the accurate measurements of areas, lengths and angles; the determination of frictional coefficients between flat surfaces, and of shafting; the parallelogram of forces; the laws of pulleys and the inclined plane; a study of the laws of liquid pressure in communicating vessels; the flow of liquids in tubes; action of the siphon; a study of the laws of string vibrations, and of musical sounds in air columns; a determination of the velocity of sound; the flexure of loaded beams; the solubility of various substances; the laws for the refraction and the reflection of light; a prismatic study of color; the law of lenses; the magnifying power of microscopes and telescopes; the illuminating power of lights at varying distances, and many of the simpler phenomena of electricity and magnetism.

The manual of Physics was provided with blank pages upon which a record of the experiments was kept. This journal of work was preceded by a few printed pages of general instructions and suggestions, with illustrative records of experiments made by students. It was expected that much of this work would find its way into the high schools of the State, when young men and women who had received this instruction should become teachers.

In the Freshman year, the work was continued on a somewhat higher plane, and graphical solutions of equations suggested

by the plotting of observations was begun. The aim was to determine the law of the apparatus used, by an inductive method. Some of the quantitative work of the previous year was reduced by these more advanced methods. Such were a determination of the relation between the distances of object and image in convex lenses; the relation between the applied force and the load in various pulley systems, and the inclined plane, where the element of friction was included.

The student also determined the relation between volume, temperature and pressure in gases; the laws for uniformly accelerated motion; the motion of rolling and of sliding bodies on inclined surfaces; the orbit of projectiles as shown in water jets; the laws of the simple and the compound pendulum; the moment of inertia of bodies of various forms about the principal axes of figure; the equation of magnetic lines for a bar magnet; the law of damping of vibrating bodies; the law of probability in the drawing of balls from an urn, and many other relations of a similar character. In all of this work the student was continually instructed to consider the degree of precision attained. It was not considered particularly important that fine instruments of precision should be used. It was simply insisted that the young investigator should do his best with the apparatus given him, and that he should then determine the possible or probable errors of his final result.

Toward the close of the second year of this work Professor Hinrichs gave his Freshman class a problem which was designed to test their ability as investigators. He gave them the periodic time and the mean distance from the sun of the various planets, of the solar system and asked them to bring in a solution showing the relation between these quantities. The students were informed that after having this information, Kepler had labored for seventeen years before he could discover the law. It was a matter of gratification alike to teachers and students, to see how many of the Freshmen discovered this law and presented complete solutions in less than two days.

All of this was very grand. There is not in this country to-day a finer course of instruction, or one which is more thoroughly carried out in the details which characterize thorough work.

During the year 1871-2, the sub-freshman class to whom such instruction was given, numbered 131 and the Freshman class numbered 61, making in all 192 students.

During these two years, while this course of study was carried on, Professor Hinrichs published at first a monthly, and finally a quarterly journal. The first was called the *American Scientific Monthly*, and it was continued from July to December inclusive, in 1870. The quarterly journal was called the *School Laboratory*, and was published during the years 1871 and 1872. These publications gave an account of the work then being done, and published the details of experiments made by individual students. These publications were widely distributed in this country and in Europe, and they undoubtedly aided very greatly in the introduction of this kind of instruction in Physics, which is now universal.

It is not necessary now to go into a history of the causes which resulted in the temporary suspension of this work in the State University of Iowa. It could serve no useful purpose, excepting to show that all men are not equally wise and that they differ in many other important particulars. This general truth is so universally admitted that it seems unnecessary to support it by an appeal to the local history of any particular region.

St. Louis, October 7, 1895.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE UNITED STATES
MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE importance of a military education for the officers of the profession was early recognized by Washington. In his report to Congress, on a military peace establishment, he urges the necessity of such education, and invites attention to how much our cause suffered from the want of discipline and the lack of instruction.

Historical association, as well as military importance, pointed to West Point as the most desirable location for the establishment of a Military Academy.

Although Washington throughout his administration continually impressed on the country the importance of establishing a school, where at least officers might be educated for the Engineer Corps and the Artillery arm, nothing was done until March 16th, 1802, when an act was passed by Congress, establishing a Military Academy at West Point. This school was to consist of ten cadets of engineers and forty of artillery.

From how feeble a germ has come the outgrowth of our Military Academy, says Miss Berard in her "Reminiscences of West Point," is apparent from the fact that on May 3rd, 1802 the entire establishment consisted of one officer, Major Jonathan Williams, the Superintendent; two instructors, Captains Barron and Mansfield, assistant professors in mathematics (the professorship was not created until 1812); and four cadets.

Under Major Williams, a polished gentleman and a distinguished soldier, the Academy, says General Cullum, "quickly received tone and character, steadily advanced in discipline and usefulness, and brought forth golden fruit in its distinguished graduates, who did brilliant service in our second war with Great Britain, which began in gloom and disaster and ended in a blaze of glory."

Of the graduates who did service in this war, one-sixth laid down their lives, one-fourth were mortally or severely wounded, and one-fifth of those who survived received one or two brevets for distinguished gallantry during the war.

In 1812 Congress passed a law greatly increasing the Military Academy, but through the hostility and mismanagement of the then Secretary of War, one Dr. William Eustis, nothing was done to carry out its ample provisions.

On the 30th of September, 1812, Cadet Charles S. Merchant reported for duty at West Point; the acting Superintendent Captain Alden Partridge and the newly arrived "*plebe*" then constituted the whole of the magnificent Military Academy, which under the existing law was to consist of two hundred and sixty cadets, one Professor of Engineering, one of Natural Philosophy, and one of Mathematics (each with an assistant), one teacher of French and one of Drawing.

Cadet Merchant was at once admitted without inquiry into his mental or physical qualifications, and constituted the entire corps with its four classes.

By December of the same year the corps was increased by five other aspirants of military glory; but winter had now set in and these six young men were furloughed, as was then customary, until April 1813, when the Military Academy with scarce a score of cadets, resumed its existence, under more favorable circumstances, Dr. Eustis being succeeded at this time as Secretary of War by General John Armstrong.

Although the Military Academy continued to grow under the supervision of General Armstrong, the school was sadly in need of an efficient superintendent; the exigencies of the war then existing with Great Britain, keeping the Chief of Engineers, who was *ex-officio* Superintendent, in the field.

Captain Partridge proved entirely unequal to the high duties entrusted to him, and the school made little or no progress under his administration.

The appointment of Major Sylvanus Thayer, in 1817, was a most fortunate one for the Academy. Major Thayer, of the Engineer Corps, a graduate of the institution, was a scientific soldier and scholar, a man of high character, zealous in the performance of his duty, and one in every way fitted to undertake the prodigious task of bringing order out of the confusion

into which the affairs of the Academy had fallen under the mismanagement of his predecessor:

The Academy at this time was in a most deplorable condition; the number of cadets was much below that authorized by law, they had been admitted at all ages, from twelve to thirty-four, many were totally unfitted for the military profession. No preliminary mental and physical examinations, as required by law, were made; no classification by merit existed; no system seemed to have been pursued in the advancement and graduation of the cadets, the latter depending upon the vacancies in the army and the ages and growth of the cadets, rather than upon any rigid inquiry into their attainments or fitness to become officers; some despite the law of 1812 requiring that they should go "through all the classes," became officers in four months, while others dragged on for nearly six years. Military instruction was confined to an occasional lecture, infantry drill, the manual of the piece and some target practice in artillery; discipline was at the lowest ebb; the Professors were mostly old men, and in a state of chronic feud with their superior.

Major Thayer went energetically to work, examinations were held, and the incompetent, indolent and vicious students were dismissed; the cadets were organized into a battalion of two companies, a commissioned officer was appointed Commandant of Cadets and held responsible for the military instruction.

Cadets were classified and divided into small sections for more thorough instruction; the course of study was greatly improved, and an Academic Board with the Superintendent at its head was organized.

"These successive advances which so marvelously elevated the tone and character of the Military Academy in less than a year," says General Cullum, "are best exemplified by the first regulations under Major Thayer's superintendency." These regulations provided for a January and June examination, prohibited examinations for admission after September 1st; established an annual encampment in lieu of vacations, which were

abolished; allowed only those to be graduated who had gone through the exercises of two entire encampments; made a diploma the evidence of having completed the full course of studies; and secured promotion to the grade of a commissioned officer according to merit.

Colonel Thayer continued to occupy the chair of Superintendent until 1833, when he was relieved at his own request.

To the energy, untiring devotion, scholarly attainments, high character and noble patriotism of this distinguished officer, the high place that West Point has attained among the military institutions of the world, is largely due, and to him well belongs the title of "Father of the United States Military Academy."

The course of instruction, the discipline, and administration of the Academy as prescribed by General Thayer, have practically remained the same.

General Thayer has been succeeded by many distinguished Superintendents, under whose administration the Academy has steadily progressed; from a small beginning it has grown to be a world renowned institution, educating some three hundred and fifty pupils for all branches of the service.

C. B. VOGDES,
1st Lieutenant 1st Infantry.

Iowa City, October, 1894.

THE ROLL CALL.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

RECITED AT THE BANQUET OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, TWENTY-SEVENTH REUNION, CINCINNATI, O., SEPT. 17, 1895.

THE Army of the Tennessee
Satin its banquet hall,
The flags waved high, and radiantly
The lights shone over all.
Sweet music filled the festal place,
And woman's bright eyes shone
On many a bearded soldier's face
Who through the war had gone.

And trumpets sounded in the hall,
And muskets stood in line,
And sabers hung upon the wall
And wreaths of oak and pine.
A white tent with its sentinel,
A cannon dark and grim
Stood on the stage—and once there fell
Sounds of a battle hymn.

It was as if they camped again
Beside a southern sea,
And fain would hear the bugle strain,
The morning's reveille.
As if these faces of the fair
To some far bivouac came,
The soldier's life an hour to share—
An hour to share his fame.

And down the banquet tables went
Full many a jest and tale
Of bivouac life, of wood, and tent,
And ships that stood the gale.
And tales of heroes, buried long,
And tales of love they had,
Till speech, and toast, and wine, and song,
Made all the banquet glad.

Then spake the leader, "Call the roll
Of comrades, live or dead,"
And silence seized on every soul
As the long list was read.
A hundred colonels of the line,
And countless men in blue,
Salute and give the countersign
And pass the long hall through.

Departed spirits of the dead—
Of comrades gone before—
Into the banquet hall are led
As by some conqueror.
And one by one their faces came
To every banqueter,
Each spirit soldier heard his name
And seemed to answer "Here."

So all the dead that once had been
Of that gay company,
Familiar now again were seen
As plain as plain could be;
And every soldier round the board,
And every bright eye there,
Saw spirit plumes and flashing sword,
Bugles and trumpeter.

And none were scared, for blood nor scar,
Nor terror, any sign
Were on these spirits of the war—
Their forms were half divine.
Radiant they stood like men who knew
Some duty nobly done—
Some finished work, some great life through—
Some glorious haven won.

A soldier's smile was on each face,
A soldier's brow each had,
And glory seemed to fill the place
And every heart was glad.
And these rejoiced, these spirits, too,
To see the goblets fill,
And now, amidst their comrades, knew
They were remembered still.

That Donelson was not forgot,
Nor Shiloh's bloody sea—
That Grant and Sherman's names were caught
By immortality.
That Logan's name was still a word
For all that's good and brave;
That little children's hearts are stirred.
To see McPherson's grave.

That Vicksburg's heights and Corinth's plain,
And Chattanooga won,
With all its hero-hearts of slain
To fame were passing on.
That in the temples of the great,
Atlanta's name is seen,
And all "the hundred days" of fate,
And war, and death, between.

So here and there their comrades meet
As on that night, I ween—
The spirit forms again to greet
And keep their memory green.
Who would not give a year of life
One little hour to be
With friend or sweetheart, child or wife,
In that great company?

To say he sat beside of one
Who charged on Lookout's Height!
Who braved the forts of Donelson,
Or led Resaca's fight!
That at yon banquet board he heard
Grey bearded soldiers tell
How the great nation's heart was stirred
The day Atlanta fell.

Who would not give his gold to sit
A night with men like these,
Whose names, whose fame, with swords were writ
For the new centuries.
To hear them sing once more the song—
The trumpet sound again,
The notes that cheered the lines along
Of Sherman and his men.

Oh, soldiers of the Tennessee,
When the last roll is said,
And not a name to call there'll be,
Save names of heroes dead;
Still may you in some banquet hall
In yonder heavens fair,
United and assembled all
See Grant and Sherman there.

And if to guests of heaven is lent
The power to see and hear,
O'er seas and skies and continent,
O'er all things far and near;
May your glad eyes look down and see
As time her distance speeds,
The land you saved still great and free,
Immortal through your deeds.

ADDRESS OF EX-SENATOR JAMES HARLAN,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE
IOWA SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT,

AT DES MOINES, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1894.

*Mr. President, Members of the G. A. R. Posts, and Fellow
Citizens:*

STANDING here on the summit of these Des Moines hills, in the shadow of Iowa's State capitol, to initiate, as spokesman for the Commission, the erection of a monument to commemorate in art, the patriotic deeds of her heroes, human language is too feeble to fitly express my emotions. Fifty and one years ago I first saw that great river styled "an arm of the sea" which flows along our eastern border two hundred miles away from the spot on which we now stand, and three hundred and fifty miles away from that other great river on our western border, equally an arm of the sea, which two majestic streams have been holding in their gentle embrace, during untold centuries the wonderful country called by its primeval inhabitants "the beautiful land," out of which our beloved State has been created.

AS I THEN SAW IT.

Bordering on these two majestic rivers, and the numerous confluents which meandered down its eastern and western water sheds, were seen level valley lands varying in width from a mere roadway to several miles in breadth, adorned with forest trees free from underbrush, and small prairies covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, radiant with flowers. Touching these valleys was found a margin of hills, rounded by time's caressing fingers, gently rising above the adjacent streams, and speedily melting into undulating prairies, interspersed with groves, stretching away to the boundaries concealed by the horizon, the surface resembling the swells and roll of the waters of the ocean, adorned with a flora and enlivened with a fauna as brilliant and inviting as man's eyes ever beheld, supported by a soil of exhaustless fertility.

INHABITANTS.

The civilized inhabitants numbered only a few thousands. They resided in small villages and thin settlements, widely scattered in narrow belts along the shore of the Mississippi and up the valleys of its tributaries, mostly within a day's ride on horseback from the "Father of Waters." All beyond was lying out in the sunshine beneath a serene sky untouched by the hand of civilized man, as God and His good angels made it.

Their number, as shown in the census tables of 1840, was only 43,112—a little more than half that of the present population of the city of Des Moines. Their aggregate wealth was very small and their domestic condition primitive. A large majority of their habitations, in both villages and country settlements, consisting of a single room for the use of a whole family, not greater in size on the average than sixteen or eighteen feet square, constructed of unhewn logs cut from the trunks of small forest trees. The barest necessities of life alone were attainable. The common comforts of civilization were very rare. Luxuries were impossible. And social, religious and educational opportunities were very meager.

GROWTH IN POPULATION AND WEALTH.

From this small beginning, as I found it fifty-one years ago, has gradually arisen under God's blessings and the industry, frugality and enlightened enterprise of its own people, the great State of Iowa, as we now behold it, with a population exceeding two millions, owning property, real and personal, valued at not less than two thousand million dollars—more than equaling the average of the people of all the other States in the Union, and greatly surpassing many of them in annual productions and opportunities for social, intellectual and moral culture, surrounded by all the instrumentalities, conveniences, comforts and many of the luxuries which make this epoch a marvel in the world's history.

Looking over this vast panorama, does it savor too much of egotism for one of my age and length of residence here to

say, in classic phrase, "I speak of men and things, all of which I saw and a part of which I am?" For I must confess that as I look over Iowa I do seem to myself to have been and to be a part, though a very small part, of this wonderful development. Of course, it is hardly necessary to add that these marvelous achievements of the last half century in this state are not the output of the brain, the industry, the frugality, the generosity, the patriotism and the philanthropy of any one man or woman, nor of any one hundred, one thousand, or ten thousand of them, but are the outgrowth of the common efforts of all of us. It is therefore only with just pride that we may truthfully say the masses of the people of Iowa to-day possess, per capita, more of the means of rational enjoyment than any other community of two million men, women and children on this earth.

MAN'S HIGHER NATURE.

And with this marvelous material growth has come to this people a corresponding spiritual, intellectual and moral development, culminating in the social graces and requirements of civilized life; the natural fruitage of material abundance, ease, comfort and leisure, as demonstrated by the history of all the great nations, ancient and modern.

Doubtless that faculty of the human mind which gives birth to the perception of what is styled "the beautiful," is common to all mankind. Its elements are displayed by the Creator's handiwork in everything around us. It is found in the outline, form, color, sound and motion of everything we touch, hear and see. But while men are struggling against adversity for a mere existence this heaven-born faculty may remain dormant. And then under more favorable conditions, like vital seed buried for a time in fertile ground, spring up and bear abundant fruit.

In the hearts of all such people a craving for the joys which the contemplation of the beautiful brings is as imperious as the demand of the needy for food, raiment and shelter. Its

gratification is a real necessity for the cultured and refined. This has been true of all cultured people of every age, and doubtless will continue to be so to the end of time. And in the opinion of christian believers the contemplation of the beautiful will constitute a large part of the joys in God's presence in the celestial world.

It is the craving for the beautiful which has led the people of Iowa, of this generation, up to the possession of the graces and refinements of this higher spiritual plane, and to the observance of what is called "correct taste" in their personal attire; in the construction and embellishment of the comfortable homes in which so many of them now reside; of the temples of learning where their sons and daughters are instructed as students of science, languages, literature and art; of the splendid cathedrals and ornate churches where they worship; and of the public edifices where their official business is transacted; and also to appreciate, at least, the still higher glories revealed in music, in poetry, and in the creations of the painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel.

COMMENCEMENT OF ART PERIOD IN IOWA.

It is the entrance of the people of Iowa on this higher plane, where the great nations of antiquity dwelt, and which has been reached by some of the great people of modern times, that we fondly believe, led our Legislature, a few years ago, to order the construction of yonder edifice across the lawn, known as the Iowa State capitol, at a cost of several million dollars—the equal in architectural beauty and fitness for its intended uses—if not superior—to any other State capitol in America; to be followed by a much smaller—very modest—but more ornate structure, whose corner stone is now about to be put in its proper position, at the Commissioners' request, by our fellow citizens, members of that ancient order who are the reputed custodians of the traditions of the heaven appointed architects and craftsmen of that wonder of antiquity—God's own temple at Jerusalem, to be known dur-

ing the coming centuries, as the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, ordered by the Legislature to be erected as an expression on the part of our people of their appreciation of the patriotism and distinguished soldierly bearing of about eighty thousand of their fellow citizens, who thirty years ago or more voluntarily dropped their peaceful pursuits, put on the panoply of war, marched to the front to overthrow their country's foes, to preserve the Union and to perpetuate civil liberty in the world.

INCEPTION OF THIS UNDERTAKING.

It is not improper to say here that this work now commencing had its inception with our veteran Union soldiers themselves. In the month of December, 1887, a large number of the Iowa Grand Army posts, in a memorial addressed to the General Assembly, modestly said in phrase which I cannot improve:

"We the members of.....Post, G. A. R., your fellow citizens and constituents, respectfully represent that we, together with about 80,000 of our comrades from the state of Iowa, spent several long and bloody years in the Union armies, far away from our home and loved ones, performing what seemed to us to be a very important and an indispensable service for our common country to secure the preservation of the Union and the perpetuation of our free institutions. We feel that it is not too much for us to say that in the performance of this service we brought no discredit to the name of our beloved State

We personally know that the Iowa troops never shirked any duty required of them in the field, and never faltered in the presence of their foes. And we do not think it would be regarded as offensive egotism for us to say that the Iowa Union soldiers have never had cause during the whole history of this war to feel humiliated by a comparison of their conduct in any emergency, however trying to human courage, with their most illustrious comrades from the other states of the Union.

Your memorialists also represent that while engaged in the foregoing service a large number of our comrades fell in the battle and died of wounds and diseases received and contracted in the field, so that on our return to our beloved State at the close of this terrible war, the ranks of our several regiments were terribly thinned, for very many of our bravest comrades had answered the roll call from the other side of the dark river. And during the succeeding twenty years and more our cherished comrades, obedient to the inexorable mandate, have been continuously

passing away. Our numbers are already comparatively few. Presently all will have passed across the dark stream.

It surely cannot be regarded as unreasonable that we should desire that what we did and why we did it should be remembered by the coming generations.

Your memorialists therefore most respectfully state that before they are all thus called away, they desire to unite with their other fellow citizens who had not the honor of serving in the field, a large majority of them being then too young and born since the war closed, in the erection of a monument on the public grounds at the capitol of our State, to be surmounted by an equestrian statue, representative of Iowa Union soldiers, as a memento of our admiration, respect and love for all of them.

And believing, as we do, that every patriotic citizen of the State will desire to pay his equitable proportion of the reasonable cost of such a work of art, for such a purpose, we respectfully request your honorable bodies to make such an appropriation of money from the State treasury as will be required to erect an equestrian statue which will fitly and properly commemorate the deeds and sacrifices of the Iowa soldiers, to be expended by the Governor with the advice of his official counselors, or by such person or persons as your honorable bodies may in your wisdom indicate and direct."

Such an appeal could not be disregarded by any Iowa legislator. Every member and senator knew that these brave men had greatly understated their own worth to the State and nation. The whole civilized world had noted their self sacrificing courage, sustained valor and efficient heroism throughout the bloody years of this terrible war. Bayard Taylor, the world renowned author, a Pennsylvanian by birth, said of them under the caption

IOWA PATRIOTISM.

"Out of the breadthless wilderness of sixty years ago, 84,017—I linger lovingly on the number—84,017 boys in blue have swelled the Federal legions. There has been precisely time enough since 1840 to grow one man to prime, and in that year of grace there was not that many human beings in all the State by more than 40,000! She had 43,112 men, women and children all told, in 1840, and seventy-one soldiers in the army. Four batteries have spoken for her. Ten regiments of cavalry have heard the bugles and thundered to the carnage. Forty regiments of infantry closed up the solid front. And 15,000 have fallen. And what heroes they were and how splendid the record they have made for Iowa, liberty and God. How rich the meaning they have lent the legend of her coat of arms: 'Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain.'"

And so the whole world spoke and wrote of the conduct of the Iowa soldiers during the war of the rebellion.

LEGISLATIVE ACTION.

The Twenty-second General Assembly responded favorably to the foregoing memorial, appropriated several thousand dollars to prepare a site and foundation "for the erection of a monument for the purpose" as the statute says, "of perpetuating an expression of the appreciation of the people of Iowa of the patriotism, courage and distinguished soldierly bearing of their fellow citizens as manifested during the war of the rebellion," and designated "the Governor of the State James Harlan, Samuel J. Kirkwood, George G. Wright, Edward Johnstone and D. N. Richardson, a Commission with authority to advertise for and examine plans for such monument, and report to the next General Assembly upon the plans submitted."

[Edward Johnstone and S. J. Kirkwood have deceased, and George G. Wright resigned. These vacancies were filled by the appointment of H. H. Trimble, Mrs. Cora C. Weed and C. H. Gatch. And two, E. Townsend and L. E. Mitchell, have been added to the original number by legislative enactment.]

The execution of this law called forth forty-eight distinct designs with drawings from that number of distinguished architects and artists. After careful examination and comparison the Commission recommended to the Legislature for adoption the design of Mrs. Harriet A. Ketcham, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, it being in their opinion more completely in accord with the requirements of the statute than any of the others, as well as being also a work of a very high order of artistic merit, comparing favorably in beauty, expression and fitness with similar works of art found anywhere in the world.

The Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth General Assemblies virtually approved Mrs. Ketcham's design by appropriating about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for its erection, by the enactment of a statute locating it on the plat of ground

where we now stand, and by the continuation of the official life of the members of the Commission who recommended it.

CHARACTER OF MONUMENT.

It is not deemed needful, in this presence, to give a description of the monument further than to say its platform, as you see it, is sixty feet square, its entire height when completed will be one hundred and thirty-five feet; the platform, base and shaft will be of granite; it will be surrounded, crowned and ornamented with forty odd statues, medallions, battle scenes and other embellishments to be constructed of bronze.

Three or four of the statues will be allegorical, signifying Iowa, History and Victory. The others will be made from the figures of real Iowa soldiers. None of them will be dummies, modeled from the bodies of good-looking hoodlums picked up on the streets by the artist, to be dubbed "ideal soldiers;" but they will be copies of the actual bodies, limbs, arms, heads and faces of soldiers created by God Almighty Himself to defend Iowa and the Nation. They will be placed on and around this monument simply as representatives of their comrades, and will not bear any name or insignia to distinguish any of them from all the others who are held to be equally meritorious. But the name of every Iowa soldier who served during the war of the rebellion with a copy of the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Iowa, will be hermetically sealed in a metallic case and safely deposited in the heart of this corner stone, there to remain forever, signifying that the people of Iowa would if they could make the fame of their defenders eternal!

BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND INADEQUATE.

The members of the Commission think that they have thus far done the very best which they could do, with their limited capacity and the small means placed under their control by the Legislature; and that as a work of art, when completed, with Victory standing erect on its summit holding out a wreath to

crown with fame Iowa's soldiers represented around its base, and a battle scene on its face portraying an Iowa regiment, true to accurate history, leading the whole Union army, at Fort Donelson to victory inside the enemy's fortifications; and another scene, even more glorious, representing the same soldiers at the triumphant close of the war, joyfully, and quietly, returning to their peaceful homes, it will not be discreditable to the people of the State, and that as a memorial of splendid courage displayed in a good and great cause, fruitful of magnificently beneficent results to a grateful country, it will be acceptable to the soldiers whom it is intended to honor.

Nevertheless we are painfully impressed with the conviction that it will very imperfectly express the appreciation of the people of Iowa of "the courage, patriotism and distinguished soldierly bearing" in the field of any one of their regiments.

Not even of Iowa's First Infantry, ninety day men, at Wilson's Creek, who volunteered to assist in fighting that great battle against fearful odds after the expiration of their legal term of service, thus securing the applause of the nation, and setting an example of effective patriotism and sublime courage at the very beginning of the struggle for all other Union soldiers to follow;

Nor of the Seventh Iowa Infantry at Belmont, one of General Grant's first hard fought battles;

Nor of the Iowa Second Infantry, who charged over the enemy's ramparts, hitherto deemed impregnable, and planted our flag triumphantly within his works, followed by the Iowa Seventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth, thus securing to the country Grant's first great victory at Fort Donelson, and for themselves the cognomen "bravest of the brave;"

Nor of the Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Shiloh;

Nor of the Third Iowa Infantry at the battle of Blue Mills Landing;

Nor of the Fourth, Ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first and Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry, and other supporting Iowa troops at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou;

Nor of the Fourth, Ninth and Thirty-first Infantry at the battle of Lookout Mountain;

Nor of the Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Iuka;

Nor of the Third, Fifteenth and other regiments of Iowa Infantry and Fourth Cavalry at the siege of Jackson;

Nor of Iowa's two brigades under the command of Dodge and Vandever at the battle of Pea Ridge;

Nor of the Fifth, Tenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Champion Hill;

Nor of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry at the capture of Fort De Russey;

Nor of Shane's and Williamson's Iowa brigades, including Eighth Cavalry and First and Second Iowa Batteries at the battles of Atlanta;

Nor of the Second, Fifth, Seventh, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth Iowa Infantry and Second Iowa Cavalry at the battle of Corinth;

Nor of the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry at Fort Hill;

Nor of the Eighteenth and Twenty-first Iowa Infantry in the defense of Springfield;

Nor of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Iowa Infantry and First Iowa Cavalry at the battle of Prairie Grove;

Nor of the Twentieth Iowa Infantry at Sterling Farm;

Nor the First Iowa Cavalry and detached troops under General Vandever at the capture of Van Buren, Arkansas;

Nor of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry in the Rosseau campaign;

Nor of the Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Hartsville and Port Gibson;

Nor of the Third and Fourth Iowa Cavalry in the battles with Price near Springfield, Selma and Columbus;

Nor of the twenty-six Iowa regiments of Infantry, Third

and Fourth Cavalry and First and Second Iowa batteries that participated in the assault on Vicksburg; nor the thirty Iowa regiments who aided in the capture of that Gibraltar, splitting the Confederacy in 'twain, enabling the waters of the Mississippi, as President Lincoln expressed it, "to run once more unvexed to the sea;"

Nor of the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry, at the battle of Winchester;

Nor of the Twenty-first and Twenty-third Iowa Infantry at the battle of Black River Bridge;

Nor of the Twenty-third Iowa Infantry at the battle of Milliken's Bend;

Nor of the Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth Iowa Infantry at the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Fisher's Hill;

Nor of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Iowa Infantry at the capture of Columbia, South Carolina, on the return of Sherman's army from its march to the sea;

Nor of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first and Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry under the command of General Steel at the capture of Arkansas Post;

Nor of the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Cedar Creek;

Nor of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Iowa Infantry at the battle of Chattanooga, followed by the battles of Look-Out Mountain, fought largely above the clouds, which resulted in the expulsion of the Confederates from Tennessee, and, as our Iowa historian says, in making General Grant generalissimo of all the Union armies of the United States;

Nor of the Seventeenth and Thirty-first, Iowa Infantry and their other Iowa comrades at the battle of Resaca;

Nor of the Fourteenth and Thirty-second Iowa Infantry at the battle of Pleasant Hill;

Nor of the Fifth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third and Thirty-

sixth Iowa Infantry and Third Iowa Battery at the battle of Helena;

Nor of the Twentieth and Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry, who fought as land supports with Admiral Farragut at the capture of Forts Gaines and Morgan, resulting in the surrender of New Orleans;

Nor of the Second Iowa Battery, the Second, Fifth and Eighth Iowa Cavalry, and the Twelfth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Nashville;

Nor of the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Mark's Mills;

Nor of the Thirty-third, Iowa Infantry at the battle of Jenkin's Ferry;

Nor of the Sixth Regiment of, Iowa Cavalry at White Stone Hill;

Nor of the Thirty-ninth Iowa Infantry at the defense of Allatoona, denominated by the historian as the Thermopylæ of the war:

Nor of the Twelfth Iowa Infantry and other Iowa troops in the battles ending in the surrender of Mobile;

Nor of the Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa Infantry at the capture of Ft. Morgan; the Seventeenth at Ft. Hall; the Thirty-second at Pleasant Hill; the Fifth and Tenth Infantry and Second Cavalry at Island No. 10; the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa Infantry at Kenesaw Mountain; the First Cavalry at the capture of Little Rock; the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Iowa Infantry at Missionary Ridge; the Third, Eighth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh Iowa Infantry in Meridian Raid; the thirteen Iowa regiments of Infantry in Sherman's "March to the Sea," the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Thirtieth Iowa regiments at the battle of Ringgold; the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry at Old Town; the Twentieth Iowa Infantry at Sterling Farm; the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Iowa Infantry and Second and Fourth Iowa Cavalry at Tupelo; the

Fifth Iowa Infantry at Tunnel Hill; the defeat of four hundred confederates by *two* companies of the Twelfth Iowa Infantry at White river; the Fifth Iowa Cavalry at Jonesborough; the same regiment in Rosseau's Raid; the Thirty-eighth Iowa Infantry at the capture of Ft. Morgan; the Twenty-second Iowa Infantry in the trenches before Petersburg, Virginia; the Second Iowa Cavalry at the battle of Franklin; the Twenty-ninth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Terre Noir; the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry at the battle of Jenkins' Ferry.

Nor of the other Iowa Union soldiers whose opportunities were less conspicuous, though equally meritorious, who all fought with unfaltering courage throughout the war of the rebellion.

No, no, my countrymen, the monument which shall arise on this foundation of granite, though as faultless in its proportions as a divine incarnation, as pure in design as the heart of the daughter of Iowa who conceived it, as radiant in beauty as a morning star, and as simple and apt in the story it will tell of glorious deeds performed as the history of creation, it would fail to properly proclaim the admiration of the people of Iowa for her heroic defenders.

Nor would any or all of the grander—though not more beautiful—works of monumental art of the great nations, ancient or modern—naming a few of them—commencing more than 3,000 years before the birth of the Savior with the Pyramids, Cleopatra's Needles and Pompey's Pillar in Egypt; and coming down to the towers and temples in Babylon; noting the colossal statue of Jupiter, constructed of ivory and gold by the world's greatest sculptor, Phidias, at Olympia; the colossal Statue of Athens, the Parthenon, and arch of Hadrian at Athens; the Colossus of Rhodes; Trajan's Column, Arch of Titus, Quadrangle Arch of Janus, Arch of Constantine, Column of Marcus Aurelius, Mausoleum of Hadrian and obelisk at the Lateran at ancient and modern Rome; Column of Constantine at Constantinople; Nelson's Column on Trafalgar square in London; Madeleine Temple of Victory, Arc de Triomphe, Col-

umn of Napoleon and Column of Grand Army at Paris; Temple of Walhalla in Bavaria; Taj Mahal in Agra, India, which history tells employed 30,000 artisans twenty-two years in construction; and the untold thousands of monumental works of art which I can not now delay to mention in detail, none of them nor all of them combined could adequately express Iowa's appreciation of the patriotic deeds, of her immortal heroes, because the grandeur of the human soul which enables men to sacrifice themselves for their country, for freedom and for their race, can never be adequately expressed by material things.

Nevertheless, those who deserve such sacrifices will always endeavor to perpetuate the memory of their benefactors. Peoples that neglect to do this have a sure passport to oblivion.

The poet Simonides inscribed on the monument erected by the Greeks to record the story of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan comrades who fell at Thermopylæ these words:

"Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell,
That here, obeying her behest, we fell."

Of this epigram Christopher North wrote:

"Tis but two lines,
All Greece had them by heart;
She forgot them, and Greece
Is living Greece, no more!"

So it always has been; and so it always will be. A people that neglect and forget the heroes who fight their battles must inevitably perish.

Iowans, shall not this monument, so beautiful, so appropriate, so creditable to Iowa, and acceptable, it is hoped, to our defenders, become only the pioneer of still greater works of art, hereafter to arise in honor of our fellow citizens who offered their lives for their government, for their country, for civil liberty and for the human race, until these Des Moines hills shall be radiant with their glory.

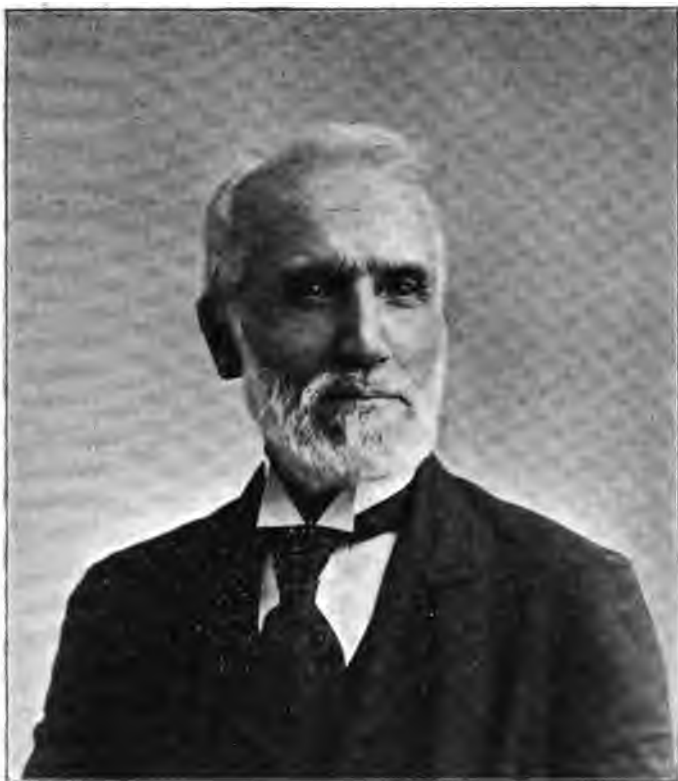
EARLY SETTLEMENT OF CEDAR RAPIDS.

[The following article is a part of two chapters from "Pioneer Life in and about Cedar Rapids, from 1839 to 1849," by Rev. Geo. R. Carroll, that part of it entitled "The Indian Visitors" being written by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jones, in a letter to her niece.]

ALTHOUGH the strip of country which includes Linn county had been purchased by the Government from the Indians, a year previous to our arrival, yet they lingered about their old hunting grounds in great numbers apparently loath to turn their backs upon the beautiful country that had been their home so long, and whose ample hunting grounds had afforded them such abundant supplies of game. There are few, if any, people in this country who are not familiar with the fact that the habit of the Indians is to travel in single file, so that when a company of one or two hundred passes over any region of country for the first time, it is sufficient to make a well beaten trail by the time the last one comes along. But I think there are not many who can realize what a strange sight it is to see these long drawn out caravans moving along mounted on their ponies. The old chief or leader riding in advance followed by his warriors and hunters; the squaws riding on the right instead of the left side of the pony; the papooses stowed away in baskets or bags that were swung over the backs of the ponies; the tents and rush matting covering up some of these little pack horses so that you could scarcely see them, all following on one after another in a string that would seem almost interminable.

One of their trails passed over the mound, and it was indeed a picturesque sight to which we were often treated to see these long caravans passing over on their way to some new camping ground.

The Indians are very fond of making maple sugar, and even after they had been removed to their new home further west, they would return in the spring to engage in their old occupation of sugar making.



Fraternally Yours.

Geo. R. Carroll.

I remember that one time when visiting one of the sugar camps the older men and Indians got up a wrestling match between us boys and the young Indians of our size and age. I found the one that I had the contest with as quick and active as a kitten and a hard one to handle. I do not remember who came out best, but I presume the Indian did, otherwise I would have remembered it, had I been victor. At any rate, it afforded fine sport for the onlookers, and we found that even

a stoical Indian could relax his countenance into a broad smile and sometimes could break out into quite a hearty laugh.

This meeting with an Indian boy was a new experience to me but that experience was not without its beneficial results.

For one thing I made the important discovery at that time that the Indians had not yet learned the use of the fine comb.

For some time after that close contact with the Indian boy my head felt quite uncomfortable, but with the careful attention which I received, I soon recovered my normal condition. I could never rid myself, however, of the salutary impression made upon my mind, at that time, that it was not best to be on too familiar terms with these red-skinned youngsters. And so that one experience was enough to last me a lifetime. I have never wrestled with one from that day to this.

The Musquakie Indians who occupied this country, were made up of two weaker tribes, the Sacs and Foxes. They were always peaceable, and I do not remember that they ever did us any harm, except perhaps to annoy us a little by begging. But all we had to do at such times was to say "Puck-a-chee," which means go away, and they would generally retreat in good order and without complaint.

There was one winter a camp of Indians on the slough, and among them there was one who owned a remarkably fine iron gray mule. He was probably worth two or three common ponies, and so of course the dusky owner was very proud of him. One night the mule was stolen, and the poor old Indian was nearly heart broken over his loss. He came the next morning quite early to our house, and tried to tell us of his great loss. He had made the discovery that it was a white man and not an Indian that had perpetrated the deed.

He saw a pair of father's shoes and he went and picked them up to show us that the tracks in the snow were made with shoes and not moccasins such as the Indians wore. These facts being brought out in the interview, father wrote them down together with a description of the mule, and directed the Indian to go on to Marion to see what could be done about it.

The result was that a company of men was soon organized and set out in hot pursuit of the thief. In a few days they returned with both the mule and the thief, the former being delivered over to the owner, and the latter being confined in jail to await his trial. They found the thief in Wisconsin and at the next term of court he was duly tried and sentenced to the penitentiary, where he had ample time to reflect on the fact that although there were a few horse-thieves in Linn county, the majority of the people were law-abiding citizens and were determined that crime should be punished, even though it had been committed against a poor old Indian.

Sometimes we would hear reports that the Indians were on the war-path, and of course there would be a good deal of uneasiness among the settlers, until the reports proved to be without foundation, which was always the case.

It is said that on one occasion one of the denizens of the village on the Cedar river had some business at Marion which detained him till after dark. Approaching his home late in the evening, he heard a great noise and confusion that filled him with alarm. There was no mistaking those fearful yells and that ominous noise and confusion. Of course it was the Indians who were murdering the people and devastating the town. Thus mused the lonely night traveler; and so, turning his horse he rode back to Marion with all possible speed, and spread the news of the wholesale massacre of the people at Cedar Rapids.

Later it was discovered that there had been a wedding that evening and the boys were indulging in a little sport in the way of a charivari. It was a long time before our frightened fellow-citizen heard the last of the Indian scare.

There is one thing that is worthy of note in regard to the Indians of those early days, and that is their honesty in the matter of paying their debts. The merchants traded with them quite extensively, and often trusted them to considerable amounts, for which they would take their notes. They would take hold of the pen in a very awkward way and make their

mark while the merchant would write down their long, jaw-breaking names which they would pronounce in his hearing. Sometimes the payments were long delayed, but the Indians never failed to come at last and pay their debts and take up the notes.

One peculiarity of their doing things was that they wanted to go to the very spot where they bought the goods and then pay for them article by article as they purchased them.

Mr. Hook changed his place of business at one time before the Indians were ready to pay their debts, and so he always had to go back to the old stand before they were ready for business, and then they would recall the articles one by one and pay for them separately.

It was said of one Indian who traded with Greene & Bros., that he died before the debt was paid, but his friends came and brought a pony which they turned over to their creditors, and so settled the account.

"THE INDIAN VISITORS.

"I had never seen any Indians save a few of the civilized Senecas near Buffalo and I expressed so great a desire to see some of the wild Indians of the West, that your father promised when some encamped near enough, he would take me to their camp.

"In the late fall, one bright, beautiful morning, when I was just getting up, your father called to me to hurry and come out doors for he had something for me to see.

"I hurried on my dress and rushed out and saw a sight that delighted me. Just below the house crossing the river, was a company of Indian warriors on horses, dressed in full war-like costume, armed with knives and tomahawks, which glittered in the morning sun's rays as did bead wrought helmets and moc-casins, while their stately and tall plumes nodded gracefully in the breeze.

"It was a gay and striking cavalcade which came dashing past us as we stood gazing, I in great wonder and interest.

"Your father who had formerly traded with some Indian tribes in Michigan could make himself understood by them and courteously saluted them as they passed, which salutation they gallantly returned, pointing and telling I suppose where they were going, they pranced on, I looking after them till they all disappeared in the forest beyond, and wishing they would return so that I could see more of them.

"After nightfall, the same day, we were sitting in pleasant converse before the large open fire-place, in which small logs were burning briskly, sending forth a bright light, when suddenly the room filled up with numbers of Indians, who stole in so noiselessly that we had not the slightest sign of their approach till they were all about us, shorn of all the gay trappings of the morning, their blankets, even, ready to fall from their almost naked bodies. It seems that they had been to receive their semi-annual annuities from government to whom they had sold their 'hunting grounds' and, like many white men when paid off, had been where they could buy 'fire water,' and this was the result.

"Perhaps they made us the evening call because your father had shown himself so friendly, and we had all greeted them so heartily in the morning. Once in the house, with the warmth of the fire they grew hilarious, then some quarrel began among themselves and they became ill-natured and boisterous.

"I began to grow frightened and the moments grew long, and my alarm increased as I saw your mother was looking anxious, too.

"Only one seemed composed and sober, and he, evidently seeing our fears, lighted the 'pipe of peace,' smoked and handed it to your father, who would not take it even when your mother urged him to do so, but insisted on their leaving, which they did not seem inclined to do.

"My fears grew apace as their noise increased. I made my way into the darkness of the only room besides the one they occupied, imagining ourselves all scalped, etc., with no possible help at hand, while all through the din, I could hear your

father's imperative tones bidding them 'begone,' and your mother begging him to deal gently with them, for fear of further hostilities, while alone in the dark, I prayed for Divine protection for us all.

"Finally, the invaders left, and quiet was restored, but what I suffered in that hour cannot be described, and that whole night, I could not sleep, having the feeling that they would return and slay us all and burn the house. My curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never wanted to see any more wild Indians."

IOWA BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

PIONEER LIFE IN AND AROUND CEDAR RAPIDS FROM 1839 TO 1849, is the title of a book of two hundred and fifty pages written and published by Rev. Geo. R. Carroll. In this work Mr. Carroll has made a very excellent contribution to local history. It is to a considerable extent composed of biographical notices of the early settlers of that part of Linn County and, as in all cases, history is made up of the records of the leading events of the lives of the makers of such history, so is this book an excellent history of the county in which it was written during the fourth decade of the present century.

There is too little of this work being done. Our early pioneers are fast passing away, their ranks being already sadly depleted, and it is only by some of them that such a work as this can be prepared.

Every one of the eighteen counties in the old "Blackhawk Purchase" should have such a historian as Mr. Carroll, and his work should be duplicated in each of them.

HISTORY OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, FROM 1612 TO 1860, is a book of nearly seven hundred pages written by Frances M. Caulkins and published by H. D. Utley of that place. There has not a book of local history come to our table

so voluminous, so full in its detail and as well written as this. It has been well spoken of by such men as Edward Everett, R. C. Winthrop and George Bancroft. It is valuable as giving a true account of the "Blue Lights" that were seen on that coast during the War of 1812. It should find a place on the shelves of every library devoted to history.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for October is before us. It is more than fulfilling its early promises, furnishing an excellent medium for Midland writers, and the best of literature for Midland readers. Its every article is a readable one and it is fast taking a front rank among the magazines.

DEATHS.

MRS. SARAH S. TROWBRIDGE, widow of the late Col. Trowbridge (who had been Librarian of the State Historical Society), died at her home in Iowa City, September 22, 1895, having nearly completed her eighty-fifth year. She was born at Newark, New Jersey, January 25, 1811, removing while young to Newark, Ohio, where she married her first husband, A. I. Willis, and where her two children were born. In 1840 she came to Iowa City, where Willis died. In 1844 she married Col. S. C. Trowbridge, remarkable for exact remembrance of pioneer events, and dogmatic opinions expressed with epigrammatic conciseiness, who died in 1888. Mrs. Trowbridge during the war was an active member of the Soldiers' Aid Society, and in the early days her house was a favorite place, on account of her cheerful and gracious hospitality, for the social gatherings of the pioneers. Above all, she was a Christian woman, devoted to the charitable works taught by the Gospel.

MISS IOWA FELKNER was born in Newport Township, Johnson County, Iowa, March 19, 1845, and died in Iowa City, October 4, 1895. She was the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Felkner, two of the most prominent and worthy pioneers

of this county. Early in life she engaged in teaching. Upon the death of her mother many years since, she became the head of her father's household in Muscatine county and following the example of her saintly mother, the larger portion of her life was passed in caring for a large family of brothers and sisters, and cheering the declining years of her grand old father. Shortly after his death she became a resident of Iowa City, the home of her childhood.

Miss Felkner occupied a position in society worthy of a descendant of the pioneers. How well her part in life was performed is attested by every person who enjoyed her acquaintance. Probably no one has ever dwelt in this community that so completely won the esteem, the respect, the love of all as did Miss Felkner. The genial warmth of her welcome will be recalled by many as a pleasant memory, when as a stranger they came among us and were cheered by her kindly greeting.

In her youth she became a member of the Christian church and was always prominent in advancing the interests of that organization. Her pleasing methods and kindly ways gave her great advantage as a Sunday school teacher and worker. The impress of her teaching and example, has done much to form the character of the children, youth and students who have come within the scope of her labors.

Having passed her life in the community in which she was born, her last painful and lingering illness was borne with the fortitude of a martyr and when her warm heart was chilled by the icy touch of death, her noble soul passed onward to the abode of the blessed.

G. R. I.

NOTES.

It will be seen that we have some valuable contributions to Iowa history in this number.

THE sketch of the life of Dr. Silas Totten, written in the pure English of Dr. Watson, his successor in the rectorship of

Trinity Church, is a link in the history of the State University, and the excellent portrait of Dr. Totten which accompanies the sketch will recall to those familiar with the institution in its early career, the strong personality of the second University President.

THE fascinating sketch of the Early Landscapes of Iowa by Prof. T. H. McBride, is like a pearl rescued from the waters of oblivion. When those who saw the west in its wildness are all gone who will be able to depict it in the real colors we find in this sketch, written by an eye witness impressed by its loveliness in his youth.

THE Outline of Early Instruction in Physics in the University by Prof. Francis E. Nipher, is an opportune companion paper to the leading article of the number. Prof. Nipher's long connection with the University as student and instructor, as well as his later experience as a professor in the Washington University, renders his opinions on all educational subjects interesting and valuable.

THE short Historical Sketch of West Point by Lieutenant Vogdes is in the same line, containing much information concerning the chief Government Military School not generally known. Lieutenant Vogdes comes of an ancestry of soldiers and educators, his father having been a Brigadier General during the war and afterwards Colonel of the First Artillery, and on the maternal side his grandfather, Claudius Berard, was Professor of French at West Point in the early days of the Academy. Lieutenant Vogdes to the Board of Regents is one of the most acceptable, as he is with the University Battalion one of the most popular officers the War Department has detailed to the service of Iowa's chief institution of learning. Fortunate has the University been in the list, now beginning to be a rather long one. of young officers of the army supplied to its corps of instructors, in the order of their service here including Lieutenants Schenck, Chester, Thurston, Knowler and Califf of the Artillery, Read of the Cavalry, and now Vogdes of the Infantry. And the wives of those of

them who were married, from the first named to the last inclusive, by their graces and accomplishments have lent a charm to society distinguished in the social annals of the country for its elegance and refinement.

THE "Roll Call," written by Major Byers, of Des Moines, is one of the most beautifully impressive of the productions of this inspired author and gallant soldier, who by unanimous literary acclaim is accorded the title of "Poet Laureate" of Iowa. Thanks and a wish for his long life to the author of "The March to the Sea."

THE Address at the "Corner Stone" ceremonies by Hon. James Harlan, is given in this number almost the same as if appearing in print for the first time, for although published immediately after delivery in the Des Moines *Register* and perhaps other newspapers, it was among such a mass of other matter pertaining to the same subject that it has been overlooked or forgotten. It is a valuable historical paper, giving in very brief form the most salient actions of the troops from Iowa—a short epitome of the services of the Iowa regiments by a man who has served the State and Nation as zealously and famously as they did. When Harlan's name is spoken an incense of honor rises to Iowa, for from the beginning he has been a part of her proud history, and since the demise of Kirkwood, is well worthy the distinctive title of the "old man eloquent" of Iowa.

WE expect in the next (January) number to go back to the beginning, that is, to the very early history of Iowa. T. S. Parvin has promised to furnish us with a sketch of the life of Chief Justice, ("Old Joe") Williams, of the Territorial Court. This will be snatching a treasure from the destructive scythe of time. And what a man our dear old Professor is! Over and above Masonic lore, he is full of pioneer tradition and old settler reminiscence, a man of many parts, such a one as is not given to every State, or even every generation. When they put the coppers on his eyes the time for his appreciation will begin.

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No. 1.

HON. JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE TERRITORY, 1838, AND FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE
OF THE STATE OF IOWA, 1847.

BY HON. T. S. PARVIN.

 F the history of the early pioneers of Iowa whose memories come like a sweet fragrance imparting their perfume to the present, many

“————are gone from us forever—
Longer here they might not stay;
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away!”

* * * * *

“The world goes on the same,
Scarce a leaf on the elm tree flutters;
While the blowing breath of the summer woods
Lifts in through the half open shutters.”

The biography of our old and early friend is so closely interwoven with the early history of the State, that it may prove interesting, if not necessary, that I should introduce it with a brief sketch of the Territory, in which he jointly with two others (Mason and Wilson) was for a period extending through the entire territorial existence of Iowa to administer her laws and dispense justice far and wide among her people.

Upon the creation of the territorial government of Iowa by

an act of Congress enacted June 17th, 1838, to take effect July 4th, the President was authorized and empowered to appoint the executive and judicial officers of the Territory.

A wiser and better selection on the whole could not have been made than was made by the President (Van Buren) in his appointees for the new Territory, to whom, however, does not belong solely the credit for the judicious exercise of this power: more largely is the credit due to our fellow citizen, Gen. Geo. W. Jones, of Dubuque, who still resides among us, hale and hearty at the advanced age of four score and ten years, to enjoy the honors and witness the outgrowth of his early services, and who at the time of the separation of the "Iowa District" from the Territory of Wisconsin, of which for two previous years it had constituted a part, and for two years yet preceding, dating back to April, 1834, Iowa with Wisconsin had constituted an integral portion of the Territory of Michigan, which he had represented in Congress, first as the Delegate from Michigan and then from Wisconsin.

Upon the creation of the Territory of Wisconsin in 1836. the Delegate (Gen. Jones) had effected an entirely "new departure" in the political practices which had obtained in all previous territorial history. In the organization of new Territories, previous to his time and that of President Jackson, the appointees had all been, if not "carpet baggers," as known in more recent history, at least men coming or going rather into the new Territory with "carpet bags" bearing their worldly goods and sometimes their worldly honors in the commissions they contained.

So successful had Gen. Jones been, when Wisconsin was separated from Michigan, in securing, from Gen. President Jackson, the appointment of his personal friends, residents of the Territory, that he essayed to secure the like success in his appointments for Iowa, in which, to a very large extent. he was likewise successful.

Two of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Hon. Chas. Mason, a practicing lawyer of Burlington, and the Hon.

Thomas S. Wilson, likewise a practicing attorney in Dubuque, were selected and suggested for nomination by Gen. Jones, without their knowledge or consent, and it showed the superior discernment of the Delegate in their selection as they both proved preëminently fitted for the service they were to perform. The United States Marshal, Gen. Francis Gehon, a miner of Dubuque, and Cyrus S. Jacobs, an attorney of Burlington, were selected, the latter for the position of United States District Attorney, both of them very competent men. Mr. Jacobs was soon, however, to fall in a personal rencounter in the streets of Burlington, and his position given to the Hon. Chas. Weston, of Davenport.

The exceptions in the way of appointees from abroad were the Governor, Robert Lucas, of Ohio; the Secretary of the Territory, Wm. B. Conway, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and the subject of this sketch, Joseph Williams, then practicing law in the village or town of Hollidaysburg, also in Pennsylvania.

Gov. Lucas owed his appointment in part to the fact that he had presided over the Democratic convention, in 1832, which had nominated Van Buren, now President, for Vice President, as the colleague during the second term of President Jackson.

Mr. Conway owed his appointment, and it was the only one of all the appointments made from political considerations, to the fact that he was the editor of a radical Democratic paper in Pittsburg, which had strongly advocated the nomination and election, first of Gen. Jackson, and then of Martin Van Buren, his successor, for the Presidency.

Judge Williams owed his appointment to the consideration of personal friendship of one who had been his early associate as a student, and later as a lawyer, and who subsequently attained to great eminence as a jurist and a statesman in the Republic, during the war period. Jeremiah S. Black, who became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and Attorney General and Secretary of State in the national government during the administration of President Buchanan.

The first court ever held in Iowa was while it yet constituted a part of Wisconsin, and was held in Dubuque County, in the early spring of 1837, when it with Des Moines County constituted the only two counties west of the Mississippi river, and they were both "attached for judicial purposes to the county of *Iowa*" in Wisconsin. By an act of the Legislature of Michigan, sitting at that time in the city of Detroit, and approved October 9th, 1829 (a long time as we measure time at present in our State history)—all "the territory south of the Wisconsin river, west of Lake Michigan, north of the territorial boundary of Illinois, and east of the Mississippi river" was created into a new county called "*Iowa*," and its seat of justice fixed at Mineral Point, an old and small town a little north of Galena. This is the *first time* we meet with the word *Iowa* as applied to a tract of territory and south of the Wisconsin river, and "it is more than probable" (says our old friend Judge Murdock, of Clayton County, who has done much toward elucidating the early history of Iowa) "that this and the subsequent acts of said Territory in organizing the counties of Dubuque and Des Moines west of the Mississippi river, together with their attachment to this "*Iowa*" County east of the river for judicial purposes, that suggested the name of "*Iowa*" for the new Territory created in July, 1838, west of the great river;" in this we concur.

It is much to be regretted that we know nothing more definitely of *the origin* of this name; the name and the biography of the man who at that early date introduced the bill which perpetuated the name of "*Iowa*" in the civil government of the Territory; together with the circumstances that prompted him so to attach the name of "*Iowa*" to the new country. It would certainly be an interesting fact in the records of the State, could we learn more of the man and of the circumstances connected with his use of the name "*Iowa*" in that connection. It has been said, and generally supposed to be correct, that the Territory of Iowa took its name from the "*Iowa River*" and the Iowa river from the Indian tribe of

that name living upon its banks; but here we find the name of "Iowa" dating back to the legislative history in Michigan and Wisconsin as early as 1829, and at a time when little or nothing was known of either the Indians or the river which later bore their name "Iowa." It is certainly a subject worthy the researches of those connected with the "Historical Department" of the government at Des Moines, to investigate this subject and learn if possible, whence and how the name came to be selected as that for "the county of Iowa," which antedated, by several years, the creation either of the territorial governments of Wisconsin and Iowa.

Upon my arrival at an early date after the creation, by act of Congress, of the Territory of Iowa and locating at Burlington, I found that Chief Justice Mason was absent, visiting his native state, New York. Judge Williams had not then arrived, so I betook myself to Dubuque, where I was admitted to the practice of the law by Judge Wilson, one of the associate justices recently appointed. Soon after I was commissioned by the Governor to go to Baltimore for the purpose of purchasing the Territorial Library, for which Congress had made an appropriation in the organic act of \$5,000. I journeyed by stage, or rather a hack weekly line (you may spell it with two "ees" or an "e" and an "a" and speak the truth in both cases) from Rock Island to Chicago, which was then a small village of less than five thousand inhabitants. I tarried there for a week for the purpose of spying out the land and would not have given then \$5,000 for the best acre in the city,—it was quite a mud hole, its streets much lower than the level of the lake from which they were separated only by a ridge of sand washed upon the shore line. I assisted a friend, who had been my old college professor and whose guest I was, in gathering vegetables for dinner one day, taken from his grounds, upon which later the government post office, the Grand Pacific and the Great Northern Hotel were erected. A part of his land was used as a cow pasture and we had quite a distance to travel over unimproved lots

from his pasture lot and his vegetable farm to his residence on the north side of the river.

From Chicago I took a steamer to Cleveland and then by stage to Columbus, before taking the National Pike to Cumberland, Maryland, and Washington City. Upon registering my name at the hotel, the clerk observing my place of residence said to me, "you should have been here last night,—a gentleman stopped here over night on his way to your home in Iowa, bound for Burlington." I looked at the register and saw recorded, as he always wrote it, "J. Williams," upon which the clerk said "they called him Joe," and so they did and so they had before and continued to do so for many years later. "He was," said the clerk, "the most jovial fellow and the best company I ever met. There was a company of negro minstrels here and they treated the hotel guests to some musical performance after their return from the hall. 'Joe' Williams was for a while," the clerk said, "a silent listener, when all at once he took a fiddle (for so he called the violin) from one of the darkies and commenced to play, joining in with the others and keeping time to their music as if he had been trained to the performance, greatly to their satisfaction and much to the delight of the audience, and no one seemed to enjoy it more than did 'Joe' himself."

I had, through all my earlier years and student life, been accustomed to look upon the Judges of the Supreme Court as men venerable for their age and appearance, renowned for their dignity and clothed, as they had been, in purple robes of office, and now to find that one of those under whom I was to commence my legal practice was, as we might say, a "hail fellow well met" in every jovial company, was not only a surprise, but a shock to my feelings from which I never wholly recovered. I learned, however, in later years that a man can have two natures, for upon the bench Joe Williams was *the* "judge," a man of dignity, self composure and who ever commanded the respect of the bar and of the public; once off the bench, he became "Joe Williams" and was the life and soul

of every company into which he entered, creating more amusement, giving more interest to the hour, by his anecdotes, his wit and his songs than any other of the company, however goodly it might be.

Of course, having consummated the purpose of my visit east and returned to my distant home in Iowa, I was anxious to meet the gentleman of whom I had for the first time heard in Columbus. The evening of my arrival I met him in the Governor's parlor (for I was at the time an inmate of the house with the Governor and sharing with him his room), and then and there began a personal acquaintance with the subject of my sketch, which continued to the period of his death, and I was quite as long and as intimately thrown into close communion with him, by reason of our social and legal relationship, as almost any other man. He was, as it were, sandwiched, both personally and locally, between his associate judges as he was assigned to the second or middle judicial district, and took up his residence at Bloomington, now Muscatine.

In age Judge Williams was the senior of his associates, being at the time of his appointment thirty-seven years of age; while the Chief Justice, Mason, was but thirty-one, and the younger of the trio, Wilson, only twenty-six. There was also a very great dissimilarity in their personal characteristics, as also in their early lives.

Chas. Mason was a man of tall stature, very reserved, or seemingly so, in his demeanor and especially to strangers; it was only to those with whom he was intimately acquainted that this apparent sternness of character was thrown aside. He was a New Yorker, had been educated at West Point, was graduated at the head of his class, having for associate students a number of men who afterwards became very distinguished both in the civil and military services of the country as well as against it,—Jefferson Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee were two of his class mates during those four years and were graduated at the same time. As a student he was superior to them all, having a mathematical turn of mind and from his

thorough mastery of the higher mathematics he became a very close and judicial reasoner and so was able to analyze the arguments of counsel, sift the intricacies of a case and reach his conclusion with unerring judgment. He continued a close student through life, growing with his years in a knowledge of the law and its allied sciences which he mastered in all the positions to which, later in life, he was called.

His younger associate, Judge Wilson, came of a military family and he too had graduated with honor from a Pennsylvania (Jefferson) college. Raised in Ohio he had moved to Iowa and entered upon the practice of the law upon his arrival at the age of majority, and had already won distinction as an able advocate and attorney in the city in which he then and through all his subsequent life made his home, Dubuque, Iowa.

Their associate, Judge Williams, was not a student, he could never have graduated with honor from West Point, if from any other collegiate institution, he was too fond of company. too much addicted to its pleasures to burn the midnight lamp in the acquisition of knowledge; he was, however, an observing man, possessed of a remarkable memory and had a wonderful faculty of *absorbing* knowledge and appropriating to his own useful purposes the knowledge which others had acquired by long and diligent study. He would sit, as he has often told me, for hours in the court room listening to the arguments of counsel and to the opinions of the learned judge, carefully noting what he heard and saw, and at the close of the day's labors he had mastered more of the mysteries of the law than any student could have done from a week or a month's study in a law office. One who, like ourself, had known Judge Williams long and practiced under him has had this to say. "he was distinguished above all others in the early territorial days for his humor, his wit and for his musical talent, which, in spite of himself and the dignity of his office, led him to mingle in all crowds as a hail fellow; yet, we must not judge from this part of his history that he was dissipated or that he

encouraged dissipation in others, far from it; for during our long acquaintance with him we never saw him intoxicated, he allowed no man to become his peer in the practice and dignity of a gentleman or in his support of those principles of temperance and morality, which are the ground work of a well ordered society. He was not," he says, "a profound lawyer, but he had the quickness and sagacity to see the right of every question as well as the courage and the manhood to seize upon it and declare his convictions irrespective of parties or favorites, and it was these qualities that made him a most popular judge" for through his long judicial career coëval with the territorial period he was the "most popular judge" of the three, and his memory ever since calls up the universal popularity with which he was regarded by those who knew him as a man and judge as well as those whose knowledge consists only of the stories that have been told of him by his old time associates.

Judge Williams with his associates served through the entire territorial period, 1838-46. In December, 1846, Iowa was admitted into the Union as an independent State.

The constitution recently adopted by the people contained a clause, providing that, the Judges of the Supreme Court should continue in office until their successors were elected.

The first State Legislature contained a "possum," he should have been named a "skunk." The parties, Democrats and Whigs, were equally divided on joint ballot and this one man held the balance of power. He was mulish, stubborn, selfish, unprincipled (and if I had any more adjectives at my disposal I would use them), he would neither vote for the nominees of either of the parties for United States Senators or Supreme Judges of the State, nor would he stick to his own man, so that when either party might, for the purpose of an election, join with him he would fly the track,—the session closed and Iowa remained unrepresented two years in the United States Senate, through the machinations of this man, we will not name him.

The Governor (Ansel Briggs) upon the adjournment of

the Legislature appointed Joseph Williams Chief Justice in place of Chas. Mason, who had resigned, and in his own place he appointed John F. Kinney, a leading lawyer of the State, a man of ability, a citizen of Ft. Madison and who had presided over the Democratic convention which nominated the officers elected to inaugurate the State government.

Judge Kinney, after serving the State honorably, was appointed to positions of honor and trust as Judge of the Supreme Court in some two or three Territories, and is now, at the age of four score and more years, an honored citizen of San Diego, California, where the writer had the pleasure of spending an evening with him two years ago. The editors of "THE HISTORICAL RECORD," or the "*Annals of Iowa*" would render a great public service could they secure the aid of Judge Kinney to write up the history of that first Convention, of which we were an active member, and of the first Legislature, of whose misdeeds, from the causes named, we were an attentive though disgusted observer, as well as his recollections of men and the measures of those early days. Judge Wilson the remaining of the Judges of the Territory was reappointed also.

Were we to indulge in the recital of anecdotes of our old friend THE RECORD might not have room to contain them; we will content ourself therefore with one, as having an interesting relation to, not only his connection with the bench, but, the renewal of appointments of himself and his associates. We had the anecdote from the Judge himself upon his return from Washington.

The Judges had been appointed (in 1838) for a term of four years and their term of service expired during the Presidency ("accidental" it was called by the enemies within his party lines) of John Tyler, who had been made famous by his connection with "Old Tippecanoe" in the "hard cider campaign" in 1840 when the land rang out with the song "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Neither of his associates, Mason or Wilson, cared particularly about reappointment, were quite ready, and rather preferred indeed, to return to the practice of their

profession. Not so, however, with Judge Williams,—he sought a reappointment, preferring the ease of a judicial life to that of one more active in the profession, and so he betook himself to Washington to curry favor with the President. In those days he had to travel by steamer to St. Louis, up the Ohio to Maysville (which was then the terminus of the great “National Pike” commencing at Cumberland, Maryland). Taking a stage at Maysville he soon found himself seated in front of a lady, pretty, brilliant and entertaining. The Judge was, both by nature and practice, a ladies’ man and sought to ingratiate himself into her favor by making himself as agreeable as possible, which was no difficult task for he was a gentleman of Chesterfieldian manners. He communicated to the lady his name, his rank and the purpose of his journey eastward, and strange to say, for the Judge was not a bashful man, he never learned her name, or her position. Reaching Baltimore they separated, the Judge stopping to visit some friends, and a few days later wended his way to Washington, where, having made his toilet at his hotel, he called upon his excellency John Tyler, President of the United States. Upon his name being announced he was received, much to the surprise of the Judge, with unusual courtesy and kindness of manner, bade take a seat and immediately the President entered into familiar conversation with him as though he had known him a life-long period, asking him many questions about Iowa, in whose history he seemed to take special delight, of his associates in office and other public men of the Territory, until the Judge quite forgot the purpose for which he had come: rallying, however, he ventured to suggest the matter of his reappointment to the President. “Oh,” says the President, “that matter is all fixed to your satisfaction, Judge,” and immediately commenced to talk upon other subjects. After a little the Judge renewed his attack. when the President said, “your appointment has been made and the Secretary will furnish you with your commission when you are ready to return to your distant home.” “But,” says the Judge,

"I could not think of going back with a commission of reappointment and my associates being left out in the cold." "That matter too you will find all to your satisfaction, Judge; I have reappointed all three of you. By the way, Judge," said the President, "there is a lady in the adjoining room who would I know be much pleased to meet you and I have to request that you join me in a call upon her." The Judge had the courage to say that he was quite sure it would afford him as great a pleasure to meet the lady (although he did not know who she was), so accompanying the President they entered the golden room when a lady, as we have said, beautiful in appearance, graceful in manner, and with an earnestness quite unusual among strangers, the good woman rushed to the Judge, seized him by the hand and cordially greeted him. As soon as the Judge could recover from his astonishment the President said "Judge Williams, Mrs. Tyler, my wife," and lo and behold! she was the woman with whom he had traveled some three days and as many nights over the mountains and through the valleys from the Ohio to the Potomac. "I hope, Judge," said the lady, "you have found everything to your satisfaction; I spoke to the President as I soon as I got home and asked him to reappoint you and your associates to office, and he promised he would do it." "Yes," said the Judge, "he has," and thereupon the three joined in familiar conversation as though they had known each other many a year.

When the news of the reappointment came to Iowa I well remember the pleasure with which it was greeted, for the three judges were acceptable to all citizens, irrespective of party.

I am not aware that the anecdote ever appeared *in print*, but it was circulated around among those of the "household of faith" and we enjoyed many a hearty laugh over it.

After serving the people of Iowa, both Territory and State, creditably for many years the Judge retired from the bench in Iowa, and was in 1857 appointed, by President Buchanan, one of the District Judges of the the Territory of Kansas, and in this new field he soon became a popular judge and citizen

and was highly honored by the bar and by the people of his district. He was assigned to the southern district of the Territory and located and made a claim adjoining Ft. Scott, then occupied by government troops and later became quite a prominent city in the State. This land afterwards became very valuable, so that in the declining years of his life the Judge found himself possessed of a fortune; it was both timely and welcome. The Judge was in moneyed matters very improvident; he always lived up to and a little beyond his income; he was generous to a fault, could never say "no." I remember one occasion, after my marriage, when we were going to the market together, meeting a beggar on the way who accosted the Judge asking for aid; he took from his vest pocket a dollar bill, all that he had with him, and without a word gave it to the beggar and when we reached the butcher's stall he had to buy his morning breakfast on credit. This was but a sample of his way of doing business through life.

When he had realized a large sum from the sale of a portion of his land he came back to Muscatine, and happening there on a visit I met him first in the street, when he accosted me in a familiar way and asked "how much do I owe you? I have been around among all the citizens paying my old debts and now I want to pay you;" I replied "you owe me nothing, Judge." "Oh, yes, I do owe you a good deal, you used to pay my bills round on the circuit and loan me money and I know I am indebted to you in a considerable sum: will \$200 satisfy you?" "No sir," I promptly said, "neither \$200 nor two cents, the debt has long since been paid and we will now talk upon some other subject." It was hard to get rid of him, however, or rather that subject, for he insisted upon the payment, remarking that "you are the only one who has refused to take what I offered him." I said "that was honor enough, standing thus alone among the many." It was the last time I met the friend of my early youth, with whom I had labored in the church, in the Sabbath school, in the literary clubs, in temperance and political circles; everywhere he was at home, a ready,

indeed the most ready speaker of all the pioneer speakers of Iowa; he could talk readily upon any subject and both amuse and instruct his hearers and had no equal in this department of public life. He could tell an anecdote or sing a song better than any other, was a fine conversationalist and withal a *ventriloquist* of no mean ability, a power which he used occasionally to the surprise and amusement of the company, whether ladies or gentlemen or both.

The next we hear of the Judge was during the early days of the War of the Rebellion. President Lincoln who had learned of his judicial services in Kansas, was so pleased thereat, that he transferred him to Tennessee and appointed him Judge of the Court which was held in Memphis and where he had the pleasure of meeting many of the Union soldiers from Iowa, his old home acquaintances. After the war was over and he had visited Iowa he returned again to Kansas and died at Ft. Scott in March, 1871. His widow survived him two years and died at Muscatine in September, 1873. Both were buried in the cemetery on the bluff overlooking the Father of Waters and the city (Muscatine) in which they had spent the greater portion of their married and happy life.

All honor is due to him and others of the departed "fathers of the State."

Let us fondly hope that so long as the monument, the free institutions of our State, which they erected, shall remain, that their memories may not be forgotten and so long as the great rivers of our borders shall flow to a perpetual union, may the children and the children's children of Iowa, treasure in their memories and speak kindly of the deeds of those who before their day and generation, labored so successfully to "make Iowa" what she is to-day, the most beautiful State in the valley, renowned more for the virtue, the intelligence and the patriotism of her people, than even the richness and fertility of her soil and the beauty of her prairies.

Joseph Williams was born in Huntington, Westmoreland

County, Pennsylvania, December 8th, 1801. In his youth he led a wayward life and later, to his bosom friends he related, that, "he was taken by a distinguished citizen of his native State from a company of travelling mountebanks and made a man of," and with honor and respect would he refer to that benefactor with all the expressions of a son for a departed parent.

He had two brothers, one of whom became very prominent in our history, Major William Williams, of Ft. Dodge, for whose heroic services in the Indian massacre of Spirit Lake in 1857, the State and her people have testified their honor and respect. He was the senior of the family, the father dying while he was yet young, and Joseph, a mere boy, together with his other brother, Robert, who later located in, and became a judge of, the county court in Muscatine, were cared for by the elder brother, William.

Joseph had for a boon companion in the reading of the law Jeremiah S. Black, to whom we have referred and who afterwards became so distinguished as a jurist. He engaged in the practice of the law at Hollidaysburg and was there when notice of his appointment as one of the judges of Iowa reached him. He had married in 1827, Mary Rogers, a sister of Judge Meason (who later followed him to Iowa and also located in Muscatine where several of his children married and where his descendants still live). In the fall following his arrival the Judge was joined by his family, consisting of his wife and five children—four sons, Thos. Meason, John Kennedy, William, and Joseph William, and the daughter Miss Georgia Anna. The boys accompanied their father upon his removal to Kansas when we lost all track of them. In their early days they were very good boys, having a devoted christian and home mother to look after their early training. What was their future destiny we do not know save that "they are not." The daughter was educated at our best schools and married Mr. William C. Brewster, of Muscatine, a young banker who had inherited a fortune to which he added largely by his great financial ability in New York City, to which he

had removed. Their only child, a daughter, by her beauty, her accomplishments and her money won a title, by her marriage to a French count, and became enrolled among the American heiressess who departing from the simplicity of their fathers had joined the ranks ennobled by birth. It is to be hoped that love had more to do with these maternal matches than the busy world knows of.

Mrs. Williams had united, with her husband, in early married life with the Methodist Episcopal Church and they joined with those who in 1839, founded the "first Methodist Church in Muscatine County" and remained connected therewith as active workers until their removal from the State. It was well that the impress of the active services of this useful family were permanently left upon the social organizations in the city in which for many years they made their happy home.

The Judge was a loving husband, an indulgent—yea, over-indulgent, father, a kind neighbor and a most useful citizen in all the higher walks of life. He was ever ready, and foremost indeed, in all enterprises having for their object the welfare of the people, of the community and the honor and glory of the State. It is better for the world that such men live in it, and when they die that pleasant memories linger long after they have passed away.

The pages of a magazine are too few to properly portray the history of such a man, one, who for so many years, and so thoroughly during all these years, was identified with every good work that a more fitting sketch is due than we can possibly present in these few pages.

Looking back over the past, however, at this late day

"I would not pass on
'Till I had blest their memories, and paid
Those thanks, which God appointed a reward
Of manly virtue."

Of the early associates of the writer and of the subject of this sketch, but few, very few indeed, remain—yet

"All are not taken—there are left behind
 Living beloveds tender looks to bring
 And make the daylight still a happy thing."

When those shall have joined the throng that have gone
 before, and united their voices with loved ones on the better
 shore, may there be found, among their living successors,
 some one with.

"———a tongue to utter
 The words that should be said
 Of their worth."———

Cedar Rapids, November 28th, 1895.

JUDGE WRIGHT'S LAST LECTURE BEFORE THE LAW CLASS.*

THE PIONEER BAR OF IOWA.

EIGHTEEN FORTY. At a river landing a young man steps from
 a steamer and asks a stranger—"What is the population of the
 Territory of Iowa?" "Forty to forty-two thousand."

Eighteen ninety-five. "Mr. Auditor, can you tell me the
 population of Iowa?" "Approximately, two millions." "Surely," say
 bystanders, "for our annual increase has been from forty to fifty thousand."

Eighteen Forty. Upon a stage coach with nine inside and three on top.
 "Driver, how far is it to Iowa City?" "Twelve miles." "How long will
 it take us to reach the place?" "About five hours, if we can find the bot-
 tom of the road."

Eighteen ninety-five. C. R. I. & P. train. "Conductor, how far to Iowa
 City?" "Twelve miles." "How long before we shall be there?" "Eight-
 een minutes."

*Just before the University Commencement last June, the late Hon.
 George G. Wright delivered this lecture at Close Hall before the Law
 Class and the public. It has proved to be his last lecture—almost his last
 public address—as was prophetically foreshadowed by an utterance he
 dropped at the time, seemingly unconscious of its significance. He gave
 the manuscript to the Society, but asked that its publication be delayed,
 as he desired to use it again.

Eighteen forty-six. "General, how many men can you furnish for the Mexican War?" "One regiment, perhaps two."

Eighteen sixty-one. "Governor, how many men can you send to the defense of the Union?" "Eighty-three thousand—twice that number if needed."

These questions and answers show the changes wrought in fifty-five years, to the beginning of which I am to call your attention for an hour.

The first of these scenes belongs to the *old*—the then, the second to the *new*—the now. To me, as to any other of our noble State, they speak volumes, showing our growth, progress and development.

To-day I propose to direct your attention to this *old*, not, it is true, its general history, but as connected with a class or profession from which, however, I tried in my way to learn much of the *how* and the *why* of our success and advancement.

My purpose is to dig up some memories connected with the profession of my choice *in the early days*. Than the last few things could be more difficult. Difficult now, and here especially, because before me are many vastly more familiar with the general subject than myself. For there are here members of the bar, and *one* especially, who thirty years ago occupied a seat upon the district and supreme court bench, before whom in legal and general history I feel as a child. Difficult, too, because of the abundant material and especially of the superiority of the means of the present. And though the task is both difficult and devious, for reasons which I will not take time to state, I come at once to my theme.

My professional life in Iowa dates from early in 1840. I was not admitted to practice, however, in the higher courts until April, 1840, and this at a court in Fairfield, held by Judge Mason, the Chief Justice of the Territory. At this time we must bear in mind that courts were not held west of Jefferson and Van Buren counties. The immense and rich country beyond these counties and to the south line of the Territory were in the undisputed possession of the Indian, and but few of the counties north of Henry and Jefferson were organized, or if so, they had but few inhabitants. Wash-

ington (once called Slaughter), Johnson, Cedar, Linn, Delaware, and Jones, and even Jackson and Clayton, with a population now of 225,000 compared with 9,000 in 1840, barely had a name; while the new, rich and populous counties of Davis, Wapello, Marion, Monroe, Keokuk, Madison, Buchanan, Blackhawk, Warren, Fayette, Madison, Polk, and other counties, with a population of 340,000, and now teeming with wealth and industry, were without names and unknown to the world or to our legislation for years afterward.

In the new county of Jefferson I met as I now remember, at the very first term, Judge Mason, Jas. W. Grimes, J. C. Hall, Jas. W. Woods, Hugh T. Reid, Alfred Rich, Olin Weld, I. N. Lewis, Cyrus Olney, M. D. Browning, Richard Humphreys, J. B. Teas, H. W. and W. N. Starr, and W. H. Wallace. There were doubtless others whose names do not occur to me.

From the few cases on the calendar, the prospect was anything but encouraging to one just entering upon the practice. And yet I should be unjust to myself and to those I then met, if I did not, as I do, here testify to their hearty, hospitable greeting to a young, and somewhat diffident young man, for their ready and proffered aid to him when just entering upon professional life.

Of those named and of others with whom I was in after years brought into professional contact, all are gone. Many of them have stood among the ablest lawyers of the State and occupied the highest judicial positions. Among them I may be allowed to mention the judge then presiding, admitted by all to be a very clear headed lawyer, who presided for six years afterwards in the district and supreme court, and served with distinction as Commissioner of Patents at the Federal Capital—Cyrus Olney, who was afterwards one of our ablest judges on the district bench, where he remained until transferred to a similar position in the Territory of Oregon—W. H. Wallace, after a member of the Territorial Council, presiding officer thereof, Governor of Washington and Idaho Ter-

ritories, and delegate in Congress for both—J. W. Grimes, an influential member of our State General Assembly and Governor of the State, and United States Senator; while there he was the acknowledged peer of the ablest members of the Senate of the United States—J. C. Hall, afterwards a member of two constitutional conventions, of the General Assembly, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

These men and others of their class and time were brought up under the strict rules and in the technical forms of our common law. This was before the days of the code and revisions. They were the grand old guard of the common law, believing in the maxim that *experience* (not legislative discretion or indiscretion) framed the law, and were even ready to agree with Lord Coke that "it is dangerous to introduce new things," especially in the law. For the literal minded judge would occasionally defy what he esteemed the effete notions of Blackstone, and insist that the body of the time-honored system taught by these sages, was the cloud and the pillar which guided their plodding and climbing feet.

This time was not without its incidents. Here it was that I underwent the first examination for admission to practice in our courts. A little, red haired man was also an applicant for admission, hair standing on end; he had, I believe, taught school in Cedar County, tried cases before the justices on Saturday, and now sought higher honors. An American student of the Inner Temple at London, has said that all that was necessary to a certificate for admission as "barrister" there, was to show that "*you had eaten your dinner regularly for the appointed term.*" And in the same spirit of extravagance it is said that one need in Iowa only answer affirmatively these questions. "Do you play the game of brag?" "Can you make a toddy?" "Can you drink it?"

In the instance which I am now relating, the poor candidate was subjected to inquiries infinitely more difficult than these. For three hours, the committee assisted by not less than a dozen lawyers, plied him with every conceivable question in

medicine, education, politics, law and the whole of ethics and etiquette. I should be outside the truth if I did not state, as I do most cheerfully, that the ambitious disciple succeeded, by chance or otherwise, in answering *one* question in twenty-five very correctly. The committee next morning recommended that he be allowed to practice before justices of the peace, and he left much elated with his success. This same saffron head appeared ten years or more afterwards in one of the new counties driving cattle, and though such employment is not regarded as fostering the christian graces, I really thought he was in a much happier frame of mind than when in April, 1841, he passed the merciless examination.

It was at this time also, as I remember, though the printed account fixes a September afternoon, that the celebrated case of the People vs. Job Parker* was tried and determined.

In these days of railroads, comfortable stage coaches, comparatively well kept roads, well arranged hotels, elegant and commodious residences, we can hardly realize the trials and hardships of law practice forty years ago. A writer in an English magazine in speaking of their circuit and its scenery says, among other things, "He had such lying off objects as the Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Tyne, Fahnestock, and the Cheddar and Char. The judges traveled with sober haste, drawn by four horses. Our baggage master was in the van, and our *wine cellar*, under the care of an official, was at each circuit town."

Think of these things, judges and lawyers, in the early days of Iowa. Think of the forded Iowa, the overflowing Cedar, the muddy Turkey, the deceitful English, the quagmire Fox Run, the Skunk and Coon, the Wapsy, and even for the most part the beautiful, placid and gentle Des Moines; and think of them as I have known them, without bridges, without boats, out of their banks and without bottom. Think too of the

*It was a case on appeal from a Justice Court. The transcript of record was a most remarkable document, withheld from publication out of regard to living friends of the Justice.

muddy roads and bottomless sloughs, of the mere blind paths from one village or settlement to another. Think also of the hotels, or the taverns as they were called, and of the bedrooms and fires.

I can see yet the tin wash pans with buckets of water and dippers ranged on a board on the back porch, or in black bar-room, the crash towels on rollers, the old brush and comb with hairs enough in each, to set up a wig maker in no very small business. I can see yet the swimming islands of fat and lean bacon, the hammer proof eggs, the rich golden biscuit, the pies of wonderful tenacity, the plates, cups and saucers and glasses filled with marmalade, jellies and all imaginable mixtures made of the plum, the crab-apple and the pumpkin.

I think I can smell and taste that same coffee served in cups, black enough to enjoy the right of suffrage, and weak enough to win the indorsement of any committees. Remember too, a dozen or more huddled in one room with too much ventilation or none, sleeping on the floor and sometimes not at all; our horses in sheds or without any shelter after going through rain, and sleet, and cold, or heat. I say think of all these and innumerable others, to which I might refer and contrast them with the picture of the English Circuit, or even with our present conveniences and advantages and yet those days and scenes are not to be despised. They were happy days—necessary days and scenes. All classes then had their hardships. It can never well be otherwise in the settlement of a new country. We but had our share else we could not expect, nor did we deserve success. True men, likewise, must go through the *rough brake* to come out tried and true. Amid such scenes it is, that we can only well and thoroughly test true, real worth, that genuine nature which oftener is found in lowly shed, with smoky rafters, than in tapestried hall, and courts of princes.

And in this connection allow me to refer to a well deserving class of men, our early hosts found by us, on the prairies or in the timber, while plodding our weary way from term to term over the circuit.

No one of extensive practice, in the early days, but remembers them. They kept the lawyers' tavern. We found them as it were by professional instinct. They aided us not a little as lawyers in our early struggles. We shall be untrue to ourselves if we can forget them, their children, or their good deeds.

But I spoke awhile since of early trials. Oh! those grand old, if little, trifles. They are to us like the limited square log school house, to the teacher in his A-B, abs and B-A, bas, and yet like a battle field in which we had our reconnoiterings, our skirmishes, our flank movements, our advances, our successes and defeats—our complete repulses and victories. And lest we should in our admiration of the present be led to forget these let me describe some of them, and refer to some incidents connected therewith.

We held court for several terms in one of the upper rooms of the jail known as the old jail of K—. A room about twenty by twenty-five feet square. This, however, was elegant and paradisaic compared with others.

Our first term in B— for the first half was held in the room about twenty feet square, where we all ate and slept. The other half was held in a log house without floor, the judge occupying a block as a judicial bench, the clerk a like substitute with a small rough board table as his desk and the lawyers a plank placed upon logs. The grand jury was kept to one side of what was called "a run" between two hills on the prairie, with officers to keep off as best they could the curious crowd; while the petit jury in the case tried, was kept in the like manner on the opposite side. So in B. court was held in a log cabin five miles from the present county seat in the midst of thick timber. The good old lady of the house removed her pots and kettles to the shelter of a neighboring tree, to give room for the learned judge and the officers of the law. That most estimable Judge, James P. Carleton, was perched upon a three legged stool, with a bench at the left hand for the clerk. A committee examined a student for admission while seated on the ground and logs away from the court at this same session.

Behind a walnut board placed on two barrels, the clerk sat at one end of said board and the lawyers at the other. The petit jury when deliberating on the only case tried were seated on some timber on the prairie, the sheriff standing guard.

In Story County the court was held by Judge C. J. Mc—— in a small log house. The petit jury occupied a stable; one of the jurors being kicked by a horse while in the jury room. The grand jury had a retired spot on the prairie where rumor says they discussed many matters, including a jug of whiskey—assisted in the last by the judge “at the earnest solicitation of the jury.”

One more county, Jackson, and I leave these court house reminiscences, though I might refer to many others. The room and furniture were such as I have already described, except that the building was an unfinished frame, and in it were some barrels (belonging to the owner, a merchant), one on rollers being filled with molasses.

His Honor, T. S. Wilson on his stool or bench; a criminal trial on hand; Judge G—— defending. The house was on the banks of the Mississippi and the crowd, the day being warm and pleasant, feeling no special interest in the trial, had for the most part left the court and were enjoying themselves on the grassy bank of the stream. The evidence is concluded, and after a speech from the prosecution, Judge G—— rose to reply. His voice we all know was wonderful. Every word, every syllable was like the explosion of a percussion cap. He had hardly uttered the first word when the crowd outside broke for the scene, thinking from the tone of the speaker that a fight was inevitable, if not in hands. In the rush a little fat deputy constable was left in the rear. True to his duty and his obligations as peace officer he made several vain attempts to get inside the ring to separate the supposed combatants. As a last resort he determined to get over the crowd by means of one of the barrels, then standing on end, when alas, the laws of gravitation were asserted—the head caved in and the unlucky official sank to the bottom of the

barrel completely immersed in the expressed juice of the cane; with difficulty he was extricated from his o'er sweet plunge. It is needless to say that the court and Judge G——'s voice both took a short recess. And speaking of the Judge's voice recalls an incident. J. H.——, of New Hampshire, a man of fine personal bearing, an able lawyer, and an eloquent advocate, with Judge G——, who is a small man, defended some Indians for the murder of a white family. At the next Indian payment their bill was presented, some \$2,000.00 perhaps. The chiefs were willing to allow say \$500.00. This J. H. most indignantly refused to take. The matter was recommitted, and the chiefs replied, after consultation, that they should not allow that *big* man anything more, but *that the little fellow with the big voice*, they would give \$500.00 more. The judge humorously remarks that this was the only time he ever knew his voice to serve him a good purpose. I can only say that if his voice has not, his unequalled ability, energy, and talents have so served him, and that his praise is well deserved.

This one loves his title of squire, and always desired to be thus saluted; that one preferred anything else; this one prides himself in his (affected) knowledge of legal terms; that one knew little and cared less; this one followed, as a shadow, this lawyer or that, decided cases before they were tried; that one was afraid of all lawyers, and would sooner follow the advice or be governed by the counsel of the veriest pettifogger; this one was ever so dogmatic and immovable in his opinion, right or wrong, that none could influence him.

Of these, a few, and a few only of the many incidents. In a criminal procedure, the justice sustained a motion to quash an indictment, H. was opposed to the motion. C. addresses the court for twenty minutes, that his client may have time to better reflect. Secretly he suggested to W. to withdraw the motion, and that the renewal would be all right. With this assurance, when court reassembled, the motion was withdrawn, and the defendant courted the most thorough investigation. H. was in high feather. The case was concluded

about day-light in the morning, the justice announced *that the prisoner was discharged*, and court was adjourned.

Henry Michael and H. M'Coy each claimed a miner's spade, and upon it were the initials *H. M.*, answering, as you will see, equally well for either name. The case was tried before Squire ———, and some days occupied in its explanation. After having not less than a dozen witnesses on either side, on the question of ownership, the attorneys commenced the argument—the spade in court. In the midst of the learned discussion, the justice says, "Hold on, let the parties come before me. Henry Michael, you say you put these initials or letters on the spade with a knife?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now sir, take this knife and make the same letters on this table" (a pine table about eighteen feet long by three feet wide in front of the justice). After much hesitation, he succeeded in making the letters, but bearing no resemblance to those on the spade. "Mr. M'Coy, do you come forward" says the justice. Instantly and without trouble, he cuts the letters precisely like those on the spade. "Good," says the justice, "this case is decided—the spade belongs to defendant." "I object to these proceedings and ask an appeal," says ———. "Very well," says the justice, "you can appeal, and I give you notice that I shall *send up the table as a part of the testimony.*"

Squire C——— was furnished by an attorney, in whom he had great confidence, under the Blue Book of 1843, with a form for a summons. After the Code of 1857, he followed the same form. Mr. J——— moved to quash. "I will see," said the justice, "If this is like the one George gave me, it is right, otherwise I squash it." Looks and finds he has departed from the form, rises with great disgust, and laying his hand upon the paper, he says "In the name of the State of Iowa, I J. J. C———, squashes this. The defendant goes hence without delay and may the Lord have mercy on his soul."

John Wright was brought before Squire H——— for larceny. He having assumed several names, the information was against John Wright, *alias* Smith, *alias* Jones.

Squire Z——, a very self-important justice, who was called to the aid of Squire H——, as the investigation was about to commence, asked that the *woman* be tried first. "What woman?" says H——. "Why," says Z—— "they mention in the information *Alias* Jane and *Alise* Smith." As the attorney could not put these ladies against the unfortunate John the investigation proceeded.

The first term of the Supreme Court was held at Burlington, commencing November 26, 1838. Chas. Mason, Chief Justice, Joseph Williams and T. S. Wilson Judges; Thornton Boyles, Clerk, and Charles Newton, Reporter. The attorneys admitted at that time were, Corning, W. H. and H. W. Starr, Browning, Grimes, Van Allen, J. B. Teas, Hastings, Viele, *T. S. Parvin*, Love, Rich, Moon, John C. Day, and Harlan.

The judges then presiding, were succeeded by Hastings, Kessing, Greene, Hall, and what is unusual for a new country, it had had few changes in the clerkship. These judges performed circuit duties, and on the organization of the State were succeeded therein by T. S. Wilson, G. H. Williams, Carleton, M'Kay, Sloan, and Isbell. The successors of these I need not mention.

The first district judges under the present system, whatever may be said of their success, were able lawyers, and discharged faithfully their trusts. Indeed, they were on the whole, men of more than ordinary ability. I cannot here speak of the personal characteristics of these and supreme judges in the "early days." Their grave and dignified bearing, occasionally, however, furnished food for amusement. Judge S—— was of Scotch descent and lived in an early day among the Pottawattamies, on the Slope.

The recent report of the proceedings in Pottawattamie county is a judicial as well as a popular one. Everything said by the judge, by the witnesses, and the points made by the attorneys are spread out at length in the record. Geo. Sikes, Hadley Johnson, Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Ford were the principal attorneys. At the first term the report recites, that in em-

panelling the grand jury the judge "gave the charge *in an able manner that showed his ability in legal matters.*" In one case Mr. Stokes filed his *demurrer* to Mr. ———'s *demurrer*, thus defying the code. And in the same case, says the record, the court proceeded to give the jury their charge having decided in judgment that it was trespass to throw down the fence." The judge each morning had all the members of the bar called by name to ascertain if they were present. It was at this time that Hyde was shown to be a man of good moral character, possessed of the requisite legal qualifications and admitted to practice law in the sixth judicial district. The important case was that of the State vs. Robert and Keys, Jr., for aiding in concealing stolen goods. It seems there was much controversy as to granting separate trials, and which should be tried first. Robert was tried first and the testimony of the witnesses is spread out at length in the *clerk's journal* together with the points made by counsel on questions, and the judge's rulings. In one place it is said.

"The argument concluded, the court charges as follows: '*Gentlemen of the Jury*, I am to address you. I cannot be expected to speak long. I do not want to. You have taken upon you to try the case and a true verdict give. It has been told you that a part of you should come out of the jury room and a part remain, and the jury be discharged. This is to be the last resort. The laws of Iowa have been so framed as to prevent crime. It is permitted that if you do not find the charge in the bill sufficiently sustained in the testimony, but find a lack of evidence of crime it is for you to act thereon. You will not take into consideration to act upon any evidence that is not founded upon fact, or is not interpreted. And you will be aware that much extraneous matter has been introduced in the more solid testimony as well by the prosecutor as by the defense. From the manner in which the case came up, I was satisfied what course would be taken. First the defense tried to get the other released, and to have this one tried, and when they did not succeed they took up the other and agreed

upon separate trials. And when the prosecutor came to present the bill, they agreed on demanding that the case should be tried, and the prosecuting attorney withdrew the bill and consented to try this, or I should have held them to the other." This was all the charge and guided by its close reasoning and by the exposition of the law the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*. Tradition hath it, that the judge on the rendition of the verdict in a very excited manner exclaimed, "that he would rather take five dollars out of his own pocket than the verdict had been the other way."

The scenes in Judge M——'s court would of themselves make a volume. Of course, I can only cite one or two. By nature he had a clear, strong mind; was ever a student. Wonderful his constitution, and more wonderful his mind. An old habit cost him dear at the very end of life. If we cannot *forget* foibles, we will try to remember them as judicial eccentricities.

N. Moons, now everywhere known by the sobriquet of "Old Moons" is making a speech. The judge is out in front of the door and occasionally puts his head in to thunder—"Stick to the text, "Old Moons." Soon a long eared asinine creature starts his musical strains, and the judge rushing in, exclaims, "One at a time, one at a time, Old Moons." The record does not disclose which stopped first.

Motions are being offered and overruled with great rapidity. An attorney presents one in which he has no confidence, but knows the judge's dread of being reviewed in the supreme court. The attorney thereupon quietly puts his motion, saying at the same time he supposes it will be overruled, and therefore has prepared a bill of exceptions, stating that fact to prepare the case for the appellate court. "No, you don't, Sammy!" exclaimed the judge. "You can't catch the old horse in that way, I admit your motion."

Here is a specimen of the rude eloquence of a defendant before the criminal bar.

"I had a family and a home—a rude home it is true and a

plain and humble family, but they were my all. The deceased robbed me of the one and invaded the sanctity of the other. I had two small sons, a lovely daughter, and a wife, a cherished wife. On returning to that home, the day of the fatal deed I learned the certainty of the maddening truth, and hastened to the field, my rifle still in hand. I know not why I went. I had no fixed design. He met me with a club. I shot him. And though I claim not to have acted in self-defense, I do assert that there was mutual combat. You know the rest. I fled. My family followed. But for the fifteen years I lived at Lockland, I made no secret of the deed I had done. Now time has done its work. The government itself has changed. New laws are framed, and old ones are repealed, and those who then lived have mostly passed away. A different people now are in the land, a different code of morals now prevails. I drank liquor, it is said, and true it is I drank it. Not to have done so *then*, would have been the *exception*. Men high in station did likewise. To treat one's fellow to the flowing cup, was deemed proof positive of genteel training. I may not be held responsible for the vices of society, it is enough that I have been their victim. Those days are past and that loved one is gone, borne down with trouble to an early grave. That lovely daughter is now a hopeless cripple, wearing a haggard face. Of those two boys, who should have been the prop of old age, the one is gone to join his injured mother, as a witness against the dead destroyer of their peace—the other, and my heart sickens within me when I say it, lives, but not to me; with an ear deaf to my calamity he comes not near me.

“I have never been a criminal of choice, but rather the creature of circumstances, beneath the weight of which far better men than I have sunk. I may have been too indifferent of my honor, but never was found faithless to a trust.”

To witness hypocrisy in its most sacred seat; to see at times the triumph of wrong over right, of vice over virtue, of dishonesty over honesty, holding the hope, the prosperity and

reputation of others in his hands, which he might, if so disposed, surrender or sacrifice for the gilded brick—ever sociable and free living—even in a crowd, surrounded by admirers, and those who for a purpose, just or unjust, make appeals to his vanity, meeting every day and every morning while on circuit (and few but follow this in a new country), those who invite to the flowing glass or social game—many of them young and removed for the first time from the restraints of home and old associations—it is to me, as it must be to any one who thinks, remarkable that so few spots should be detected upon the skirts of the professional fame. I have had some acquaintance with those in other States, and have learned more by inquiry and association, and I say here this day that in no other State, for the first twenty-five years of its settlement, was there among the profession so little dissipation, so little gambling. Seldom if ever, have I known a man standing deservedly high, one in whom the courts and solicitors placed confidence, who spent his time at the gaming table or ruined himself by dissipation, and yet judges and lawyers standing the highest do these things in other places. As far as I now remember we have had not one judge who was really censurable in these respects. No body of men have displayed more patriotism, more public spirit, and exercised a more salutary influence in administering the affairs of State. Our State, in its executive, and legislative leaders (I say nothing of its judiciary), may challenge any other for the economy of its administration, and the ability and wisdom of its affairs. And yet if we look to our executives—to those framing our constitutions, revising and making our laws—we shall see how large a share of responsibility has rested upon our early pioneers.

Then, again, no class of men have been more devoted to their State, none more charitable, none more faithful to their obligations, and none more proud of its history and position, civil and military, in the great Federal family.

Those early men differed in their gifts and accomplishments. Some detested the minute labors and complicated

details of the profession. Others were never so well pleased as when engaged in dry technicalities of an ejectment suit or a trial by the record. One man was able and honest, yet of strong prejudices and at times wrong and overbearing in his manners. Another equally able, but more courteous, ever gentle and polite. Some were self-taught, but of great natural power and capacity. Some spoke with wonderful fluency and correctness, and others very indifferently. One is most keen, but rough in sarcasm unequaled. Another had the power of persuasion, moving and making his way as the gentle stream and not as the torrent. One would use his strength imposingly, and at times without mercy. One had beauty of style, the other solemnity. Some had superior address, others greater strength. Some greater eloquence, others deeper learning. Some figured before the court, others were unsurpassed before a jury. Some were at home in one class of cases, others in another. Some persuaded. Some could break down and override, others undermine opposition. Some were mere pettifoggers, following the camp to pick up the offal, or remaining only to bring on the great conflicts. Some placed confidence in their parchments, good looks, good clothes, and rich relations. Some were too proud of the simple name of belonging to the profession, deeming labor dishonorable, and plodding and ploughing through mud and mire to make a living disreputable and derogatory to the dignity of a profession so learned. The great mass, however, were not too proud to do work—were men of common sense, accommodated themselves to their surroundings and the times as they found them—despised the pillaging jackal—the ignorant upstart, the lazy, proud, triflers, hangers-on of circuit and term. As we had only an occasional specimen of such men, as a body, the State and the profession should be justly proud. For myself, I confess that I admire them. I love to think of the *Old Guard*, to look back upon their old campground, the fires there and the figures moving or sitting around. I love to think of the steady march of the old column,

and would forget the unfaithful soldier here, the deserter of the true path there. I admire them, because I look over our constitution and statutes and there see the impress of their minds. I turn the leaves of journals, the tomes innumerable found in the inferior, ultimate and appellate tribunals of the State, examine the records, filling great alcoves and receptacles, and there see the results of their labors, the evidence of their industry. I look abroad and see our school houses, our academies, and our public buildings of every description, and I find in them noble monuments to their liberality, their public spirit, their aid in the religious and educational upbuilding of the State. I inquire for the master spirits who passed through the early days and trials of a frontier life, and find the Old Guard ever in the van ready to do and doing their whole duty.

I think of the proud name of Iowa in military annals, and rejoice to see there Scott, Reid, McFarland, Miller, Clarke, Caldwell, Crocker, Williamson, the Rices, and scores of others, whose names were the synonym for all that was true and patriotic, brave and devoted, honorable and deserving. And I look to the proud position Iowa occupies in the sisterhood of States, her freedom from debt, the wisdom of her laws, the excellence of her institutions, her advancement and progress, her love of freedom for all men and her devotion to the union. While disparaging none others, I can justly attribute much of this glory and success and growth to the energy, active coöperation and public zeal of such men as Mason, Stockton, and others, whose names are printed on almost every page of her judicial, legislative and political history. For all these things I love the Old Guard, love to think of the old column.

But the column has been broken. It is for their surviving compeers and those who have since entered the arena, to maintain and make advance upon the ground already gained. Those gone and many of those living, amid discouragements, animated by hope or struck by care, often weighed down with sickness or old age, or business depression, have per-

formed a noble part in building here a proud, a happy, prosperous and free State, with institutions unexcelled and a name which challenges the admiration of men everywhere.

THE "OLD STONE BUILDING."

THE historical importance of the first regular Capitol of Iowa justifies a detailed description of its erection, because to-day it is the most significant monument of the early history of Iowa.¹ The above remark of one who has devoted so much time and ability to the study of the early history of Iowa will serve as an explanation for my attempt to collect a few facts concerning the "Old Stone Building" on the University Campus.

In January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the Territorial Legislature fixed the seat of government at Burlington until a permanent capital should be agreed upon, and public buildings erected for the reception of the Legislature. Commissioners were appointed to choose a spot for the capital, and the chairman, Chauncey Swan, was given authority to superintend the erection of the buildings according to plans agreed upon by the committee.

As a supplement to this act the city was to receive the name of Iowa City, and the United States Congress was asked to donate four sections of land or to allow it to be preëmpted for the location of the capital of the Territory.

In March, 1839, an act of Congress was approved, which ceded one section of the surveyed lands to the Territory for the purposes required, and early in May the Commissioners drove a stake into the ground upon the present site of the "Old Capitol." The town was then platted, and in August, 1839, the first sale of lots took place. The proceeds from

¹ "Iowa City" a contribution to the Early History of Iowa by B. F. Shambaugh.

the sale of lots, the Legislature enacted, should be used to erect public buildings, and to aid this fund the Territorial Delegate was authorized to draw \$20,000, which Congress had appropriated to aid the Territories in erecting public buildings.

The original plan of the building was designed by Father Mazzuchelli, a Catholic priest, of Dubuque. According to this plan, a copy of which may be seen in the rooms of the Iowa State Historical Society, two cupolas were to surmount the roof instead of one; and the porticos were to extend along the entire front of the building. John F. Rague & Co. obtained the contract to construct the building, and the plans were somewhat altered. After this company had received \$10,000, for work which they had done, they threw up the contract, and the acting commissioner, Chauncey Swan, took charge of the work in person.

The work of breaking up the soil, opening the quarries, etc., was begun in March of 1840, and on July fourth of the same year, the corner stone was laid with appropriate exercises, Governor Lucas being the orator of the day. In January, 1841, a change of management occurred. There was some dissatisfaction with the progress of the work and with the commissioner. Yielding to this feeling the Legislature after receiving the report of the investigating committee, created two new offices out of the old one, but to show their appreciation of Mr. Swan's services he was appointed Superintendent of Public Buildings which gave him complete charge of the work.

The work, however, progressed very slowly. The Legislature had provided no other source of income, for this particular purpose, than the proceeds from the sale of lots. In fact there were no other means at hand, but this source was soon found to be insufficient and very uncertain. Everything was new and the quarries where much of the building stone was obtained had not been located. The only quarry which had been opened was the one at the north end of Clinton

street, but the stone there was of an inferior quality, and much of the stone was brought from the old "Capitol Quarries" ten miles north of the city. The rock for the finer portions was brought from the Cedar quarries on the Cedar river. This of course retarded the work, but the real delay came from lack of funds. The sale of lots was very slow. The first sale in August of '39, showed conclusively that the proceeds would not supply the demands of the capitol; and during the winter the Legislature passed an act by which the lots were appraised at an average valuation of \$300. This had the effect of almost stopping the sales. Gradually, however, the valuation was lowered until the lots were sold for what they would bring; and in 1845, twenty lots were sold at an average of \$14 00 per lot.

In the mean time the acting commissioner, Chauncey Swan, had devised a novel way of securing funds. Men were hired and material was purchased by means of real estate certificates which were to be received by the Territorial agent in payment for lots purchased. His successor went one step farther: Certificates, payable to bearer, were issued to laborers and other creditors, and were to be received by the Territorial Agent for all debts due the Territory. This "Scrip" soon drove out the small amount of money then in circulation and the agent was driven to refuse the certificates. Later the Legislature, although sustaining the agent in his action, provided means for redeeming the repudiated debts. In this way the work on the Capitol continued at intervals for fifteen years, until 1855, when it was pronounced completed, though the portico at the west entrance is still wanting.

The site, upon which the commissioners drove the first stake, and upon which the Capitol now stands, was certainly well chosen. A position more convenient for obtaining building material could not have been found; although despite its nearness it was costly work, owing to the newness of the Territory and the lack of ready transportation. The section chosen for the city forms, as the commissioners reported, a

sort of natural amphitheater with the Capitol located on its left ridge overlooking the river to the west and the city to the east, the main streets of which pass along the "Capitol Square."

In the Journals of the Council¹ for 1839-42 will be found the following description of the building as given by the investigating committee appointed by that body:² "The main walls are massive and built in a substantial and workmanlike manner. The walls in the foundations are six feet thick and sink to an average depth of three feet below the floor of the basement story which itself extends about the same distance below the natural surface of the ground. For a space of twenty-five feet in the middle of the east side, the foundation is sunk fourteen feet below the floor of the basement, on account of adjacent interior vaults, which are of the same depth. * * * The walls of the basement story are four feet thick and built with inverted arches under all openings for doors and windows in order to distribute the pressure of the whole superstructure uniformly throughout the entire length of the foundation walls. The walls of the upper stories will vary from two to three feet in thickness according to their position. * * * The building is one hundred and twenty feet long north and south and sixty feet east and west. It is to be ornamented by magnificent porticos, one on each side, supported by four massive pillars. The exterior of the building is thus described: From the window sills of the basement, which will be level with the pavements, to the water table, the face of the walls is made with large blocks of cut stone. The water-table is composed of about fifty blocks, sixteen inches thick, from seven to eight feet long and said to weigh from six to eight thousand pounds each after they were dressed. These blocks form for the heavy basement walls a kind of coping; from the outside edge of which, the walls of the upper story make an offset of sixteen inches, leaving the water-table for that width exposed to view

¹ P. 202.

² This description has been corrected somewhat where it was found faulty. The measurements are those given by Dr. Shambaugh.

entirely around the building which adds much to the beauty and apparent strength of the work. On each of the fronts there are eight pilasters, three feet and ten inches wide and projecting twelve inches from the face of the walls. These are to be surmounted by cut stone caps supporting the architrave, thus giving the building the appearance of being studded by pillars. * * * The roof is surmounted by a cupola; the base is an octagon supported by the interior vestibule walls. Upon this base stand eight Corinthian columns crowned with handsome capitals supporting a spherical roof. Within the circle of the columns the space is enclosed by eight long windows placed also in an octagonal form, by which light is communicated to the stairway descending in the middle of the building through the successive stories. The interior arrangements are as follows. The basement story is entered by two doors in the opposite ends, both opening into a hall seven feet wide, which runs directly through the building north and south, dividing it into two equal parts. There are four rooms on each side about twenty feet square, designed for committee rooms; there is also a * * * fire proof vault, arched with brick, and covered with grouted masonry more than three feet thick for the safety of public documents. On the next floor there is the same division north and south and a broad hall or vestibule east and west entered from the porticos from each side of the building. North of the vestibule, east side, there is a room forty-three by twenty-two and a half feet, designed for the supreme court. A corresponding room on the south side of the vestibule, is designed for the Secretary of the Territory. West of the north and south hall are four rooms, equal in size, designed for the Governor, Auditor, Treasurer, and the Library. On the upper floor the north and south hall is omitted. In the south wing is the Representative hall, fifty-two by forty-three feet in the clear. In the north hall are the Council Chamber and three small committee rooms, cut off from the west side of it."

In 1840 the Legislature had limited the cost of the building

to \$51,000. It soon became evident, however, that this sum would not be sufficient to complete the structure as it had been designed and when it was finished, \$112,000.00, or thereabouts, had been expended.¹ After the Territory became a state about \$19,500 was appropriated to aid the work beside what was obtained by the sale of Iowa City lots. By the close of 1842, several rooms were so far completed as to enable the legislature to move their effects from the old Butler building on Washington street, where the session of 1841 was held; and the Capitol then became the home of our legislators until by the constitution of 1857, the Capital of the State was moved to Des Moines. The same clause, however, which removed the Capital from Iowa City, established the University of Iowa permanently at this place; and the "Old Capitol" which had been the seat of government then became the center of learning in the State and the home of the grandest of Iowa's many fine institutions.

The "Capitol Square," is now the University Campus. The University like the State has rapidly outgrown its original quarters, and the Campus is now dotted with more spacious and modern buildings. The one building, however, which remains the center of attraction as well as the center of the group is the "Capitol" building. Visitors look with curiosity at its old weather-beaten exterior, or from the terrace surrounding its cupola, they view with admiration the landscape, extending to the west, and south with the river winding its way among the hills until it passes from sight behind the old "Indian Lookout;" or see nestled in its "natural amphitheater" the busy little city, forgetting in the anxiety of its present problems those times when the city was new and the greatest problems of the city fathers were to secure the sale of lots and thus "boom" the city as well as to carry on their private enterprises.

¹ This is the computation of Dr. Shambaugh, another computation by Mr. Lathrop reckons \$123,000.

The old settler, too, standing under the portico, recalls for the benefit of curious listeners, how in '39 the first Fourth of July celebration was held, on its site, under the Stars and Stripes which floated from the top of a sturdy young oak tree, stripped of its branches to serve for a flag-staff; or talks of the brave men who left its halls of learning to answer their country's call for volunteers in '61.

But let us take one more glance into its busy precincts before we wend our way into the throng of eager workers who never hear its mute eloquence, or see its covered beauty. Inside Father Time has likewise been at work. The walls and ceiling are stained and darkened where they have not been defaced by the remodeler's hand or the paper-hanger's deft fingers. We saunter to the stairs leading to the basement story and glance up between the ceiling and the winding stairway into the old dome. Our curiosity is well satisfied for there is to be seen the only remaining fragment of the earliest attempt at decoration. The frescoing, perhaps anything but magnificent, though not inappropriate, still remains unaltered in the old dome where from its lofty height it has defied the busy hands to which the lower walls and ceilings have succumbed.

Through the open door to the south of the main hall comes the busy click of the typewriter and announces the office of the President of the University, while the steady stream of visitors passing in and out of the door leading into the north room suggests the presence of the Secretary. Along the west side of the north and south hall are located the Chairs of Latin, German and Economics. We ascend the winding stairs and enter the old "Assembly" room. Here, too, a change has taken place. In this old hall which has so often echoed the eloquence and patriotism of Iowa's great leaders, the law students now receive their first lessons in states-craft which prepare them to enter that new assembly room and there carry on the work so ably begun by Iowa's early statesmen. Across the hall in the old Council Chamber as, though designed

on account of its appropriateness, is to be found the law library, containing the fitting counselors of all those who intend to be at all informed concerning the laws of our State or nation.

As we pass out and down the stairs there comes over us a peculiar feeling, and a true one I believe, that a new building, however magnificent and costly, can never take the place of the old one, surrounded as it is and always will be by so many old associations and facts of historic interest. It is a sort of link connecting us with the past, and we would not break the link if we could. In its walls, as in the face of an old man, we read the trials and successes of the beginning of our statehood; and its later history is the history of our State University.¹

H. G. PLUM.

Iowa City, December, 1895.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

HAPPENING upon a cut of the old Capitol Building at Belmont, Wis., where the first Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin and Iowa convened, the contrast between the Old and the New was so marked that I should have been inclined to doubt the accuracy of the cut, had I not been a witness to the Old as I have been also a witness to the New. Only half a century has transformed the old unpainted two-story wooden structure without cornice or cupola into two magnificent buildings of hewn stone crowned with gilded domes. The interiors show a still greater contrast.

The Capitol at Des Moines probably bears no greater proportion to the wealth of the State than did the Capitol at Belmont to the Territory.

¹ NOTE.—For the materials of this sketch I am very much indebted to Dr. Shambaugh's monograph on "Iowa City;" also to the article on "The Capitals and Capitols of Iowa," by Mr. Lathrop, in the July number of *THE HISTORICAL RECORD* for 1888.

Personal acquaintance with many of the legislators of 1837 emboldens me to say that their superiors are not found in the legislative halls of to-day.

The hill overlooking the Des Moines can not compare in beauty with the mounds between which the old Capitol stood, and yet the plain itself was at a greater height above the sea than any part of Iowa except portions of the northwest corner.

The gem of the three Platte Mounds was a perfect cone, as if some giant hand had seized the plastic earth and had raised it some two hundred feet and held it there until hardened into permanence.

In those early days some attention was paid to horse racing (not for the professed purpose of "improving the breed of horses") but for the excitement attending the transfer of money from the pocket of the owner of the beaten horse to that of the winner. Around the little mound spoken of an ideal race track was constructed, just one mile in length, the exact circumference of the base of the mound. The grassy sides of the mound formed a natural "grand stand," whose occupants could pass around the mound upon the smaller circle nearer the apex, and so keep the race in view from start to finish. With the loss of the Capital the prestige of the track departed.

The building of the railroad has left Belmont a farm—but the beauty of the scene as viewed from the summit of either of the mounds can never be lost to the memory of one whose home for many years was but a short distance away. "A ride to the mounds" was upon the program for the entertainment of Eastern visitors, one of whom, after looking into Illinois and Iowa across the billowy prairie, remarked, "What a sea of land!" Nothing more expressive could have been uttered.

APPENZELL

PURE DEMOCRACY AND PASTORAL LIFE IN
INNER RHODEN.

A SWISS STUDY

BY

IRVING B. RICHMAN,

Consul General of the United States in Switzerland.

WITH MAPS.

LONDON,
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,
AND NEW YORK,
1895.

THE author will be recognized as an Iowan by birth, who served two terms in the Assembly as representative for Muscatine.

Mr. Richman was appointed to his present position by President Cleveland soon after his inauguration in 1893.

In 1893 appeared Mr. Richman's first work—"John Brown among the Quakers and other sketches," which proved his thoroughness in historic research, and his felicitous manner of presentation of the results of his study.

The high standard he had set in his first venture is fully maintained in the work before us.

The author's residence is at St. Gall, in a canton bordering upon that of which he writes.

Appenzell is divided into two half cantons—Inner Rhoden and Ausser Rhoden. It is of Inner Rhoden the author speaks. The territory embraces only sixty square miles. Its surface is very uneven, and lies at an average height above the sea of nearly 3,000 feet. Four lakes are found nestled among the hills. The occupation of the people is largely pastoral.

The people in the times of Roman supremacy were in the province of Rhetia, but were never Romanized. In the con-

test between *Alemans* and *Franks* they remained untouched until about the middle of the sixth century, when they came under the rule of the Merovingian dynasty. In the early part of the eighth century the Monastery of St. Gall became a center of light and knowledge, and after the middle of the ninth century, a source of power and of law for the provinces of St. Gall and of Appenzell.

By degrees the Abbot acquired possession of much land. An Abbot founded a church within Appenzell called Abbot's Cell (Appenzell). The tyranny of the Abbot of St. Gall became insupportable, and upon September 26, 1377, Appenzell formed an alliance with several Imperial Cities, and framed a constitution. Up to this time the people had maintained the Alemanic custom of family or clan organization. With the formation of the league with cities, there came also the consolidation of the clans (Rhoden). The league went to pieces. Appenzell, joined by Canton Schwyz, made a bold stand for freedom, and was remarkably successful. In 1425 the people were declared under bann by the Pope, but as they did not know the meaning of the word *bann*, they "laughed the interdict to scorn." For nearly one hundred years the people were trained to conflict and became expert soldiers, so that their services have been sought by European nations when at war from the time of Charles the Bold to Napoleon.

In 1513 Appenzell was admitted to the Swiss Confederation. The strife between Protestants and Catholics raged with violence in this little territory. Fifteen hundred and ninety-seven witnessed a division of the lands into two half-cantons—Inner Rhoden and Ausser Rhoden, the former strongly Catholic, the latter as strongly Protestant. Early in 1798, Inner Rhoden gave its adhesion to the Helvetic Republic organized by France, and lost for the time its independence, but after the fall of Napoleon, reenacted its constitution which had been in force, though unwritten, for three hundred years.

Between the Sonderbund, a union of the Catholic pro-

vinces, and the Diet, the sympathies of Inner Rhoden were with the Sonderbund, but no active part was taken upon either side. In 1874, Inner Rhoden ratified the constitution of the Confederation.

Other chapters of great interest relate to the politics—the laws and administration of Justice—cantonal and domestic economy—Education, sanitation and charity, and domestic and social life. These will not admit of abbreviation.

“The history of this land forms a peculiar link in the great chain of popular uprisings in the Middle Ages. * * * It shows what a small nation resolute for freedom can accomplish against the powers of time.” P.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA.

ITS WORK AND ITS NEED.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA was organized “under the auspices of the State University of Iowa” in accordance with an act of the Sixth General Assembly, in 1857. Its Board of Curators consists of eighteen members—nine of whom are appointed biennially by the Governor, and nine by the Society at its biennial meeting in June of each odd numbered year. The nine appointed by the Society have special charge of the collections and supervise the publications of the Society: they hold monthly meetings for transaction of business.

As the University lacked room for the collections, the Society has been compelled to rent suitable quarters.

The Corresponding Secretary, who attends to exchanges with other similar organizations, receives a salary of One Hundred Dollars a year.

The Custodian of the Library opens the same two days of each week, for which service he receives Three Dollars a week.

The Society publishes a quarterly of forty-eight pages,

having as its leading article a biographical sketch of some prominent Iowan with a portrait. Its other matter is largely historic. The Editor is paid for his services Thirty-Five Dollars a quarter.

The cost of printing and of phototypes varies for each issue from Eighty to Eighty-Five Dollars. Other regular expenditures for expressage, postage, fuel and lights are about Fifty Dollars a year.

The only resource the Society has wherewith to meet these annual expenditures is in a permanent State appropriation of One Thousand Dollars.

Four years ago the Legislature appropriated a special fund of One Thousand Dollars for special publication of matters of great historic value, and for binding of newspaper files and pamphlets received in exchange with other Historical Societies.

The publications last referred to are:

1. Prehistoric Iowa, SAMUEL CALVIN, PH.D.
2. Indian Tribes in Iowa, J. L. PICKARD.
3. Louisiana purchase as affecting Iowa, C. M. HOBBY, M.D.
4. Introduction of Common Law into Iowa, EMLIN MCCLAIN, LL. D.
5. Sketch of early Medical Practitioners in the Territory of Iowa, W. WATSON, M.D.
6. Sketch of Early Teachers, L. F. PARKER, A.M.
7. Sketch of Early Members of the Bar, T. S. PARVIN, LL.D.
8. Sketch of Members of the Clerical Profession in Iowa before 1846, compiled by J. L. PICKARD.
9. Some Fragments of Iowa History gathered from Records of Congress, ELIZABETH H. AVERY, A.M.
10. History of Iowa City as the Capital of Iowa, B. F. SHAMBAUGH, PH.D.
11. History of the Johnson County Claim Association, B. F. SHAMBAUGH, PH.D.
12. The Amish Mennonites in Iowa, BARTHINIUS L. WICK, LL.B.

13. Documentary Material drawn from original sources of the History of Iowa, No. 1, B. F. SHAMBAUGH, PH.D.
14. Same, No. 2.
15. In Press, No. 3.

Our binding of newspaper files has been kept well in hand, as also the binding of valuable pamphlets received in exchange for our own publications.

II. THE SOCIETY'S NEED.

Through its publications and the energy of its Corresponding Secretary the Society has within the past ten years greatly enlarged its collections by way of exchange. It is now in regular correspondence with all the leading Historical Societies of the United States, and with several societies of Europe.

The rooms of the Society are sought by students in constantly increasing numbers, but means are not at hand so that the rooms can be kept open every day.

A Librarian is needed who can classify the material on hand and can be of service to students of history.

The expenses for binding increase with the increase of collections. The greater need is for means wherewith to continue the work so thoroughly begun by Dr. Shambaugh. His work thus far has been a work of love on his part for which he has received not a penny from the Society. For one year he devoted himself to the preparation of his first two volumes, drawing largely upon the collections of the Society. His work upon the "Johnson County Claim Association" is widely sought for and is to-day invaluable to those who through this Association held valid claims to lands before the United States Government began its registry in the Territory of Iowa.

The Society will ask from the Legislature the small amount of Four Thousand Dollars for the next biennial period and for the following purposes:

For Librarian's services, . . .	\$ 500 a year	\$1,000
For continuation of publications, .	1,000 a year	2,000

For binding,	250 a year	500
For Custodian's services, . . .	250 a year	500
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$2,000	\$4,000

The Society trusts to the liberality of the people as represented in General Assembly for this slight recognition of its services in rescuing from oblivion matters of historic interest which increase rapidly in value as the actors therein pass from the stage.

J. L. PICKARD, *President*.

RECENT DEATH.

At Grinnell, January 30th, 1896, George F. Magoun, DD. Dr. Magoun graduated at Bowdoin College, 1841, entered Andover Theological Seminary, spent two years teaching at Platteville, Wis. and Galena, Ill. Entered the service of the H. M. Society as pastor at New Diggings, Wis., in 1847; went to Galena Ill., as pastor of Second Presbyterian Church in 1848. Left Galena 1851, and practiced law at Davenport, Iowa, preached in Lyons from 1860 to 1864; was elected President of Iowa College 1864 and continued in the office till 1884. Dr. Magoun was a leader in educational and church matters in Iowa.

THE
IOWA
HISTORICAL RECORD,

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

AT
IOWA CITY.

APRIL, 1896.

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GEORGE GROVER WRIGHT.

"The stock of materials by which any nation is rendered flourishing and prosperous are its industry, its knowledge or skill, its morals, its execution of justice, its courage, and the national union in directing these powers to one point and making them all center in the public benefit."—*Burke*.

"The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it."—*John Stuart Mill*.

IOWA has been exceedingly fortunate in the "stock of materials" which her builders have used. "One by one" these builders have been gathered home after some glimpses of the worth of the State into the structure of which their individual lives have entered.

Few survive to glory in the steady prosperity for which their early labors laid the foundation and toward the superstructure of which their life long efforts have so signally contributed. Most have rested from their labors, but their works do follow them.

Many have builded their lives into the lives of the later generation and so continue with us in the influence of noble living.

To no one of the band of pioneers has been given so grand an opportunity of molding the character of the State, as to him who for a quarter of a century was in direct touch with the young men of the State into whose hands are committed her destinies.

GEORGE GROVER WRIGHT was the fifth son of John Wright and Rachel Seamen.

The Wrights came originally from Wales and the Seamens from England. John Wright was a mason by trade, starting in life in New Jersey, removing to Pennsylvania and thence to Bloomington, Indiana, where George G. Wright was born March 24, 1820.

His opportunities for obtaining an education were meagre, as he was left fatherless at five years of age, but were so faithfully improved that at the age of fifteen he was prepared to enter the State University of Indiana in his native town, from which institution he graduated in 1839.

An older brother, Joseph A. Wright, a practicing attorney, received him immediately after graduation as a student in his office. This brother was a man of prominence in his State, who was chosen Governor, and then United States Senator, and in 1867 was appointed United States Minister to Germany, where he died while in service.

In 1840 George G. Wright was admitted to the bar and in September of the same year, he entered upon the practice of his profession in Keosauqua in the Territory of Iowa.

On October 19, 1843, he was united in marriage with Hannah Mary Dibble, daughter of Thomas M. and Ruth Gates Dibble, who resided upon a farm near Keosauqua, to which place they removed from Saratoga county, New York, where their daughter, Hannah (Mrs. G. G. Wright), was born in the month of August, 1820.

It was their privilege nearly three years since to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. The occasion was most memorable in the fact that the silver anniversary of the wedding of their eldest son, Thomas S., and Mary E. Tuttle Wright, was celebrated at the same time. Children and grandchildren of the elder couple were all present, together with a large company of warm personal friends. Over the pleasant memories of this joyous occasion soon fell the deed shadow caused by the sudden death of the son in the city of New York.

In response to the congratulations of his friends, Judge Wright spoke most feelingly of the years past.

"On that very early morning of October 19th, 1843, in the historic county of Van Buren, in the old farm house, most comfortable and quite pretentious for those early days, but now would be counted not quite up to Iowa's improvement and development, in that happy home of Judge Thomas Dibble—among the best and truest men ever of this or any State—I took those vows which made one of two willing and loving hearts. If I had possibly looked forward to this date, I should have said, counting the years, not my surroundings, nor the occasion—How long the time!

"On this happy day, in this new Iowa, surrounded by so many friends, thinking of the many changes, of how blest we have been in home, family, friends, and all that can make life desirable and happy, I now look back and say—How short the time!

"Taking a young wife from a well-provided home to new duties, and to possible, if not actual, poor and scanty surroundings, but recognizing and sincerely emphasizing how much she has done for all—blessed with a family of which I can say with just pride, they have never brought pain to our hearts, nor reproach to themselves, nor incurred just censure for misconduct, or failure of duty—whether useful and helpful to others or otherwise—I repeat, how short the time!"

Turning then to the old settlers about him and recalling the achievements wrought by them and the many who had passed beyond present activities he says:

"Not a few of you and of those you represent, have taken a large part in giving us a State so proud, laws so just and essential to our greatness and strength. Thinking of this and of the duty of every citizen to magnify and uphold these laws, I am led to say that we do this in proportion as we stand by the law and all its sacred mandates.

" 'Sovereign Law, the State's collected will
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.' "

"This thought has been the supreme dream and hope of my life. And now as the years come upon me, and when more than ever I fear dangers confront us, it is my constant prayer and aspiration."

In the first year of Iowa's statehood Mr. Wright was elected prosecuting attorney of Van Buren county.

From this position he entered the State Senate in 1848, as a Whig, having defeated his father-in-law, Judge Dibble, who was the Democratic candidate.

At the Congressional election of 1850, he was the Whig candidate for the district, comprising the southern half of the State. Although leading his ticket largely, his personal popularity could not overcome the waning strength of his party, and he suffered defeat.

Five years later his legal ability was so conspicuous as to secure for him, at the age of thirty-five years, an election to the Supreme Bench as Chief Justice, a place which he retained by successive reëlections and appointment until 1870, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. His competitor was Hon. W. B. Allison whose promotion from the House was deferred only two years.

His term on the Iowa Supreme Bench includes the time of all the important formulations and changes in the fundamental, judicial and law systems of the State. His opinions are scattered through the first thirty volumes of the State Reports.

In 1865 Judge Wright removed his family to Des Moines.

Declining a reëlection at the close of his Senatorial term, Judge Wright resumed practice as a member of the law firm of Wright, Gatch & Wright—Col. C. H. Gatch, and his son, Thomas S. Wright, constituting the other members of the firm.

Soon after his removal to Des Moines, in company with Judge C. C. Cole he established the Iowa Law School, retaining the services as instructor of the late Dr. W. G. Hammond. After the graduation of its third class, the school was removed to Iowa City and became the Law Department of the State University of Iowa under the Chancellorship of Judge Hammond.

Up to the time of Judge Wright's death he continued as lecturer at the University.

For the last ten years of his life Judge Wright retired from active practice in his profession, but retained his hold upon practical affairs in the Presidency of the Polk County Savings Bank, to which position he was elected in 1882.

For two years, 1887-8, he was President of the American Bar Association.

For several years he acted as President of the State Agricultural Society, in the work of which he took a deep interest.

Judge Wright was specially happy upon festal occasions charming all by his brilliancy and his wit.

Judge Wright was one of three civilians admitted to membership in the Loyal Legion of America.

In public as in private life he was ever the same affable and courteous gentleman.

As for many years he made annual visits to the State University, he was so well known and so universally esteemed by the citizens of Iowa City that the recognition of his worth came unbidden, and was voiced in addresses which constitute a part of this sketch.

Judge Wright's death occurred January 11th, 1896.

He leaves a wife, three sons, and two daughters. Two sons, his eldest and his youngest preceded his departure.

Few men have lived who have touched the world at so many points as did Judge Wright. Every point touched was left brighter for the contact.

His character was so perfectly rounded as to present the same surface from whatever side it was viewed. His associates in senate halls or at the bar, upon the bench or in the business office found him ever the same courteous gentleman, as wise in counsel as he was ready to respect the counsel of others.

No one who has met him in social circles will ever forget the cheer which his bright smile, and his ready flow of conversation imparted.

To all whom he met, in whatever station in life, the hand

was extended in friendly grasp and its warmth reached the heart of the man privileged with even the briefest recognition.

We are permitted to record here the tributes of those best fitted to speak of his worth from long and intimate acquaintance.

Upon the twentieth day of February at a memorial service held in Iowa City Judge Rothrock, of the Supreme Court, paid the following tribute, here given entire, as it evidently comes from the heart of one well qualified to speak of his deceased friend:

The presence of this large audience in the former capital of the State, to do honor to the memory of a distinguished man, strikingly manifests the love and affection entertained for him by the instructors and students of the State University and the people of this city.

George G. Wright was so well known to all classes of people in this State, that the announcement of his death caused a sense of personal bereavement to thousands who remembered him not only as an illustrious citizen of the commonwealth, but as a true and sincere friend. He was a prominent figure in public affairs more than fifty years ago. He commenced his career in the Territory of Iowa, in the year 1840, when what is now a rich, prosperous, powerful and influential State of more than two millions of inhabitants, contained a population of about forty thousand. He entered the practice of the profession of the law with others who became distinguished at the bar in what was a mere frontier settlement. The whole Territory of Iowa did not then contain a population equal to that of each of a number of the counties of the State at the present time. He was not the heir of fortune, he had no other capital than his brain. By reason of a physical infirmity he was incapacitated for the manual labor of a pioneer. He practiced his profession for some fifteen years, and attained high standing as a lawyer, and in the year 1855 he was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He continued a member of that tribunal with an interval of a few months until September, 1870. His opinions while a member of that Court are to be found in twenty-nine volumes of the official reports. In 1870 he was elected to the high office of Senator of the United States, and, after serving with honor to himself and the State, for a term of six years, he voluntarily retired from public official life, and returned to the practice of his profession, which he pursued for several years with marked distinction in the highest court of the State, and in the Supreme Court of the United States. Later on he retired from the practice of law, but he took an active interest in public affairs down to within a short time before his death.

He was for a time President of the National Bar Association, and was always present and an active participant at the reunions of old settlers and other public assemblies of the people. After he had passed his three score

years and ten, he continued in constant touch with present events. He was not content with living in the past. He was intensely interested in the present, and he associated with the young and the old. Generations come and go with the average lives of men, but he belonged not only to the generation with which he commenced his career, but was a prominent man of affairs in the present, so that no one thought of him as an old man. I cannot close this general review of his public career without reference to the warm friendship and constant interest which he manifested in behalf of the welfare of this University. His visits here as a lecturer in the Law Department were always a source of pleasure to him, which he frequently expressed to his acquaintances and friends. The upbuilding and development of that Department and its present standing was a constant source of gratification to him.

The practice and administration of the law was really his life work. His other public service was temporary. But he was well equipped by nature, education, and learning to adorn any public station. It has been said that the law is a jealous mistress. It is true that it requires the closest application, and the earnest study and untiring effort of the life time of most men to become distinguished lawyers. But Judge Wright was an exception to that rule. He was a man of diversified acquirements. Some men succeed at the bar who cannot acquire distinction upon the bench. Others, who fail as trial lawyers, may become acceptable and even great jurists. Judge Wright, in all the varied pursuits of life, as lawyer, judge, statesman or in business affairs, was eminently successful. He was a master workman in every calling or position to which he devoted his attention. The young man of to-day who is in the course of preparation for the bar has the aid of the law school and access to vast law libraries. Judge Wright had none of these advantages. I do not think it is extravagant to say that there are now in this State private law libraries which contain more volumes than were to be found in all the Territory of Iowa when Judge Wright made his beginning in the profession in 1840. In those days more reliance was had upon the reasoning faculties—the power to analyze and apply the law by logical lines of thought, and the application of the principles underlying the issues involved in the controversy, than the resort to current opinions of others contained in text-books and reports. I have sometimes thought that while it was more difficult then than now to rise to distinction at the bar, yet when eminence was once attained, it was far greater than it is in this generation. The pioneers in the law were the men who laid the foundation of the structure. The present jurisprudence of this country rests upon that ground work. In other words the formative period of our jurisprudence has passed away, and much of the modern practice consists of a search for current decisions of courts, which, when examined, are found to be based mainly upon opinions pronounced in the years which have long since passed away. It is not to be denied that new questions arise upon new conditions founded upon new inventions, and the march of civilization to a higher degree of perfection. But while the conditions are new and modern, and the questions appear to be novel, they are nearly all deter-

mined by the same rules, and founded upon the same principles of justice, which the law had long since settled and made lasting and permanent. George G. Wright did not grow old or antiquated in the law. He was fully abreast with the profession when he was past seventy years of age.

In the private walks of life, as a citizen, neighbor and friend no man excelled him in all that goes to make up purity of character and true nobility of manhood. To young and old, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, he was the same kind considerate and helpful adviser, counselor and friend. He was endowed by nature with that unselfish consideration for others which endeared him to all who came within the range of his influence. The pleasant and cordial greeting, the kindly smile, and the manifestations of a pure heart were a benediction to the old and an inspiration to the young.

I became personally acquainted with him in the year 1861, and through all the years from that time until the close of his life I am proud to say our relations were those of the closest friendship. I was often a guest at his home. For a number of years after he returned to the practice of law he attended every term of the Supreme Court at Council Bluffs, Davenport and Dubuque. I saw much of his private and domestic life. The home life and the every day walk and conversation of a great man outline phases of character which are always interesting to the public. Much has been written upon the private lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and other conspicuous men whose services to the country have made their names famous for all time. It is not inappropriate that something should be said of George G. Wright in this presence as a man apart from his public character. It is not given to us to divine the thoughts, intents and purposes of even those with whom we are most intimately associated. We do, however, make up correct estimates of character by judging the motives and the hearts of men by a standard based upon their acts and conduct. It is not difficult to discover and unmask the dissembler and the hypocrite. And the associates of a true and upright man know of his nobility of character with unerring certainty. George G. Wright in his every day life was an exemplification of all the graces of a refined, cultured and true gentleman—a noble type of disinterested and devoted friendship. He was a firm believer in the Christian religion, and for many years publicly professed his faith in its doctrines.

I stood with him by the open casket of departed friends, and heard his voice uplifted in paying the last tribute of love and respect for the dead. At the funeral of the late Judge Seevers less than a year ago, he made a short address abounding in the strongest expressions of love and sympathy. He followed the singing of the verses beginning with the words, "They are gathering homeward from every land, *one by one*." He named many of the mutual friends of the deceased and himself who had gone before, and his repetition of the words "one by one" after the mention of each name was a rare specimen of the most touching, affecting and thrilling eloquence. And at the funeral of Samuel J. Kirkwood in the city he made an address in which he manifested his faith in this language: "Standing upon the

deck of his princely steamer, pacing back and forth, was the proud commander; in the very top mast was the son, the apple of his eye, proud of his courage and of his daring. The son whispered down to him 'Father I grow dizzy and shall fall.' The father answered back, 'Look up and you shall not fall.' And so it is. Whatever may be around us, or whatever the dangers or besetments, look up, and there by the side of the Great Weaver, in time we shall stand, and there by the side of the Great Weaver stands our friend to-day; if we shall live as he lived, in time we shall stand by his side."

And on the occasion of the memorial services in the Supreme Court upon the death of L. D. Stockton, a Judge of that Court, more than thirty years ago, in closing his address Judge Wright said, "Such was his life and such his death. Others who with him assisted in fashioning the laws and institutions of our young commonwealth have gone before him. Some of us remember Rich, Gray and Gilbert and Carlton and Reeves, and Cole, and Whicher and other noble spirits, who with him, whose death we are now called upon to mourn, braved the trials and vicissitudes incident to a new country; men devoted to their profession and who have left the impress of their genius and learning upon the history of our State. Life to them is no more. We still live, but must soon follow. Be it ours to so discharge every duty, that we can be prepared as was our friend for a happy admission into the courts of the Great Judge of the quick and the dead."

Judge Wright was a model husband and father. For many years, it was not ordered that he should be called upon to mourn the loss of a member of his family. But that event came to him at last, and but a short time before his own death, in the death of his eldest son, Thomas S. Wright, one of the ablest lawyers and best men that this State has ever produced. That was a crushing blow to the father and mother, and I know something of how he was bereaved by that great loss. In a conversation with him we talked of death as a great mystery. I requested a statement of his belief in a future state of existence by asking the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" His answer was "Yes, yes," and he repeated the words of the great apostle: "This body is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." These declarations of his belief abundantly show that he accepted the Christian faith without doubt or hesitation.

Socrates said to the judges who condemned him, "Death is either a dreamless sleep that knows no waking, or it carries me where I can converse with the spirits of the illustrious dead. I go to death, you go to life; but which of us is going the better way God only knows." And the hope of immortality was as doubtfully expressed by another eminent Greek philosopher, who when about to yield up his life was asked by one dear to him if they would meet again. His response was "I have asked of the hills that look eternal; of the clear streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose azure fields the raised spirits walk in glory." Helpless we stand at the close of the life of George G. Wright and with feeble im-

perfect words attempt to tell the story of his long and illustrious career. But we rest in the full belief that "earth never pillowed upon her bosom a truer son nor heaven opened wide its portals to receive a manlier spirit."

The following tribute was at the same time rendered from the affectionate heart of a former pupil, Judge Ryan, who recalled most feelingly the characteristics of a beloved instructor and friend:

To our late lamented and departed friend, Judge Wright, should be accorded the honor that he was the Father of the Law Department of the State University of Iowa.

It is true in the beginning, a permanent organization of a law school was not contemplated; subsequent events developed the possibilities that brought this about.

Near thirty years since at the suggestion of Judge Wright, prompted by the desire of his eldest son to study law, a number of young men in the city of Des Moines associated themselves together as a law class. Judge Wright, then on the Supreme bench of the State, aided by Judge Cole, one of the Associate Justices, were the instructors of this class. As this class progressed during the first year, new students in such numbers so urgently applied as made it not only possible, but almost imperative to organize a second class for the coming year. About this time our late lamented Chancellor Hammond was added to the corps of professors. It was during the year of this second class that the idea of a permanent organization took definite form. The first and second classes each began their year in the month of January; the third class, with increased numbers, held its first term beginning in September, so that the terms of the law school might correspond with those of the University. After the first, second and third classes were graduated, the Iowa Law School was transplanted, or transferred, to and became the Law Department of the State University of Iowa.

Because my name was upon the rolls of one of those classes of this early day of which I speak, and because Judge Wright was one of our instructors, I have now public leave to speak of him in that capacity.

It is scarcely necessary to remind you that the date to which we have referred is at the close of the great Rebellion.

"Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."

The young citizen soldiers were returning to again take up the vocations of peace. Striplings who had left college walls to take their places in the ranks of war, that duty done, returned as ambitious to stand in the front rank in time of peace as they had been to march there in time of war. A large per cent. of these, your elder brothers comprising these three classes were composed of this material. Of them, "Tom Wright" deserves the chief distinction, for he was not only a soldier but was the first student enrolled in the first class and the greatest lawyer the school has yet pro-

duced. It was through his instrumentality that his father took the initial step that resulted in and eventually developed the Law Department of the State University.

When I speak to you of Judge Wright on this memorial occasion, standing as it were by two new made graves, there rises before me side by side, the vision of two great lawyers, two grand men, two beautiful characters, two lovely lives, the father and the son, inseparable when associated with the early days of the law school, inseparable in life, inseparable in grandeur of character, inseparable in death. "Tom" went home first; when tidings came of his sudden and untimely end, the blow fell upon his father with such crushing force as to forbid a long separation. From that hour he steadfastly contemplated his dissolution. He died in the fullness of years, at the end of an active life, "full of honors blushing thick upon him."

"Like one that wraps the draperies of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

My friends, what can I say to you of Judge Wright as an instructor that is not already known to every member of the Law Department, and perhaps to all of you? I need not speak of his superior learning; he has left behind him in the archives of the State testimonials that stand now and will so stand through all time as fixed monuments upon which future judicial reckonings will depend. These are more eloquent than words of eulogy; when we speak of him in the limited sphere of a professor or instructor in the class room, we are not unmindful of his honorable career at the bar, nor his more brilliant record on the bench, where lay his chief excellence, nor yet of his proud record, when called to the highest place in the gift of the people of this State in national councils, and yet we, his students, his boys, admire him most in this narrower circle of the class room, where he was more exclusively our own. Whatever else there was grand in his character or his career, outside of the class room, were but rays reflected through windows in our temple in whose light he stood. They brought out his grand characteristics in bolder relief.

In class he was always intensely earnest and not infrequently became so absorbed in the recitations that the hour sometimes lengthened indefinitely, and himself absorbed in the subject his class was none the less so, and so every year from the first to the close, his very life was built into and became a part of the institution of which he was the founder. That structure will remain a monument to his memory when monumental piles have crumbled to dust. Great truths and legal principles partially comprehended from a study of the books, under his tutelage and magic touch grew and unfolded till they took on a profounder meaning, new beauties. He brought order out of chaos, harmony out of discord. He smoothed out and made straight that which otherwise would have been a hopeless tangle. He taught the law in its broadest, highest and purest sense; the science of government, the precedents, the surest record of the history of the past; the store house in which the advancement of civilization for all ages had been garnered; beautiful in every feature, grand in all its attributes, sup-

pressing vice, guarding virtue, affording a remedy for every wrong. Thus there arose before the eye the magnificent temple of law, symmetrical and beautiful, justice and truth blazoned on every stone in its structure; so broad and comprehensive in its proportions that it included all classes and conditions of men, in all possible relations to each other, both as to persons and property.

Chief among memory's treasures we cherish that ever genial and kind consideration manifested towards us. He called us "my boys" and gave us a place in his regard, akin to that accorded to his own sons. Who of us can ever forget his kindly greetings, either in class or out of it? Who ever knew him to be so engaged that he had not time for a friendly word? Or who can recall a single unkind act, look or word that could now in the least mar his memory?

For nearly thirty years he has kept a warm corner for us in his great heart, exclusively our own. The organization of the first class was a labor of love, and his connection with the school continued to be so to the end. Shortly after his last visit to the University, he spoke feelingly of your marked and kind attentions to him, and the honors accorded him on that occasion. He spoke of the great pleasure that this and similar occasions gave him, running back over his whole course, and a tear-drop stood in his eye when he added, that he feared he had met "his boys" for the last time.

I close by saying that his friends marked with great comfort that so many from the University attended his burial. It touched a chord that the presence of all the dignitaries, State and National, could not sound. To us he was and in memory we will ever cherish him, the "grand old man of Iowa."

"He needs no statue or inscription to reveal his greatness;
He needs no column pointing to the heaven to tell us of his home."

Brief extracts are made from other addresses. From the glowing tribute of Mr. O'Connell, a chosen representative of the students of the Law Department of the University, are given a few words indicating the hold which Judge Wright had upon his students and the source of his power as an instructor:

His students loved him with a tenderness that is rarely exhibited in the ordinary relations of this life; and I do not believe we ever left his presence without a higher and nobler conception of our duties, socially, morally and professionally.

If I were asked in what capacity he most greatly impressed me—what elements in his great and varied character predominatingly manifested themselves to me—in a word, in what consisted that magic charm by which he won the hearts of men in every walk and position of life—I would say that above and beyond all others were those rugged and clean cut principles

so prominently stamped upon his every lineament, conveying to every observer, in nature's sweetest and choicest language, manly honor and Christian virtue.

* * * * *

In spirit and sentiment I can see him still, as he was wont to appear in our midst, typifying in the dignity of his personality those exterior evidences so characteristic of interior greatness; the unsullied snows of three-quarters of a century resting lightly upon his venerable brow, while in his voice there was an eloquence which elevated the majesty of law and the dignity of citizenship to a higher plane and a clearer view. It seems but yesterday he was with us, and as we gazed upon his splendid presence, nearing, as it was, the hallowed twilight of a glorious day, the lusty shouts of buoyant youth which his coming always awakened, became suddenly subdued, and deep down in the sacred privacy of two hundred hearts were registered two hundred holy vows to make the peerless example of his life the gauge and standard of our own most ambitious future.

Professor McBride, whose boyhood days were passed in the neighborhood of the home of Judge Wright's early manhood, presents another view of his many sided character:

Before the men of the Collegiate Faculty Judge Wright came, not as instructor, not as statesman, not as the maker and moulder of laws, although we knew that he had been and was all of these; rather, I think, we knew him in those more charming if less notable fields of life's activity where we claimed him as companion and as friend. The citizen, the pioneer, the philosopher, the man of wide and generous sympathy, of gentle manner, and of cultivated speech, such he was to us, nor less the statesman, orator and teacher. Nor was he less great on this his purely social, human side. No man had readier repartee or greater wealth of pleasant anecdote. His long residence in Iowa effected to make the history of Iowa simply the memory of his active years, and none more fully understood, more highly prized that wonderful experience.

Greatly as Judge Wright valued those gifts of political preferment which along his life fell to his share, still, if I mistake not, to him the dearest possession of his heart was the memory of those early years when to the woods and prairies of Iowa he brought the enthusiasm of his youth. When, not many months ago, if personal allusion may be pardoned here, I chanced to meet Judge Wright for a moment's conversation, I thought to call out some of his Washington experiences and asked about some of the men distinguished in their time in court, and senate. Our dear old friend replied indeed, but forthwith changed the subject and said, "You lived once in Van Buren did you not?"—and then old times came back like memories of yesterday. We walked together as man and boy beneath primeval woods, we traversed the unfurrowed prairie, we knocked at many a settler's cabin door and called the roll of those who in silence built the broad foundations of the State, whose sons have since to fame and honor

come and wealth though the fathers know it not. We saw again the pellucid waters of the great Des Moines, clear then as any spring, unvexed as yet by silt of cultivated fields, though stirred betimes by the paddles of many a puffing boat bringing to those shaded banks, to seats unused, new household gods. Again we heard the music of song and psalm, from that elder day breathing in worship when church and temple there was none. We saw the merriment of the marriage feast, and stood in silence about the rude plank coffin where in some lonely cabin far apart grim death had claimed his own. These were the cherished memories of Judge Wright. In such warm experiences the nobility of his character found root and rich nutrition.

* * * * *

We are sometimes told that the rude conditions under which our social fabric took its rise preclude refinement; that Americans are "the most generous indeed, but least cultivated people in the world." As if refinement, cultivation, culture were matters of form and dress and not the rich outgoings of the life and heart. What is the true type of manhood? If in brave deeds to bear a manly part, to meet one's neighbor as he is and love his excellence, to bear prosperity with wisdom; to meet the lot of ordinary man, its joy, its sorrow, its tragedy and disappointment, with spirit unperturbed, and over all to lift a sunny face that helps and comforts others,—if this be manhood, then let America, let Iowa, call the long roll of her pioneers and meet the world. Such was the manhood of our friend so lately moving here among us.

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

Judge Wade representing the later Alumni of the University, emphasized the tribute of Judge Ryan and presented the qualities of Judge Wright as shown in his contact with men of all conditions in life:

As he walked about the street, he met his friends by the score, and they were always greeted with a smiling face which showed the radiance of a pure, unsullied soul. No one was too poorly clad to receive a bow of recognition and a sunny smile.

* * * * *

Judge Wade closed his address introducing a quotation from a recent address of Judge Wright in affectionate remembrance of associates of his earlier years:

He was one of that gallant band who braved the dangers of the forest unfelled, the streams unbridged, the prairies uninhabited, to lay the foundation of a great State. He saw the growth of western civilization, he saw the struggle of the early settlers, and with willing hand performed his share. He saw the wigwam give place to the log cabin, and the log cabin

to the modern home. The ranks of the pioneers are thinning day by day—they are laying down their burdens and their work is well done. He was one of the "old guard." And how he loved to talk of the "old guard." It seems I can yet hear his magic voice as at the last meeting of the State Bar Association he delivered the report of the committee on Legal Biography, of which he was chairman. He said: "I love to think of the old guard; to look back upon their old camp grounds, the fires there, and the figures moving and sitting around.

"I love to think of the stately marches of the old column, and would forget the unfaithful soldier here, the deserter of the true path there. I admire them because I look over our constitutions and statutes and there see the impress of their minds. I turn the leaves of journals, the tomes innumerable found in the inferior, intermediate, and appellate tribunals of the State, examine the records, filling vast alcoves and receptacles, and there see the results of their labors, the evidences of their industry. I look abroad and see our school houses, our churches, and public buildings of every description, and find in them noble monuments of their liberality, their public spirit, their aid in the religious and educational upbuilding of the State. I inquire for the master spirits who pioneered us through the early days, and find the old guard ever in the van and doing their whole duty. I look to Iowa's more than eighty thousand men as they defiled from their hearthstones in defence of their country; think of the proud name of Iowa in military annals, and rejoice to know that the Reids, Caldwell, Belknap, Baker, O'Connor, Smythe, Dewey, Weaver, Curtis, Leffingwell, the Rices, Crocker, and scores of others, who, while honoring their profession, were the synonym for all that is true and patriotic, brave, devoted, honorable, and deserving. And I look to the proud position Iowa occupies to-day in the sisterhood of States; her freedom from debt; the wisdom of her laws; the excellence of her institutions; her advancement and progress, and rejoice that I can, without disparaging others, justly attribute much of all this glory and success to the untiring energy, active coöperation, and public zeal of those to whom I have referred, to say nothing of others whose names are found on almost every page of her high judicial, legislative, and political history. For all these things, and because of such a record, I therefore do honor the "old guard," love to think of the old column and of the early days, and of their influence upon our present prosperity and greatness.

"But the column, as we have seen, has been sadly broken, and it is for the survivors of those composing it, and those who have since entered the arena, to maintain and extend the ground already gained. Those gone, as well as many of those living amid discouragements, "tossed by hope, or sunk by care," oft in debt or weighed down by sickness, or a hope of business deferred, performed a noble part in upbuilding here a proud, happy, prosperous and free State, with institutions in their excellence unsurpassed and a name which challenges the admiration of men everywhere."

Such were his words and how truly do they portray the achievement of

the noble pioneers of Iowa, of whom Judge Wright was one of the oldest and the noblest.

Chancellor McClain portrayed the public life of Judge Wright as he was familiar with it during the period of his service in the United States Senate:

My recollection of him goes back twenty years to the beginning of his last two years as Senator when I became the clerk of the committee on claims of which he was chairman, and therefore also his private secretary.

It was already settled in accordance with his determination to retire from public life and devote his energies to the practice of his profession and the accumulation of a modest competency for his declining years, that he would not be a candidate for reelection, and he had no object save to discharge faithfully and creditably the duties of his office, and yet he gave to those duties patient and painstaking care which could not have been greater had he been an anxious candidate for reelection. I will not say that he did not at times feel a natural regret that his public career of more than twenty-five years was drawing to a close, but when he was urged by those who had long been his friends and whose wishes and judgment had great weight with him, to reconsider his determination and allow his name to come before the Legislature of Iowa in connection with the succession to the Senatorship, he had but one unhesitating answer. His pledge was already given and there could be no reconsideration.

* * * * *

It was under these circumstances, then, that he settled down at the beginning of the session of 1875-6 in very modest apartments in an unpretentious house on Four and one-half street a quiet little "place," as it would be called in Boston, though near the center of the area of official and business activity of the city. His rooms, which would hardly be considered luxurious either in extent or furnishings for a couple of collegiate seniors, consisted of a parlor, reception room, study, and dining room, all in one, and that not a large one, and a chamber adjoining, into which he frequently was compelled to take a fellow Senator who called for a private consultation, because the study was occupied by some Iowa friend who had dropped in to read the home papers, with which the floor was usually covered. I may say in passing that his surroundings during the next session were more cheerful, for he had Mrs. Wright with him, and their younger daughter, and a niece; so there were more commodious quarters and a more homelike life, though the program as to disposition of time was not materially different.

The place on Four and one-half street was convenient to the line of bob-tailed horse cars on F street which used to run to the Capitol in one direction and to the department buildings flanking the White House in the other, and by this means of transit he was usually by nine o'clock either at the Capitol to attend a meeting of some committee or at one of the depart-

ments soliciting positions for some of his constituents; for the latter duty was then and still is imposed by public sentiment upon the State's Representatives in the Senate, as well as upon those in the House, and its faithful discharge was, and still is, insisted upon with greater rigor than that of participation in the making of laws. The sessions of the Senate, commencing at noon, extended until four or five o'clock. Then after dinner came the writing of letters, the preparation of reports in connection with committee work, and the investigation of such questions coming up in the Senate as required attention.

It was a busy, and in many respects a wearing life. Callers after dinner were often those who were seeking places for themselves or others, with a persistence that made a negative answer inconclusive unless couched in stern and unfriendly tones. Judge Wright's position as chairman of the claims committee subjected him to special importunities, for the claims which come before Congress are those which have been rejected by the various tribunals specially constituted to consider the legitimate demands against the government, and are urged on other grounds than those which could be properly urged before a court.

Among these applications for position or relief were many which appealed very strongly to a man of tender heart, a man who felt that he owed a duty to his suffering and needy fellowman not measured or limited by his self interest, and yet there was the constant realization of a danger that the interest or even the necessities of the individual might be inconsistent with public good, and that private or public fraud might be seeking to profit by an ingenious appeal to disinterested benevolence.

The first session of the Forty-fourth Congress was protracted to an unprecedented length by the impeachment trial of Gen. Belknap and when the members reassembled in December they had to face the paralyzing apprehension of civil strife by reason of the contest between the supporters respectively of Hayes and Tilden, as to which was lawfully elected to the presidency. Judge Wright introduced early in the session a bill to provide a court for the trial of such contests and made a vigorous appeal for the adoption of some measure which should secure a peaceful settlement of the controversy. When the plan for the appointment of the electoral commission was proposed he gave it hearty and earnest support in which Senator Allison joined. But the Republicans of Iowa were impatient of a measure which from their point of view would render doubtful a victory already won, and both by public protests and private appeals sought to prevent the adoption of what they considered a compromise. But those in Congress who loved country better than party faced partisan denunciation on either side and helped to furnish perhaps the strongest proof to be found in our national history that the people of the United States are entitled to enjoy the blessings of freedom and union.

Judge Wright stands to me and I think to all who have known him well, as representing the highest type of American citizenship in both public and private life. As a public servant he was a judge zealous to do justice

and yet fully imbued with that conservatism which sees in uniformity and certainty of administration the highest justice; a statesman with profound veneration for our institutions, deeming that loyalty to them was above loyalty to mere party, while at the same time he found in party organization the best means for promoting the general good. As a friend he was warm-hearted and faithful. As a man he was true to every duty. His sympathies were as broad as humanity, as deep as sorrow sinks, as high as aspiration soars. He was grave with the experiences of a long life, but hopeful too, with perennial youth.

A WINTER NIGHT ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

IT was not an infrequent thing for men during the early years of settlement in Iowa, to be frozen to death by exposure at night on the bleak, open prairies. One reason for these casualties was, that so many came west from sheltered, timbered regions, where most people had good houses, and were not exposed to severe and protracted storms, and, therefore, were not schooled in the vigilance necessary to contend with western blizzards. They wore lighter clothing, and carelessly ventured out long distances with very few wraps to keep out the cold. Many of our winter days were so pleasant and mild that we took these chances with little expectation that the weather would change. But it often occurred that when the forenoons would be so mild that a flake of snow would melt as it struck the ground, the same afternoon, and perhaps three or four days in succession, would see a wild, tumultuous storm from the northwest howling and careering over the prairies, leaving deep snow drifts and low temperature throughout its course. In such cases woe to the unfortunate wayfarer who found himself a few miles from home when darkness fell upon him, or the storm became so thick as to hide his path and obscure his vision! I had one

experience of this kind—though fortunately not in a storm—which opened my eyes so wide that I never afterwards took any chances in venturing out upon the prairies. If necessary to travel some distance in the winter, I always went prepared to “camp out”—with abundant food and blankets for myself and the horses—wherever night should overtake me, with no fear of freezing.

I was publishing *The Freeman* in Webster City in the autumn of 1859. There was no paper north of me to the State line, nor anywhere else northwest of our town. I used to visit the county seats where no newspaper men had yet ventured to settle, for the purpose of soliciting the official printing of the counties. Among other trips I started on the third of December, to visit the counties of Cerro Gordo, Worth, Winnebago and Hancock. The outfit, when I tell what it was, will be seen to have been a very poor one for such a trip. I had for a travelling companion, Sam. H. Lunt, soon after Deputy Register of the State Land Office, who later on died in the military service. We had a single buggy, with a poor old “Rosinante” of a horse, and only one worn buffalo robe and a blanket. I wore an overcoat of medium weight and had a heavy shawl, but Sam. had only a single coat. The weather had been surpassingly mild and beautiful, and that is what deceived us. We had many of those winter days so poetically described by William Cullen Bryant, which “tempt the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home.” The morning we started there was hardly even a suggestion of frost. The snow was scarcely an inch deep anywhere, and in most places was disappearing in the warm sunshine. Our trail, for there was not much in the line of roads, led in a northeasterly course across Wright county. There was still open water in some portions of Wall Lake, so mild had been the weather. By the time night overtook us we had reached Belmond, which was, or had been, one of the oscillating county seats of Wright county. We stayed all night at a very primitive hotel, kept by an eccentric gentleman by the

name of Kent. He was sometimes called "Chancellor Kent," from the claim he made that he had been Chancellor of New Jersey or some other eastern State. He was a great story teller, and it needed more credulity than I possessed to believe some of his yarns. He claimed acquaintance with almost every distinguished living man in the nation, and was in the habit of calling them by "nicknames." When speaking of President Buchanan, he called him "Jim." Mentioning Stephen A. Douglas, "the Little Giant" of Illinois, the great ideal Democratic statesman of the West, he called him "Steve." Said he, "I was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one morning with Jim."

I inquired, "Jim who?"

"Why," said he, "Jim Buchanan, of course. Pretty soon we met Steve!"

"Steve who?" I asked.

"Why Steve Douglas," he said. And he spoke of General Samuel Houston, of Texas, as "Sam," General Benton, of Missouri, as "Tom," and so on through a long list of American statesmen. He also professed great familiarity with European capitals, as St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, and I suppose, if the conversation had been protracted enough, he would have swung around the circle of the whole world in a similar way.

The next morning was quite as pleasant as the first, with the exception that the snow was now two or three inches deep. Our trail lay up the Iowa river, to the county seat of Hancock county. This consisted simply of the residence of Mr. Rosecrans, a cousin, or nephew, I believe, of General W. S. Rosecrans, who became distinguished during the civil war. This was in the old county Judge days, when many of those officers in northwestern Iowa stole their counties absolutely poor by letting contracts to build bridges and court houses, in some instances pensioning their needy relatives upon the county treasury. In each county the Judge was a local autocrat, and wielded irresponsible and almost absolute power. Judge

Rosecrans, however, was an exception to this class of judges, and was an honorable, straightforward manager of the county's finances. He was probably conservative enough in this direction. He was "the county," and he could tell you without mincing matters, what "the county" could afford. No scandal ever attached to his official career. Our course lay thence nearly due east across the prairie to Clear Lake. The third morning we started for Bristol, the county seat of Worth county, our route being along up Lime creek, a tributary of Clear Lake. At noon we stopped for dinner at a farm house, the uppermost one at that time on the creek. The snow by that time was much deeper, but laid very lightly on the ground and offered little obstruction to the buggy. Mr. Williams, the farmer, told us it was twelve miles across to Bristol, but that if we were unable to reach that town, we would pass near the house of a man named Caswell—how well I remember the name after the lapse of thirty-six years!—with whom we could stay over night. He said it was but eight miles to Caswell's. It was probably two o'clock in the afternoon when we started. Now, the fact of the business was, that it was from sixteen to nineteen miles to Caswell's, and some distance further on to Bristol, with no intervening houses or settlements! With the expectation, however, of not being compelled to travel more than eight miles, we went along quite slowly. In those short days it was but little time until nightfall, when we began to strain our eyes to discover the light in the window. We did not see it, but we traveled on and on. The snow increased very rapidly, and when darkness set in, it was nearly a foot in depth. Our ancient horse came to the conclusion that traveling under such circumstances was a very nonsensical piece of business, and finally refused to budge an inch, unless one of us waded in the snow and led him. At last he refused to go on any terms whatever. Sam. remarked that "we would have to stay there all night." The prospect for lodging was about as forlorn and forbidding as can well be imagined. We un-

hitched the horse from the buggy and tied him to one of the hind wheels, buckling the buffalo robe round him, in order to retain as much of his vitality as possible—for there was no food for him, except as he pawed away the snow and munched the dead and bleached grass. We sat down close together, on the bottom of the buggy, putting our feet under the seat, and placing our backs against the dashboard. We then drew the blanket and my shawl over our heads, and by sitting close together kept from freezing. Possibly we slept a little, but many times during the night we were compelled to get up and walk or run to warm our feet, otherwise I think they would have frozen. In the morning a path led out from the buggy some ten or twelve rods, which was smooth and icy from our constant walking. We saw the full moon rise and make its circuit over the heavens and go down. Our “camp” was on the top of a large hill or ridge, elevated high above the surrounding country. Morning came at last, when we expected to be able to see the smoke rising from a log cabin off to the northwest. We waited until after the sun rose, straining our eyes in vain to get a glimpse of any human habitation. It was only a wide waste of snow. Several miles in the distance a line of timber lay blue and cold along the horizon, but there was no sign of life. We had no means of determining how cold the night and morning had been, but just where we were camping, the ground was covered with weeds three or four feet high. These were decorated with millions of frost-diamonds which sparkled in the sun. We should have said they were very beautiful, indeed, if we had been looking at them from our comfortable parlor window, but under the circumstances they only suggested extreme cold. We held a “council of war” soon after sun-rise, and came to the unanimous conclusion that there was only one course for us, and that was, to take “the back track” and get a better start. We, therefore, hitched our poor old horse to the buggy and started southward. Being troubled with some affection of the throat I had carried a bottle of medicine, the effect of

which, taken to excess, was very nauseating. That morning I tasted it two or three times very moderately, for the purpose of clearing my throat. Sam., however, thought I had something in the way of whisky or brandy, and asked me for a drink. Handing him the bottle, I told him that he must be cautious or it would make him very sick. He disregarded my advice, and took what I should say was rather a large "swig." In a few minutes he became very sick, begging me to go forward and get "help." I said everything I could to brace him up and induce him to keep moving, and I would go on foot and lead the horse; but he would listen to nothing of the kind. He was evidently very much alarmed at his condition, and I was as much concerned at leaving him there. At last, I unhitched and mounted the horse, and started off at a brisk gallop. In less than an hour I was at the Williams' house in quest of help, but there were no horse teams in that immediate vicinity. A neighboring farmer had an ox team, and I employed him to go out with his sled and oxen to bring in Sam. and the buggy. Mrs. Williams gave me an excellent breakfast, after which I had a most refreshing sleep.

It was between three and four o'clock when I woke up. No tidings had been heard from Sam. or the man who had gone in search of him. I therefore mounted the old horse, who, as well as myself, was greatly refreshed by this time, and started to learn what had become of my comrade. About a mile up the country I met the cavalcade. They had taken the wheels off the buggy, putting it all on the sled, and were coming along as fast as the moping oxen could make their way through the snow. Sam. had entirely recovered from his sickness, and, as he had had a hearty lunch, expressed himself as being in very excellent condition. We did not venture out again that night, but the next morning I went down the creek a mile or two and hired a settler who had a good team and a fine sleigh, to carry me to Bristol and Forest City, sending Sam. to Clear Lake, where he remained until my return. I made a very successful trip for a pioneer printer who was

clear out upon the frontier, and the third day was back to Clear Lake. More snow had fallen, and Sam. had meantime improvised a sort of sled with which he hoped we would be able to reach home. The runners were made of green oak planks and very heavy. His sled was about a foot wider than it ought to be for an ordinary track. But expecting that we could get through with it he had loaded the buggy upon it, and we started. The first twenty rods convinced me that that sort of vehicle was impracticable. Returning to the village I employed Mr. H. G. Parker to take his horses and sleigh and carry us to Webster City, leaving Sam's big sled by the wayside. Parker was then a new-comer—as poor a young man as any of us. Since then he has not only thriven so far as earthly possessions are concerned, but had the well-deserved honor of a seat in our State Senate.

It was a very reckless piece of business to venture out so far from home at that season of the year, with the liability that any pleasant morning might be followed immediately by a terrible blizzard. But we new-comers could only gain experience by learning it. This taught me a lesson which I never forgot during all the time that I had occasion to go into those upper counties in the winter time; and, as I have remarked above, I always so prepared myself for these storms, that neither I, nor my horse, would have run any risk of freezing, had we been compelled to sleep out of doors in the fiercest blizzard.

About six weeks after this preliminary trip I returned nearly over the same route for the purpose of delivering to the county officers the blanks I had printed. Did I take another such risk as on the first journey? By no means. This is how I was equipped for the expedition, which seemed much like starting for the North Pole. I had a stout span of horses and a farm sleigh. The sleigh-box was nearly filled with prairie hay, and I took two bags of corn. My traveling comrade this time was Daniel D. Chase, afterwards District Judge and State Senator. He was then a "briefless barrister," who had

a few months before settled in Webster City, fresh from the State of New York. We were each clad warmly, with heavy overcoats and shawls. We had two large buffalo robes, two heavy bed-quilts, two blankets, with heavy blankets for the horses. Then our good wives had provided about a bushel of "bread and dinner," consisting of meat, bread, cakes and many other comestibles. We had a quart bottle of Binner's best Holland gin, doubtless for "snake-bites." Two large blocks of green hickory wood, which we roasted each night in a stove oven, and which would hold the heat many hours, some small ropes for possible repairs, an axe, hammer and nails, and doubtless other items not now remembered, completed the outfit. We started out with confidence that if we were assailed by blizzards, or lost upon the prairies, neither ourselves nor our faithful animals need suffer very much—certainly, that we were undertaking no dangerous risks. We were lost a couple of times and had to take our "back track" to the cabin of a settler in order to learn "where we were at," and whither we should go to get along on the journey. We traveled over long reaches of country which, under the deep covering of snow, were tedious and monotonous. We were out in heavy snow storms; our cheeks were badly frozen, for we could not wholly cover our faces; but aside from feeling quite tired at night, our week's journey was without especial discomfort. I received my pay in county warrants, upon which I soon realized the cash, for there was no organized ring of sharks in that region, as in some of the counties, to keep them below par for the purpose of robbing the original owners by buying them on speculation. Mr. Chase secured his first considerable retainers, in fact, he dated from this journey his entry upon a long and successful law practice.

This narration may seem dull and common-place to many readers, but it records real experiences of our pioneer days, showing what travel was when the whole of northwestern Iowa was one wide prairie, without the snug residences and beautiful groves which are now found upon every section of land.

From some of the higher points we could look out over wastes of deep snow as far as the eye could reach. Trees there were none, save the natural groves and belts of timber along the streams. In the distance these were deep dark blue in color. They always carried a suggestion of shelter, and possible comfort, even in the stormiest weather, for it was there that the lone traveler would find snug nooks and thickets which broke the force of the fierce winter blasts. The log cabin of the ever-hospitable and kind-hearted settler, where the wayfarer was always welcome, was certain to be nestled about them. The changes which have come over all that region have been such that a traveler of pioneer days would recognize few if any of the localities with which he was then familiar. The prairie is dotted with handsome frame houses, the rude shed made of aspen poles and prairie hay has given place to commodious barns now "bursting with plenty"—and long lines of trees, or thick groves, have broken up the vast spaces which were then so white and dreary in winter. And even the blizzards and snows, strangely enough, are things of the past.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF IOWA.

IN the January number of "THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD," I have just read a highly interesting article from the pen of our old and cherished friend, Hon. T. S. Parvin, on the public life of the much lamented Hon. Joseph Williams, of Iowa, and the fact that most of the statements, and incidents therein contained, were once familiar to me, and called forth recollections of bygone days well nigh forgotten, made the reading of the article, doubly interesting to me. It is not too much for me to say, that but for the industrious pen

of Mr. Parvin, many very valuable and interesting incidents connected with the early history of Iowa, and of her public men would have been forgotten and lost forever, and I am not the only one among her old pioneers, who have expressed the wish that before he leaves us for that other shore, he will compile his vast accumulation of facts connected with that history into volumes, that posterity may have a knowledge before them of the men who laid the foundation of our civilization on this soil. In his article above referred to, Mr. Parvin states, "By an act of the Legislature of Michigan, sitting at that time in the city of Detroit, and approved October 9th, 1829, all the territory south of the Wisconsin river, west of Lake Michigan, north of the boundary of Illinois, and east of the Mississippi river was created into a new county called 'Iowa,' and its seat of justice fixed at Mineral Point," and he further refers to an opinion once given by the writer of this in these words: "This is the *first time* we meet with the word *Iowa* as applied to a tract of country and south of the Wisconsin river, and it is more than probable that this, and subsequent acts of said Territory in organizing the counties of Dubuque and Des Moines west of the Mississippi river, together with their attachment to this 'Iowa' county east of the river for judicial purposes suggested the name of 'Iowa,' for the new Territory created in July, 1838, west of the great river."

These observations were made some years ago, in a lecture delivered by myself before the Old Law Makers' Union at Des Moines, on the subject of the early jurisprudence of Iowa, but it was not until last summer that it occurred to me to follow the matter up for two reasons: First, to know something about the name, and the man who builded more than he knew, when he suggested the name "Iowa," for the new county in 1829, and second, to learn if possible, the true meaning of the word "Iowa," and in obedience to these thoughts, I addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, of Michigan, to which he very kindly and promptly replied as follows:

LANSING, MICH., July 23, 1895.

SAMUEL MURDOCK, Esq.,
Elkader, Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—I have searched the records of this department very carefully and have written on enclosed sheets everything I can find pertaining to the desired information.

I hope it may be of use to you. You will see that Wm. Brown, of Wayne county, is the member that introduced the bill.

Yours very truly,
WASHINGTON GARDNER,
Secretary of State.

"IOWA"

Is a name derived from an Indian tribe, the Kiowas; the Kiowas were so called by the Illinois Indians because they were "across the river."

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The third Legislative Council and the second session was held at the Council House in the city of Detroit, on September 7th, 1829. Adjourned November 5th, 1829.

ABRAM EDWARDS, *President.*

JOHN P. SHELDON, SAMUEL SATTERLEE, SENECA ALLEN, *Clerks.*

WM. MELDRUN, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, ROBERT IRWIN, JR., *Members from Brown, Chippewa and Crawford and Michilmacinac Counties.*

JOHN STOCKTON, *from Macomb and St. Clair.*

WARREN DUROCHER, WOLCOTT LAWRENCE, CHAS. NOBLE, *from Monroe.*

THOMAS J. DRAKE, STEPHEN V. R. TROWBRIDGE, *from Oakland.*

HENRY RUMSEY, *from Washtenaw.*

WM. BROWN, HENRY CONNER, ABRAM EDWARDS, JOHN McDONNEL, *from Wayne County.*

On Monday, September 14, 1829, Mr. Wm. Brown presented the petition of R. P. Guyard and other inhabitants of Mineral Point praying that a new county may be laid off in the country adjacent, and that the county seat thereof may be established at Mineral Point. Read and referred to the Committee on Territorial Affairs, after which it was placed before the committee on enrollment.

Mr. Schoolcraft from the committee of enrollment reported as correctly enrolled the bill entitled, "An act to organize the county of Iowa, and for other purposes and the President signed the same.

The above is copied from the Journal of the said session of 1829.

Taken from the biography of Mr. Brown found in a book entitled, "Michigan Biographies, 1888," pp. 132-3, found in the Michigan State Library:

"Wm. Brown a member of the third and fourth Legislative Councils, from Wayne county, 1829-1832, was a physician by profession, but no information is obtainable as to his nativity or the time of his death."

The records, however, show him to have been a man of marked prominence in the local councils.

He was a trustee of the corporation of Detroit in 1805, was one of the signers of the protest against the British General Proctor's order of expedition in 1813; a director of the newly organized bank of Michigan in 1818; County Commissioner in 1820, and Trustee of the University in 1821. Politically he was doubtless in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of the time.

This record explains itself and in addition shows that Henry Rowe Schoolcraft was a member of that Legislative Council, and at the time Mr. Brown had the petition of the citizens of Mineral Point referred to the Committee on Territorial Affairs, Mr. Schoolcraft was the chairman of the Committee on Enrollment, and reported the bill as correctly enrolled. What few sketches we have of the life of this eminent scholar, Henry R. Schoolcraft, show us that he was born in Albany county, New York, March 28th, 1793, and in 1817-18 we trace him through a journey to the west where he collects a valuable cabinet of mineralogical specimens, and in 1819 he publishes "A view of the Lead Mines of Missouri," followed by "Scenes and Adventures in the Semi Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains." In 1820 we find him as the geologist of the exploring expedition to the west under General Cass. In 1821 we find him a Commissioner to treat with the Indians at Chicago, and in 1822 he is appointed Indian agent for the tribes in the North West Territory. From 1828 to 1832 we find him a member of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, and as the above record shows, on the 9th day of October, 1829, reporting the Iowa county bill as correctly enrolled, and to sum up his public career in a few words, we find him for more than thirty years constantly upon the frontier mingling with all of the great Indian tribes of the North West, studying their languages, observing their manners and customs, and making treaties with them, and his writings on the subject of the Indians of the continent now form a library of itself, and above all others for authority on every subject relating to that extinct race and it is apparent from this record,

that from the presentation of the Mineral Point petition, until the subject of it became a law, none others save Mr. Brown and Mr. Schoolcraft had charge of the bill, and from all of the facts here related, it is certain that Mr. Schoolcraft suggested the word "Iowa" for the name of the new county, and that he then knew the true definition of the word.

Nor is this all, for we find him again in Washington in 1838, as Superintendent of Indian affairs, and at the very time the bill was introduced into Congress creating the Territory of Iowa, and there is no doubt but what he here again suggested the name for the new Territory, neither is there any doubt but what he understood the true meaning of the word, and that the meaning is that which is given by Mr. Gardner in the above record, as the "People across the river."

This view will take from the word "Iowa," some of its poetry, but the truth must prevail.

SAMUEL MURDOCK.

THE SERGEANT FLOYD MEMORIAL.

ON the 20th of last August memorial ceremonies were held at Sioux City commemorative of the death of Sergeant Charles Floyd, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805 to the Pacific, but who died the year before, during the organization of the expeditionary party, near Sioux City.

The chief address at these ceremonies was made by Dr. Elliott Coues, the historian of the expedition, and from a statement by him before his address was delivered, published in the *Sioux City Journal*, we reprint the following account of those who took part in that famous early exploration:

I have been examining Floyd's skull, but am bound to say that it shows very little. I have examined hundreds of skulls

during my life and have always found it impossible to tell a philosopher from an imbecile. The teeth, what there are of them, are almost perfect, showing the Sergeant to have been a young man. Indeed we know that he was young. He was one of nine young Kentuckians who joined the expedition before it left St. Louis. All were young fellows from twenty to thirty years of age. Floyd was probably somewhere near twenty-five.

It might be of interest to say that the popular impression that he was a member of the United States army is a mistaken one. The nine young men of whom I speak were all from good families. When they joined the expedition they were enlisted for the special purpose of accompanying it. None of them had been soldiers before. Although we know the names of most of the members of the expedition it has never been told just which ones were from Kentucky so that question is left open. It is certain, however, that Floyd was one of them. He was one of the three sergeants with whom the expedition started. The others were John Ordway and Nathaniel Pryor. Two days after Floyd's death, Captains Lewis and Clark selected three men—Patrick Goss, Thomas Bratton and George Gibson—and said their men might choose for themselves which one they would have for sergeant in Floyd's place. Goss received nineteen votes and was declared elected.

The expedition started from St. Louis May 14, 1804, with forty-five men all told. The force was enlisted to go to the Mandan Indian country, some miles above where Bismarck now is. On the way there were some desertions. One or two were discharged, and at Fort Mandan enough more were taken in to make up for these losses. This last party constituted the permanent expedition. From Fort Mandan the party started for the Pacific, April 7, 1805.

Of eleven of the men we know absolutely nothing, not even their names. The rest we know by name, at least, and of some of them we have pretty fair accounts. Those whom

we know who belonged to the permanent expedition are Captains Lewis and Clark, Sergeants Goss, Ordway and Pryor, and Privates Wm. Bratton, John Collins, John Colter, Peter Couzatte, Joseph and Reuben Fields, Robert Frazier, Geo. Gibson, Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thomas P. Howard, Francoise Labriche, Baptiste Le Page, Hugh McNeal, John Potts, George Shannon, John Shields, John B. Thompson, William Werner, Joseph P. Whitehouse, Alexander Willard, Richard Windsor and Peter Wiser. In addition to this there were two interpreters—George Drewyer and Toussaint Chabonneau. Captain Clark also had a negro slave named York with him, and Chabonneau an Indian wife named Sacajawea. Shortly before the expedition left Fort Mandan Sacajawea had a baby born and during her travels across the continent carried the little one with her.

The men who left St. Louis, but dropped out before the permanent expedition was formed, were Floyd, Richard Warfington, John Newman, M. B. Reed, and a boatman named Liberte. Warfington was a United States corporal who went as far as Fort Mandan with the party. Newman was a soldier. Between St. Louis and Fort Mandan he was tried for insubordination, found guilty, sentenced to forty lashes and discharged from the expedition. Reed was also a private soldier who deserted before Fort Mandan was reached. He was captured, however, sentenced to run the gauntlet and discharged. Tiberti was another deserter, but was never captured. Floyd, as we know, died near the present site of Sioux City. That leaves eleven men unaccounted for.

The history of many of the men after the return of the expedition is not uninteresting. Pryor entered the United States army and rose to the position of an ensign. We lose sight of him after a few years. Pat Goss, the sergeant elected in Floyd's place, wrote a history of the expedition after his return. He was an illiterate Irishman, but got an educated man to help him and succeeded in getting out an exceedingly interesting and valuable account of the expedition. It came

out in 1807, ran through several editions and was translated into French and German. During the last fifty years of his life, Goss became a drunkard. He married at an advanced age and raised a large family before his death which occurred in his ninety-ninth year at Wellsburg, West Virginia.

John Colter was discharged at Fort Mandan on the return of the expedition and became a trapper. He subsequently engaged in the business of exploration on his own account and was the discoverer of the source of the Yellowstone and the first white man in Yellowstone park. His accounts of the sights there made his friends regard him as the monumental liar of his generation. They afterwards learned that he told the truth, and to this day there is a spot in the park known as Colter's Hill. Joseph and Reuben Fields were brothers, and are known to have been two of the young Kentuckians who joined the expedition with Floyd. Robert Frazier was a Vermonter and on his return from the west started a history of the expedition. He even got so far as to issue a prospectus of his work, but the book itself never appeared. George Gibson died at St. Louis in 1809. Of John Potts we know nothing, except that a man of his name was killed by Indians near the headwaters of the Mississippi some time after the expedition. The presumption is that this was the same man.

George Shannon lost a leg after his return from the west and was popularly known as "Peg Leg" Shannon. He assisted in the preparation of a history of the expedition and afterward studied law, practiced at Lexington, Kentucky, located at Hannibal, Missouri, in 1828, became a State Senator, United States Attorney for Missouri, and finally died suddenly in the court room in 1836, at the age of forty-nine.

Of John Shields we know little except that he made himself very useful to the exploring party by his skill in repairing guns and equipments. Alexander Willard was a blacksmith and did all the work of that character. He went to California after his discharge and died there after raising a large family. I have traced his career very completely but have no data here and am unable to remember the particulars.

They saw this lovely lake-gemmed land
Redeemed with blood of pioneer
From rudeness and barbaric hand.
They saw the "War of Races" here;
The Redman flee, in guilty dread,
To wilder home in mountains drear,
And leave the field, though strewn with dead,
To flourish in adornments grand.

Much they have heard! Above the shore
Oft heard the gentle ripples kiss
The willing rocks, or billows roar,
And break and foam, in frantic bliss.
And they have heard the thrilling song
Of birds through many years, in this
Their summer home, "who sing among
The branches,—happy evermore."

And they have heard the summer breeze,
As zephyrs creeping o'er the lake;
Or stealing softly through the trees,
To grasp their boughs and mildly shake
The rustling foliage—caressed
To gentle song—as harpstrings wake,
Touched lightly to music, suppressed,
But sweet, in low-breathed melodies.

Not land alone; they view the lake
With tireless ken, afar, and nigh,
While winds may sleep or winds may 'wake,
And watch the white-winged boats go by,
Instead of native's rude canoe,
Or steamers move majestically
O'er Okoboji's waters blue,
Where winds may sleep or billows break.

Long live! Proud trees! And witness still
The progress coming time shall bring;
The herds that range from hill to hill;
The cottages, all bristling
Among the groves, by cultured field,
Or grouped into gay villas spring,
And witness golden harvest's yield,
Or craft glide by, as yet they will.

Live on, and long endure, grand trees!
Time's changes yet unchanged to greet;
Defiant at the stern decrees
Of sad decay; in cold or heat,
In storm or calm, in gloom or light,
With strength for every season meet;
Enduring still, with equal might,
The Boreal blast or summer breeze.

West Okoboji, Feb. 25th, 1881.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY IOWA MEN.*

BY M. W. BLAIR, KOSSUTH, IOWA.

AMONG the physicians, Dr. Eli Reynolds represented Des Moines County in the Belmont Legislature, 1836, as did also Dr. George Washington Teas, of Augusta, and Dr. Warren L. Jenkins, of New London. Dr. Jenkins was probably the first doctor in what is now Henry County. Of his later history I know nothing. Dr. Teas died in Washington County about the close of the late war—was then a local preacher and in internal revenue service.

I place Dr. Hickock's arrival in Burlington in the closing days of 1836, crossing in the last skiff before the ice began running.

Dr. A. Potts was in Burlington as early as 1835, and was noted for wide knowledge and great success in his calling—was a trusted physician in central Ohio twenty years earlier, and before coming there had been a surgeon in the British navy. He practiced till away over eighty years of age and died in Burlington.

Another name worthy of record is that of Dr. Samuel Fullenwider. He was born in Shelby County, Kentucky. After

* Recent publications of the State Historical Society have aroused the dormant memories of some of the old settlers, like Mr. Blair, whose recollections we take pleasure in giving place to.

some years of practice in Indiana he came to the northern part of Des Moines County in 1837, and his practice was over a wide range of country as well as time. After more than forty years of faithful service here as one of the "Makers of Iowa," he removed to Creston, to make his home with his son-in-law, Hon. J. W. McDill, where in serene old age with mind unimpaired he waits his final call. He was a State Senator in the first Iowa General Assembly.

Long before 1846 or 1856, a good many brick school buildings dotted the land. One in Benton Township, Des Moines County, dated from 1837. Jefferson Academy, 1845, was aided by the district, and the lower story occupied by the school, a very neat brick building.

There seems to be some confusion in regard to "Des Moines College." The "Valley" is perhaps a survival of the D. M. V. R. R., and was never a part of the school name. The school was under the control of the Synod of Iowa, O. S., and began its first session, October, 1847, in the court house, vacated by removal of county seat from West Point and donated to Synod. Rev. Michael Hummer was first President, Rev. William Bradley, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science, and some classes recited to Dr. Mallory, a resident physician, and a preacher in the Christian Church. Revs. J. E. Sharon, T. H. and F. B. Dinsmore, L. D. Mason and Salmon Cowles were teachers later. The rush to California, 1849-51, carried away many of the older students and the Church removed it to Dubuque, renaming it "Alexander" in honor of the theological giants of that name, and yet later to commemorate the generosity of James Lenox, and sister of New York it was called, and perhaps yet is known, as "Lenox." As a maker of Presbyterian preachers it was a failure. Revs. E. O. Bennett, Cong., Wellington Wright, U. P., and perhaps Clement Lowry, R. C., are all the ministers known as attending there. The name of Hon. W. P. Hepburn must be added to those giving luster to its beginning.

Rev. D. G. Cartwright writes, 1876, that when he came on

the Circuit in 1836, he found no organizations and that he then formed the classes at Yellow Spring, Casey Prairie, Head of Flint, and Mt. Pleasant.

Rev. J. H. Ruble's home was Burlington, married Diana Bowen in Tama Prairie, six miles north of Burlington, and died in Burlington. His widow married Sheriff Smith, of Henry County, and lived in Mt. Pleasant.

Rev. Joel West came on this Circuit, 1837.

Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, Baptist minister, entered land at the first land sale, 1838, adjoining the present village of Sperry, having lived on the claim for a year or more previously, preaching where he could find an open door, and was greatly respected by all. He moved to Oregon among the early emigrants to that State.

In the Belmont Legislature were Revs. David R. Chance and John Box, both active preachers in the Christian Church, and settlers in then Des Moines County as early as 1835.

Revs. A. Chatterton and Dr. Mallory were preaching in West Point in 1847. The latter went to Springfield, Illinois, and was editor of the denominational paper there a little later.

Launcelot Graham Bell purchased a claim of Hon. W. W. Chapman—now adjoining city limits of Burlington in 1836, but took his family back to Monmouth, Illinois, for better winter quarters. He came for permanent settlement April 1, 1837, and bought his only home in this county, s. w. $\frac{1}{4}$, 31-70-3, at land sales of 1838, or preëmpted previously. He organized the Burlington Church, August, 1837. There was a reorganization later.

Rev. James A. Clark was living in Ft. Madison in 1838, and had organized a New School Church there the previous year. He was present and protested against the organization of the Old School Church at Burlington, August, 1837.

Rev. Salmon Cowles located at West Point in 1840.

Rev. Asa Turner, of the Congregational Church, with Kent, of Galena, visited and preached here in the spring of 1836.

In THE "RECORD," page 284, Volume XI, are given the names of three, only, of the Iowa men who died with John Brown. Jeremiah Anderson, another of them, and more fully Iowan than those named, was brought here a child of five or six years in 1837, perhaps 1836, and grew to manhood here. In 1855, he attended the academy here at Kossuth, then under the principalship of the late Hon. J. W. McDill, and next year went west to teach. His residence in Yellow Spring Township was continuous for twenty years. He was a native of Indiana, and a first cousin of "Mills Brothers," publishers, of Des Moines, and of Rev. I. N. Westfall, an early Iowa City preacher. He joined Brown in Kansas.

JUDGE WILLIAMS AS A POET.

SINCE the publication of my sketch of the Hon. Jos. Williams, I have found some items of interest, showing his great versatility of character. I think in my sketch I stated that he was a poet of no mean order. I have come across within the week past, two of his effusions in this line, one humorous and the other sad, for he was a man always equal to every emergency in life. On one occasion when visiting his old home in Pennsylvania, he called at the law office of his old friend and fellow student, Jerry Black, not finding him in he left his card as follows:

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry, I've found you at last,
And memory goes back to the scenes of the past,
As I think of old Somerset's mountain of snow,
When you were but Jerry, and I was but Joe."

The other is a poem written by the Judge to his friend, my uncle, John A. Parvin, upon the death of his daughter, who was an unusually bright and interesting young lady. Judge Williams was the first Superintendent of the Sabbath School, my uncle his assistant and who later succeeded Williams. I

was librarian for both. I have this poem in manuscript, given me by my uncle a short time before his death, and have placed it in the list of autograph poems by Iowa authors, of which we have a goodly number in the Iowa Department of this library. I think this poem worthy of publication as an item in the history of Judge Williams and therefore enclose it to you.

T. S. PARVIN.

The following lines are written as a poor tribute to the memory of Lydia H. Parvin, who died of cholera on May 20th, 1849, whilst on a visit to her relatives in St. Louis. She was a teacher in the M. E. Sabbath School of Muscatine Station, Iowa. She was just in the bloom of youth, a lovely, intelligent and amiable girl; she was attacked suddenly and died in a few hours. She left home in full health and fine spirits. Her body was returned to her affectionate parents by the Steamer Oswego, being preserved in ice.

The lines are addressed to her father, Superintendent of the M. E. Sabbath School, Muscatine, Iowa.

I would not stay one starting tear,
 One heaving sigh suppress—
 E'en sympathy, though sacred, dear,
 Thy grief would not make less;
 For sure, if e'er a parent heart
 Might wail at Mercy's Shrine,
 And feel grief's inmost fountain start,
 That stricken heart is thine—

But there's a light of love—a charm,
 To cheer us here, when given,
 That will the Monster Death disarm,
 And lift the soul to heaven—
 This is *The Light* by which we see
 Through nature's thickest gloom,
 And trusting in Divinity,
 Look far beyond the tomb.

Immortal now, thy Lydia dear,
 Tho' lost to mortal sight,
 Would have thee wipe away the tear,
 And says, "behold *The Light*."

And thus, me thinks, I hear her voice,
 To all her lov'd ones dear,
 In sweetest accents, say "Rejoice!
 The spoiler comes not here!"

*"I left thee, father, in the joy
Of youth, and maiden bloom—
The life gem beaming in mine eye,
Earth's pathway to illumine—*

*But, death, exulting in his power,
With ruthless step drew nigh;
Youth's bloom was blighted, in an hour,
The light quenched in mine eye.*

*I left thee—bounding, as the fawn
O'er earth in spring time fair,
Rejoicing o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Inhaling fragrant air.*

*But now that form, with life replete,
The earth clod lies beneath;
Those active limbs, and bounding feet
Are motionless in death—*

*I left thee on a happy day,
My heart with joy inspired,
To visit lov'd ones far away,
In gayest garb attired—*

*Death came—And lov'd ones could not save—
They bore my cold corpse home,
And laid it in the narrow grave,
In vestments of the tomb.—*

*I left thee—with a chœrful voice,
Which kindness knew so well;
While hope within me, said, rejoice!
And bound me in her spell—
But ah! 'tis hushed—That voice no more
Shall call thee *father, dear*;
Earth's scenes of kindness are all o'er—
That voice thou'lt no more hear—*

*I left thee—as the nestling goes
First from its downy nest—
With joy the young heart only knows—
Whilst blessing to be blest—
But ah! when all is joyous, bright,
The archer springs his bow,
An arrow speeds with deadly flight—
The nestling is laid low.*

I left thee—never to return,
 But, there's a light for thee
 Which through the Savior's tomb doth burn—
 Come father! come to me!
 Oh! blissful thought! The lov'd of earth,
 Awhile, though ties be riven,
 Thro' *Christ* may have immortal birth,
 And live and love in heaven.

Please accept the foregoing from one who is happy in the thought that he possessed the friendship and esteem of Lydia from her infancy until the time of her death, and who rejoices in subscribing himself

Your sincere friend,

To JOHN A. PARVIN, Esq.
 Muscatine, June 3d, 1849.

J. WILLIAMS.

WAR MEMORIES.

THERE was quite a sharp contrast between the first preparation in the west for arming the negroes on the Union side of the war of the rebellion and the speedy and effective results of that policy.

Crocker's Brigade, with which I was serving, was encamped at Lake Providence, Louisiana, on the right bank of the Mississippi, about twenty miles above Vicksburg, in March, 1863.

About this time it was bruited about the camp that Brigadier General Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General of the army, had come down to organize the able-bodied colored men into Union regiments, and that he had his headquarters on the steamer Von Phul, then lying at the landing.

I had seen General Grant and General McPherson, and some other general officers, but I was very much impressed with a wish to see the Adjutant General of the whole army, who was fresh from Washington.

With this feeling and some official business or excuse, I went aboard the boat and had the happiness of meeting the General. To my great disappointment, instead of being dec-

orated with a bright uniform, booted and spurred, he was dressed in slippers and wore a red-figured dressing gown.

"Von fool it is," said I to myself, making a senseless and obscure pun on the boat's name as I walked ashore over the gang plank; "what success can come from such a beginning and such a leader?" I had not then in mind the Swedish king who had conquered by laying off in slippers and a night-gown, pretending to be sick for eighteen months.

The Confederates had told us all along that the darkies would not fight, and Jeff. Davis said they were so tractable as to be subject to the behests of gentle ladies. But soon after the time of which I write they vindicated their claim to courage in victorious hand-to-hand encounters with their masters of a few months before on the Mississippi levee at Helena and Milliken's Bend, almost on the very ground where Thomas first organized them, making General John A. Rawlins, Grant's Chief of Staff, throw up his cap and in loud military idiom, as if to drown the cannon's roar, proclaim to heaven the confidence he ever had in the fortitude and high mission of the American African.

In some later engagements, borne down by overwhelming numbers under murderous commanders, they suffered massacre, but never, when they had the mastery, stained their arms with unresisting blood.

And here is a lesson in the value of discipline. The Indian, brave and warlike in his native savagery, has been discarded from the army as a complete failure as a disciplined soldier, simply because he will not yield obedience and conform to necessary usage. As a scout, entitled to the allotment of clothing, he draws no trousers, or if he does, wears them with the front behind. On the march he is a straggler from the start, meeting his comrades in the camp at night to share with them the spoils of the day.

On the other hand the negro, naturally pacific, by the discipline of two hundred years of bondage, was already half fashioned for a soldier when Thomas took him, and needed little more than drill and arms to transform him into a soldier.

The reason of Thomas being there was because Stanton, Secretary of War, wanted him away from Washington, for this was a way that Stanton had, and he served other obnoxious officers of high rank at Washington in the same way afterwards.

The organization of colored regiments by General Thomas was the first fruits of the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. When it was published our brigade was near Lafayette, thirty miles east of Memphis. Jeff. Davis met Lincoln's proclamation by a counter one threatening death to all in the Union military service captured with negroes.

A very bright colored youth, calling himself Lewis Hilliard, had escaped from his owners in the neighborhood to our camp and was in my employ. Although no longer in the same regiment with my old friend, Surgeon Watson, we were still in the same brigade, and often met; Watson also had a colored boy, and I asked him what he thought of Jeff. Davis's threat? Watson replied, "Well, I think catching comes before hanging." With this philosophy we concluded we would risk capture and keep our darkies. Mine stayed with me just two years and I must pay him the tribute of saying I never knew a truer or more faithful man. His confidence in the success of the Union army, like that of the negroes generally, was sublime. He would say, "When we take dat place," meaning Vicksburg, "I want to keep on wid you uns till de rebels is all whipped."

Going into the service at the same time with Watson and with inferior rank, I looked up to him with awe, more especially as he had a high standard of ascetic morals, the level of which I never expected to attain. He was my good genius, for in his presence and with his counsel I felt that I could not do wrong. However, he sometimes innocently got me into trouble by orders not issued in accordance with army usage. I recollect the perplexity he had in determining the amount of medical stores he should at first draw for the regiment. His requisition called for a great deal of jalap and very little

NOTES.

THE biographical sketch of the late George G. Wright which forms the first article of this number, was compiled by Dr. J. L. Pickard, the President of the State Historical Society of Iowa, who, as President of the State University, was for years intimately associated with Judge Wright in his work as lecturer in the Law Department.

“REPORT of the proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-sixth meeting, held at Council Bluffs, Iowa, October 3d and 4th, 1894,” is the title of a beautifully printed and bound book of over two hundred pages issued by the Recording Secretary of the Society, Colonel Cornelius Cadle. As usual, the proceedings of this Military Society are full of patriotic ardor and inspiration. They contain addresses, speeches and responses by Gen. G. M. Dodge, the President; Gen. O. O. Howard; Colonel Thos. G. Lawler, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of the United States, Governor Frank D. Jackson, Colonel D. W. C. Loudon, Mrs. John A. Logan, Colonel Fred. D. Grant, Colonel D. B. Henderson, Hugh Belknap, and other distinguished members and visitors, and one of Captain S. H. M. Byers’ most radiant poems, “News at the White House.” Each record of this grand military chorus of warriors, as issued by the Secretary, seems superior to the last; the eloquence is warmer, the war recollections seem more vivid, and as put together by Cadle under the magic remembrance of those heroic actions in which he so often bore a gallant part, these proceedings to a participant in the war are more fascinating than a novel.

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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. XII.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1857.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, 1857-82—HAS PASSED SINCE THE ASSEMBLING OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—THAT ADOPTED OUR PRESENT MAGNA CHARTA AT IOWA CITY IN 1857—AND THE MEMBERS THEREOF GATHERED IN REUNION LAST WEEK, 1882—A QUORUM PRESENT—NINETEEN OUT OF THIRTY-SIX—ADDRESSES, MUSIC AND A GOOD TIME—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS REASSEMBLING OF SURVIVORS LAST WEEK, DES MOINES, JANUARY, 1882.

JANUARY 19th, at ten o'clock quite a number of the surviving members of the Iowa Constitutional Convention of 1857, assembled after an adjournment of nearly twenty-five years.

Shortly after ten o'clock Hon. Francis Springer, of Louisa County, called the members to order, and Alderman J. J. Williams, on the part of the City Council and the citizens of Des Moines, gave formal welcome to the members of the Convention.

Mr. T. J. Saunders, Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, being present, was called to act as Secretary of the meeting.

President Springer then called for a call of the roll, which showed the following result:

PRESENT.—Francis Springer, Columbus Junction, Louisa

County; Timothy Day, Winchester, Van Buren County; David Bunker, Richmond, Washington County; D. P. Palmer, Bloomfield, Davis County; Geo. W. Ells, Davenport, Scott County; W. A. Warren, Bellevue, Jackson County; Thos. Seeley, Guthrie, Guthrie County; R. L. B. Clark, Washington City, D. C.; D. H. Solomon, Glenwood, Mills County; D. W. Price, Council Bluffs; Edward Johnstone, Keokuk; S. G. Winchester, Eldora, Hardin County; J. C. Traer, Vinton, Benton County; J. F. Wilson, Fairfield, Jefferson County; Amos Harris, Wichita, Kansas; H. J. Skiff, Newton, Jasper County; J. A. Parvin, Muscatine; A. R. Cotton, Lyons, Clinton County; H. W. Gray, Sutton, Nebraska; Lewis Todhunter, Indianola, Warren County.

ABSENT. — Jeremiah Hollingsworth, Richland, Keokuk County; Wm. Patterson, Keokuk; John T. Clark, Postville, Allamakee County; M. W. Robinson, Des Moines; John H. Peters, Delhi, Delaware County; A. H. Marvin, Monticello, Jones County; W. Penn. Clark, Washington City; John Edwards, Washington, D. C.

DEAD.—Squire Ayres; J. C. Hall; Geo. Gillaspy; Jas. A. Young; H. D. Gibson; Robert Gower; J. H. Emerson, and Alpheus Scott.

Letters of regret, at being unable to be present were then read, from Gen. Jno. Edwards, now at Washington; Wm. Penn. Clark, also of Washington; Jeremiah Hollingsworth, of Richland, Keokuk County; Jno. T. Clark, of Postville, Allamakee County; A. H. Marvin, of Monticello, Jones County, and Wm. Patterson, of Lee County.

M. W. Robinson, of Polk County, was reported as dangerously ill and unable to attend.

Hon. Geo. G. Wright made the welcoming address. After giving an interesting resume of the history and data of Iowa's early political life, he continued in substance as follows:

"They met, thirty-six of them, January 19th. 1857. The oldest of their number was Squire Ayres, of Van Buren, aged fifty-six, now deceased, and not many years younger, fifty-

three, was that man of honest convictions and untiring industry, his colleague, Timothy Day; the youngest, Sheldon G. Winchester, of Hardin (aged twenty-six years), both of whom (Day and Winchester) have been spared the State, and are able to meet with many of their old colleagues and friends on this occasion of so much interest to all.

"The ages of the thirty-six averaged about forty years, and hence all, if now living, would average sixty-five. Wm. A. Warren, of Jackson, had the honor of being the longest resident in Iowa (twenty-three years), while Geo. W. Ells, of Scott, and A. H. Marvin, of Jones, had been residents but two; the residence of all averaging about ten years.

"The Convention was composed of ten merchants or tradesmen, twelve farmers, in which class I find its presiding officer who, though a practical agriculturist, was, as we know, an able lawyer, and one of the best *nisi prius* judges the State ever had.

"The remaining fourteen members were from that profession, the law, so seldom found in official positions; but when so found, if true to themselves and the teachings of its grand principles, are ever safe and active custodians at least of legislative power.

"Ten members of the Convention were from what we style the Southern States; from New England, six; while the remaining twenty were from that great belt of Middle States, starting with New York and stopping with Indiana. Ohio, in this instance, modestly sharing the honors with New York, each of those States furnishing seven.

"It may be noted as a little remarkable that no citizen of foreign birth was of their number, a fact which can be said perhaps of no other legislative body in this State, whether before or since.

"Politically the Convention was divided into fifteen Democrats and twenty-one Republicans. On the side of the majority those most prominent in debate were the three Clarks (W. P., Jno. T., and R. L. B.), while Wilson, as well as

Edwards and Parvin were not by any means silent voters. Of the minority that man of generous heart, among the leaders of the bar in early days, J. C. Hall, took a most active part, often seconded most ably in the debate by one whose presence graces the platform to-day, as it does everyone wherever he may be, Judge Johnstone, as also by Geo. Gillaspy, and by my ever ready friend, Judge Harris, now of Kansas, and others, not omitting the young Virginian, D. H. Solomon, and D. W. Price a few years older, of Kentucky stock, who, as I think, with Judge Harris, exhibited their good sense by remaining in Iowa.

“Of the thirty-six, twenty-eight are said to be still living, those departed being Squire Ayres, of Van Buren; J. C. Hall, of Des Moines; Geo. Gillaspy, of Wapello; Jas. A. Young, of Mahaska; H. D. Gibson, of Marion; Robert Gower, of Cedar; J. G. Emerson, of Dubuque, and Alpheus Scott, of Clayton. And even as I speak it is found that one more, that man of strong, vigorous common sense, who often conducted well the affairs of State, Moses Robinson, is passing to his long home.

“Many members of this Convention had filled before, as they did afterwards, the most important places in the State and Nation. From the list we selected the presiding officers of our assemblies, the judges of our District and Supreme Courts, as also our District Attorneys, our legislators, those filling important executive positions at Washington, members of Congress, and one of them, as you know, has recently been promoted to Senatorial honors, and all of them are among the most active and useful men of the State.

“What of their work? did they do it well? I answer, yes, just as Iowa men should and can.

“This fundamental law stands to-day, gentlemen of the Convention, substantially as it passed from your considerate hands on the fifth of March, 1857. It is true a few changes have been made. But these have resulted from that National upheaval—the baptism of blood which old lines had rendered

necessary, whereby the Nation was brought into more perfect harmony with the civilization and humanity of the age. And hence the people have so modified your work as to say that all men, "without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude" may vote, form part of the militia of our State, and occupy seats in our assemblies. How long before they will say *all persons without regard to sex* shall have like privileges, depends of course, largely upon those who represent them in the present and future Assemblies of the State.

"But the excellence of your work is further tested by the prosperity of the State, the harmonious working of our institutions, the general wisdom of our laws, and the uniformity with which your work has been copied into new State constitutions and the revised ones of the older Commonwealths."

JUDGE SPRINGER'S ADDRESS,

in response to Judge Wright's welcome, at the Opera House, Des Moines, January 19, 1882, on the occasion of the quarter centennial reunion of the surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of 1857.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1857: On this twenty-fifth anniversary of our convention, and after a long separation, we meet again, but "we are not all here."

We numbered thirty-six in convention. Our ranks are thinned. We have silent responses to our roll call. We observe with feelings of disappointment and regret the places made vacant by the absence of members who are still living. There are seven of them. They are, the senior member from Lee, Mr. Patterson, the junior member from Des Moines, Mr. Robinson, the member from Jones, Mr. Marvin, Clarke, of Johnson, Clarke, of Allamakee, and the gallant Col. John Edwards, of Lucas. We regret that all but two of them are kept away by illness and physical infirmity. We observe with other and deeper emotions the places made vacant by the absence of those members whom we did not expect to meet with us here to-day—of these there are eight in number. The member from Cedar, Mr. Gower the member from Mahaska, Mr. Young, the member from Marion, Mr. Gibson, the member from Wapello, Mr. Gillaspay, the senior member from Van Buren, Mr. Ayres, and the senior member from Des Moines, Judge Hall, the member from Clayton, Mr. Scott, and the member from Dubuque, Mr. Emerson, have in recent years gone from among us to that

bourne whence no traveler returns—gone perhaps to become members of that great convention for which all of us may be said to be candidates. These members were all worthy men. Though no more with us here on earth, they live in the hearts and memories they have left behind them. They will continue to live in the example and influence of the good deeds done by them in their time. I differ from the sentiment of Mark Antony. I hold that the good that men do lives after them. The verdict of history with respect to these our departed brethren shall be—and who of us may desire a better—"They did the State some service." I would like, if time and information permitted, to make special mention of each. I was more particularly acquainted with Colonel Gillaspy and Judge Hall, having known them from the time they came to Iowa. They were both prominent members of the convention. Both were distinguished by their fine personal appearance and manly traits of character. Both were examples of self made men. Both had held official positions acceptably. Colonel Gillaspy as the nominee of his party would have been Governor of the State if our democratic friends had had votes enough to elect him. Judge Hall had been a member of the first constitutional convention held in Iowa and was the only member of our convention that had been a member of either of the previous conventions, and had held with credit a seat on our Supreme Bench. He was an able man among able men. He was endowed by nature with a large heart and a larger brain. As an advocate, lawyer and jurist his place was in the front rank of the Iowa bar. Though not possessed, perhaps, of the culture and scholarly attainments of some of his contemporaries, yet for strength and depth of mind, for logical force and power of argumentation, he was entitled to rank with the foremost men in the State. I am glad of an opportunity to offer this humble tribute to his memory.

But twenty-five years are an important portion of the average duration of human life. When we consider the average of the ages of members of our convention—(it was forty), we have reason to be thankful that so many of us still live—and it is a satisfaction to find that some of our members, the "young America" of our convention are yet in the prime of life, in the full vigor of their faculties, still stepping upward and forward in the service of the State and of the country.

While some of us may not be able to pass inspection that will entitle us to posts of danger and hard service in the ranks of the grand army of life, we yet may claim to be fit for duty in the ranks of the gray beard contingent, and as such assist in holding the fort—holding the fort on the margin of the channel of time, and thus be able to afford some encouragement to our noble ship of State as she sails gallantly along toward the port of her destined greatness, steered in her course by the chart and compass which bears the "trade mark" of the Constitutional Convention of 1857.

Our friend has had the kindness, in his address of welcome, to advert, in terms of commendation, to the Constitutional Convention of 1857. He has our thanks for his kind words. While we know that constitutions do

not constitute a State any more than "high raised battlement or moated gate"—that it is the men behind the constitution, high-minded men, men who their duties know and perform them, and know their rights and dare maintain them, that make the State, it is of course a satisfaction to members to find that their efforts to serve the State are thought to have been successful and worthy of commendation. Now disclaiming any merit for myself, whom I know to have been the humblest member of the convention, I think it may be justly claimed that the Constitutional Convention of 1857 was a distinguished convention—distinguished for its membership—distinguished for the work it accomplished. The members of that convention were well fitted for the duty assigned them by their practical wisdom, and generally by their sound views of public policy; and how capable they were of presenting their views the two volumes of published debates will show. As to the character of its work we may point, I think, with some pride to "the constitution as it is." It was the result of some seven weeks of faithful labor. In its main features it has been thrice approved by popular verdict, once in 1857, again in 1870, and again in 1880, and it promises to still longer stand the crucial test of time.

Our convention was the third Constitutional Convention that had been held in Iowa. Ambition to become a State was quite early developed in our territorial history. Indeed the Territory may be said to have been decidedly precocious on this subject. This ambition began to take practical shape as early as 1840, less than three years after its organization. Under an act of the Territorial Legislature of July 21, 1840, a vote was taken in October of that year on the question of a convention to form a constitution. The people showed their good sense by voting it down by a vote of 937 for, and 2,907 against a convention.

The next vote on the subject was taken in April, 1842, under an act of February 16, 1842, with a like result—3,260 for, 5,754 against. The matter now slumbered for two years, when, under an act of February 12, 1844, the question was again submitted to the people, resulting in a vote of 6,719 for, and 3,974 against a convention. Delegates were chosen at the August election, and the convention composed of seventy-three members met at Iowa City on the first Monday in October, and framed a constitution which was submitted to a vote of the people at the April election of 1845, and rejected—rejected not because of any special objection to the constitution itself, but because of a condition attached to it by an act of Congress of March 3, 1845, (entitled, "an act for the admission of the States of Iowa and Florida into the Union") which was not acceptable to our people. The statesmen of that day on both sides of the famous Mason and Dixon line, whose observance as a line of demarcation has since that time, thank God, been abolished by the shot at Fort Sumter, which was "heard round the world," seemed desirous of maintaining the doctrine of the balance of power between the free and the slave States. Texas had just been admitted, with the privilege of subdivision into four additional States. To counterbalance these four States, should they come in as slave States, a sufficient

reserve of territory in the north for free States was considered important by northern statesmen. Hence in the act of Congress referred to it was provided that the western boundary of the State of Iowa must be the meridian of seventeen and a half degrees west longitude from Washington, and that the people must say when they voted upon the constitution whether they accept the boundaries prescribed in that act, their acceptance being a condition precedent to the admission of the State. Our people rejected both the constitution and the condition. They had no idea of consenting to be despoiled of about one-third of their territory. This vote may be regarded as the turning point in our history, so far as respects the rank of our State. A different decision would have been irreversible. It would have been a source of mortifying, stinging regret to us, and to our latest posterity, who, looking back to what might have been under wiser counsels, would be excusable for invoking not many blessings on the fates, or on the men, who, through error of judgment or for personal aggrandizement (if such were the fact), were instrumental in producing it. Not the least among its evil consequences, a different decision would have deprived Iowa of the valuable services of our esteemed friends from the "Slope" and us of the pleasure of their aid and comfort here to-day; and worse yet, as we should all now have the more reason to fear, it would, in all probability, have located the seat of government of the State some miles east of the longitude of this city.

So pushing and persistent were our public men of that day on this subject that, under an act of the Territorial Legislature, at an extra session, held in June, 1845 (called it is presumed for the purpose), the constitution, which had been rejected at the April election was submitted at the August election of that year to the people for their ratification or rejection, but with the proviso that the ratification of the constitution at said August election was not to be construed as an acceptance of the boundaries fixed by Congress.

But the constitution had become tainted by the bad company it had been found in, tainted by its association with the obnoxious boundary, and it was rejected by the same patriotic exertions which caused its defeat at the April election. The vote was 7,235 for, and 7,656 against its ratification. [Here the speaker exhibited a map of Iowa, showing the line of the meridian of seventeen and a half degrees west of Washington conspicuously marked upon it], and said that it would be seen that about the area of thirty counties or near one-third the area of the State, was west of the boundary fixed by Congress as the western boundary of the State of Iowa.

Now for this result, for this vindication of the integrity of our territory, the people of Iowa owe a debt of gratitude to four men who were noted for their influence in the territory at that time. They were E. W. Eastman, of Mahaska, now of Hardin County, F. D. Mills and James W. Woods, of Des Moines County, and Theodore S. Parvin, of Muscatine, now of Johnson County, and now the accomplished Secretary of this meeting.

These men foreseeing how injurious the ratification of the pending constitution might be to the future of Iowa, held a conference on the subject, and agreed among themselves to use their best efforts to defeat it.

The political parties of that day arrayed against each other in the Territory as in the States, were known as Democrats and Whigs. The Democrats were in power, and held the offices; and expected to hold the offices under a State organization. They generally favored the ratification of the constitution, notwithstanding the objectionable boundary connected with it. The Whigs on the other hand, were opposed to it, but they were in a minority and to succeed in rejecting it, must have Democratic help. This was nobly given under the lead of the gentlemen mentioned. Acting upon the principle of country before party, or as expressed in modern phrase, "He serves his party best, who best serves his country," they arranged to stump and canvass the southern and middle judicial districts (which embraced about two-thirds of the territory) against the ratification of the constitution. This they did successfully, as the result shows. These men deserve to be honored.

Professor Parvin is a name familiar to Iowa as a household word. Himself a part of her history, that history would be deficient without a prominent mention of his services as one of her most patriotic citizens. Governor Eastman, one of the best products of the Granite State, has given the country more than one noble example of the triumph of patriotism above party. Woods (now also of Hardin County, I believe), and Mills were prominent members of the Burlington bar. I do not know how the former came by the sobriquet of "Old Timber,"* but we may be sure of one thing—that the timber in his composition was of the live oak variety, sound and unbending, like his patriotism. Mills was brilliant as a meteor, and had a career as bright and almost as brief. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he laid aside his briefs, gave up a lucrative practice and entered the service of his country as a volunteer. In one of the battles before the City of Mexico he either got or took permission to join a troop of horse, and, impetuously charging the routed and retreating Mexican forces, away ahead of his party, up to the very gates of that city, he there "foremost fighting fell," and there fell on that bloody field no nobler spirit than thine young gallant Mills.

The next move toward a State organization was an act by the territorial Legislature passed in January, 1846; under this act delegates to a convention to form a constitution for the future State of Iowa were elected at the township elections in April. The delegates, thirty-two in number, met in convention at Iowa City on the first Monday in May, and formed a constitution which was submitted to a vote of the people at the August election, 1846, and ratified. A proclamation by Governor James Clark, of the Territory, followed, and the first election under it for State officers and members

* *Note by Dr. Parvin:* "The sobriquet was given him by Judge McFarland, a talented but eccentric Judge of that District.

of the General Assembly took place in October, 1846. And this is "the constitution as it was." It had a comparatively brief career. The people became dissatisfied with it and it was superseded by the constitution of 1857.

The constitution of 1857 is not a mere transcript or compilation made up of constitutional law, borrowed from other constitutions. As a matter of course, it contains many provisions taken from the old constitution and common to State constitutions generally; but it has the merit and distinction of containing some important new provisions, not found, it is believed, in other constitutions. I will speak of one or two as they occur to me. Section 4 of the bill of rights contains an important provision concerning the administration of justice. It relates to witnesses. The statutes of Iowa, all through our early history, and down to the winter of 1856-7, were stained by the presence of a law born of the spirit of the Dred Scott decision, and based upon its principles. The law said, in substance, this: "That no negro, mulatto, or Indian, or black person (whatever that may mean in addition to the three other classes) shall be a witness in any court or in any case against a white person." This law was repealed by the General Assembly that was in session at Iowa City during a part of the time that our convention was in session, which decided to bury that law so deep that there should be no danger of its resurrection. Hence the provision in these words: "Any party to a judicial proceeding shall have the right to use as a witness, or take the testimony of, any other person not disqualified on account of interest, who may be cognizant of any fact material to the case." This provision vindicates the doctrine of the equality of men before the law, and decrees that in all the broad limits of Iowa there shall be no distinction of race or color with respect to the admissibility of witnesses.

Another new provision relates to the security of the permanent school and University funds. This provision amounts to an insurance of those funds against loss or damage, not exactly by fire, but by some agency worse than fire—by mismanagement, defalcation, or frauds of the agents, or officers having charge of the funds. It is provided in section 3 of article 7, that all such losses shall be audited by the proper authorities and the amounts so audited shall be a permanent funded debt against the State in favor of the funds sustaining the loss, bearing annual interest of not less than six per cent. This provision was suggested by some heavy losses which had been suffered by those funds, prior to that time, by the mismanagement and defalcations of its custodians. It has doubtless had a salutary effect, tending to throw around those funds a degree of sanctity which of right belongs to them, as well as being a guaranty of their integrity. Another new constitutional provision was intended for the benefit of the honorable members of the General Assembly. It was known that it sometime happened that certain bills of doubtful expediency, if not something worse than that, became laws, for whose passage no members, except the member who introduced it, could be held directly responsible. The practice was apt to obtain in the last days of a session, when business had accumulated, and when the minds of members were apt to be engrossed with other

matters. If afterwards the inquiry was made, "How did that bill pass; what members voted for it?" the answer would be; "Nobody seems to know." The journal is silent. It simply states that on such a day such a bill was read a third time and passed—read perhaps by its title. To the question, shall the bill pass, if one or two ayes were heard and no sound in the negative, it would be declared passed to the surprise afterwards of members whose want of attention allowed it to become a law. In view of this practice, and to "reform it altogether," the new constitution (section seventeen of the legislative department) provides that no bill shall be passed unless by the assent of a majority of all the members elected to each branch of the general assembly, and the question upon the final passage shall be taken immediately upon its last reading, and the yeas and nays entered on the journal.

Now, there is another thing that the members of the convention of 1857 may be congratulated for having done, and that is for having put this fair city of Des Moines in the body of the constitution as the capital of the State—for having rescued the question of the location of the seat of government from the vortex of legislative contention, and for having placed it where the people could and did settle it for all time it may be.

If the stately structure on yonder hill, (pointing to the new capitol) at once a credit to the State and a symbol of her greatness, whose dome seems ambitious of rising, like the monument of Bunker Hill, "till it meet the sun in its coming, until the earliest light of morning shall gild it and parting day linger and play upon its summit," may be supposed to have some relation to the Constitutional Convention of 1857, and especially if the exceptional growth of this beautiful city, a city which we have seen emerge from the chrysalis state of the "Raccoon Forks" to the rank of the foremost city in the State—not altogether accounted for by her natural advantages, aided by the intelligent energy of her people, may also be supposed to have some relation to that convention, then I say how greatly more than handsome, how greatly more than princely, has now been the recognition of that relation in the splendid reception, the cordial welcome and large-hearted hospitality, accorded its surviving members on this occasion by her citizens.

I will close by saying that few periods of twenty-five years have possessed greater interest or greater historic importance than that of the last quarter century. It has been an era remarkable for progress, expansion and improvement in our own country, and to some extent throughout the world. It has been remarkable for progress in the achievement of inventive genius; remarkable for progress in useful arts and applied sciences; remarkable for progress in general knowledge and enlightenment; remarkable for progress in the comity and solidarity of nations, and in the principles of constitutional government; remarkable for progress in freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry, and freedom of speech, as well as for progress in civilization generally.

Without going into detail I may say that here at home we have seen our

own State advance in population, development, wealth, influence, and in all the elements of greatness, to the rank of the foremost member of the republic.

We have seen her achieve, by the valor of her sons, a record for patriotism, whose all luminous glory shall endure as long as love of country and brave deeds are honored among men.

We have seen our beloved country come forth from a baptism of fire and of blood, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled"—slavery abolished, a race enfranchised, the dogmas of State sovereignty, nullification, and secession, gone forever, and the last doubt removed that this great republic of our is a nation and not a league of States—a nation whose citizens, north, south, east and west, pointing to our *now* all glorious flag, may join in heart and voice, in the rapt acclaim:

"Forever float that standard sheet,"

over one country, one people, one destiny.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY N. LEVERING, COLEGROVE, CALIFORNIA.

AMERICA has yet to produce the man, aside from George Washington, whose name is more indelibly engraved on the hearts of her people than that of Abraham Lincoln. No name so dear to the hearts of the once enslaved and oppressed of America as that of Abraham Lincoln, who, Joshua like, commanded the sun, not to stand still, but no longer to rise upon a slave or set upon a bondsman on the American continent. The names of heroes and statesmen will be lost in the vortex of revolutions, while that of Abraham Lincoln will shine conspicuously in the galaxy of true greatness. Though cradled in poverty, he was crowned with the richest honors that ever encircled the brow of man. While in youth he yearned to imitate the father of his country, and be like him, he has left an example for emulous youth of his country. No nature so deep as his can be sounded only

by the pearls that it brings to the surface, yet one thing is clearly discernible, the true type of an American, and what that type through energy and honesty of purpose may attain—with no training only that of self, the stern realities of life was his schooling; though crude and economically applied, it developed his manhood and expanded his perception of life, while his vision was broadened and quickened and took in national life, when like a Cincinnatus he laid down domestic cares and took hold of the helm of the ship of state to guide it through the raging storm safely into port, amid the plaudits of freemen and the oppressed of the world whom he held in his heart, and his enemies who by honest and humane treatment he won back, thus developing native strength, herculean in its nature and blending in one stroke the names of countless heroes, for many of them could only understand men of their own kind and similar schooling, while Lincoln seemed to understand and comprehend men of all sorts, from all sections and regions of the country, and could adapt himself to the wants and interests of all—a stimulus to the well, and a soothing balm to the afflicted. His tall and ungainly form was a true type of the hardy and unpolished frontiersman, which carried with him that peculiarly flavored frontier coarseness that was conspicuous from his youth, and rendering the name of Abraham Lincoln the greatest among the liberators of the oppressed of the world, a name that grows greater and more illustrious as time takes its flight, and like that of “John Brown’s soul, goes marching on” and on, accumulating in greatness and splendor until time shall be no longer.

Without the polish of education and the ordinary advantages of life, he grew and strengthened into manliness and dignity that made him acceptable and a welcome favorite without the ornament of grace, in the most refined circles of society. When we take a retrospective view of his life, we are led to the irresistible conclusion that an All-wise Providence schooled him in the humblest walks of life that he might the better understand the people and their wants, thus fitting

and qualifying him as their wise counselor and leader, who, Moses-like, smote the sea of fraternal blood with the rod of freedom and led the bondsmen through to scenes of liberty and peace, preserving the bonds of union and liberty of souls.

It was at Circuit Court, in Urbana, in Champaign County, Illinois, presided over by his honor David Davis, in May, 1853, that I first saw Abraham Lincoln. Having some thought of entering the profession of law, I was naturally attracted to the court room for the purpose of gaining something that might interest and benefit me. While conversing with a friend in the court house yard, near a small group of men who were earnestly engaged in an animated discussion on some subject of interest, my attention was particularly attracted to one of them, who, like a Saul of Tarsus, was head and shoulders above them all, and who appeared to be the leading spirit in the conversation. He was standing with his back to me, his tall form surmounted with a silk plug hat, tilted to the front, so that the back of the head was very conspicuous displaying the skill of some knight of the tonsuring art, exhibiting to good advantage a pair of unusually large ears calculated to arrest the attention of the most casual observer. His remarkable appearance made me at once curious to know who this more than ordinary appearing man was; on inquiring of a friend near me, I was told that it was "Lincoln, the Springfield lawyer."

It might not be amiss here, to give a more general and minute description of his general appearance. Physically, he was tall, as before stated, rawboned, inclined to stoop, had long pendulous arms terminating with long bony hands, with feet corresponding, and clothed with physical strength, in proportion to his make-up; his movements were not graceful, but ungainly, possessing rather a herculean character, sufficiently so to be very noticeable. His forehead was high and broad, crowned with coarse dark hair that rather manifested an inclination to stand out, but did not conceal his well developed bump of veneration. His eyebrows were heavy, inclined to

the massive order, overshadowing dark grey eyes of a bright and humorous expression, that were not unfrequently enlivened by sparkling wit and humor, but when in the domain of justice they assumed a character of firmness and decision. When a melancholy cloud of sombre hue overshadowed the soul, they dropped into a dreamy and meditative state, exhibiting a heart responsive to humanity and its finer feelings. His nose was a little over the average size, but well shaped, corresponding quite well with rather prominent cheek bones that overlooked a large mouth usually wreathed with a smile and indicated a mirthful soul within, likewise firmness and decision. His manners were most cordial and friendly, the warm grasp of his hand sent a thrill of brotherly love to the heart, confirming confidence and esteem for the man, and making one feel that he stood in the presence of a true and genial friend. No one ever received his cordial greeting without a pleasant impress of the man and his social character. No one could administer a more pointed rebuke to the evil doer, and yet but few, if any, were his equal in magnanimity to those who sought his harm. No one having wronged another, was more willing to right it and repay with justice, than Abraham Lincoln. But few men possessed the combination of virtue and elements that go to make up the true man in the full acceptance of the term. Mirthfulness entered largely into his make-up and was a prominent feature in his character that added much to his popularity and notoriety. Many of his well-timed jokes will be coextensive with his illustrious name that will never be dimmed by the vortex of time. His plain, outspoken, frank and decisive answers are well illustrated in his reply to the committee of the American party in 1854, who waited upon Lincoln and Judge Stephen T. Logan, to inform them of their nomination by that party for the Legislature. R. H. Ballinger, a member of that committee, relates the interview as follows:

“In 1854 a committee was appointed by the American party (Know-nothings), of Sangamon County, Illinois, to inform

Abraham Lincoln and Judge Stephen T. Logan that they had been selected by that party as candidates for the Legislature. A Mr. Walgamot, myself and one other whose name I cannot recall, were members of that committee. We first called on Judge Logan and had a very pleasant interview. The information was favorably received by him and the nomination cheerfully accepted. The committee having interviewed one candidate, had no doubt of a favorable result with the other and younger candidate, Mr. Lincoln.

"We walked up one flight of stairs on the west side of the public square of Springfield, where stood the old State house. The first thing that attracted my attention was the old tin sign at the entrance, upon which was lettered 'A. Lincoln, Attorney-at-law.' We passed above, along a hall running some fifty feet. At the western extremity was a door upon which was fastened a pasteboard card. The inscription in pencil, declared it 'Lincoln & Herndon's Law Office.' We entered the office of the future great man. It contained none of the paraphernalia of the modern law office. I do not believe the pine table, chairs and library were worth exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Mr. Lincoln was alone and received us with characteristic kindness. Mr. Wolgamot, after a while, stated our mission. It was so long ago, that I cannot now give more than the substance of Mr. Lincoln's language. He stated that he had belonged to the old Whig party and must continue to do so until a better one arose to take its place. He could not become identified with the American party—they might vote for him if they wanted to; so might the Democrats; yet he was not in sentiment with this new party. Then he took the question up more in detail and asked us who the native Americans were. 'Do they not,' he said, 'wear the breech-clout and carry the tomahawk? We pushed them from their homes and now turn upon others not fortunate enough to come over as early as we or our forefathers. Gentlemen of the committee, your party is wrong in principle.'

"The conversation lasted for some time, and I wished many times before Mr. Lincoln was through that I had refused to serve on the committee. His great, half melancholy, half sympathetic face was frequently lighted up and almost put one into a trance. The kindly twinkle of the eye, the attractive smile told us there was more he wanted to say, and as nearly as I can remember he put it thus: 'When the Know-nothing party first came up, I had an Irishman, Patrick by name, hoeing in my garden. One morning I was there with him, and he said, 'Mr. Lincoln, what about the Know-nothings?' I explained that they would possibly carry a few elections and disappear, and I asked Pat why he was not born in this country. 'Faith, Mr. Lincoln,' he replied, 'I wanted to be, but my mother wouldn't let me.'"

Although Mr. Lincoln refused the nomination and Judge Logan accepted it, the former led in the race some 400 votes, and both were elected, after which Mr. Lincoln resigned to run for United States Senator, but was defeated by Judge Trumbull.

When the general result of the election was known, it showed the Republicans had one of a majority in the election of a United States Senator. Lincoln having an eye to that position, resigned, that a Republican might be elected to fill the vacancy, for which an election was ordered. It so happened that election day was inclement, wet and cold and proved to be a bad day for Republicans and a good one for Democrats; a Democrat was elected as his successor, with the result of Lincoln's defeat for United States Senator, by Trumbull. A few days after the election of Lincoln's successor to the Legislature, I met Mr. Lincoln on the street in Springfield. He exhibited that same cordial and friendly feeling so characteristic of the man, while I noticed a marked change in his countenance; it did not wear that cheerful and jocular smile as formerly when I had met him, but rather a dejected and disappointed appearance. After the usual salutation and a few remarks as to my intended location etc., we separated

leaving me in a quandary as to what had come over him, as I had just returned from a trip west, and had not yet learned the facts relative to the election that had recently occurred. Soon after, meeting a friend to whom I expressed my surprise as to Mr. Lincoln's marked change in appearance, he explained Mr. Lincoln's disappointment, so that a solution to the whole matter was manifest.

Soon after seeing Lincoln at Urbana, I entered the law office of Leonard Swett, in Bloomington, Illinois, to finish my course of law study. Mr. Swett was practicing in the courts in Judge David Davis's district, in connection with Mr. Lincoln; this brought me into an intimate acquaintance with him. Some years after, Mr. Swett removed to Chicago where he soon established for himself a reputation high in his profession, and afterwards was known as the great Chicago lawyer, and the leading criminal lawyer of the west. Judge Davis, Lincoln and Swett usually traveled together around the judicial circuit, and as the means of conveyance was limited to but a few railroads and the see-saw stage coach, they usually made the trip in private conveyance with their own coachman. The writer, when nearing admission to the bar, received a special invitation to accompany the trio on a trip around the circuit, with a promise that he should be made a full fledged attorney before returning. The proposition was accepted and the trip was a most enjoyable one. As we rolled along over the broad undulating prairies, dotted here and there with rural homes and cattle feeding, not upon a thousand hills, but upon thousands of broad acres, the monotony was occasionally broken by a thriving little village that seemed like an oasis upon a desert. During the entire trip, the blues were kept at bay by the side-splitting jokes of Lincoln, which seemed inexhaustible and were apparently like the widow's cruse of oil, that never failed. Judge Davis, whose avoirdupois tilted the beam at 300 pounds, enjoyed the jokes hugely; at times it would seem that he would shed his vest buttons with laughter; he forcibly reminded me of the adage, "laugh and

grow fat," and Lincoln that of "grin and grow thin." It was during this trip that I saw and learned much about Lincoln. His suavity, genial and companionable qualities made him appear like one that I had known from childhood. He gave us a brief history of his pioneer life in Illinois, of his varied occupations as a farmer and rail-splitter, a boatsman, mechanic, merchandising, etc. How he carted his goods with an ox team from Chicago to Salem in Sangamon County, not far from Springfield, then his home. When speaking of himself, he displayed neither pride nor egotism, with simple unostentatious manners as if he were one of the most common. I was profoundly impressed with his true greatness as a man and lawyer. When his tall and bony form towered up before the court and bar, all eyes were turned upon him, from the court to the most humble spectator. His plain matter-of-fact manner of expression, occasionally enlivened with wit and humor, was captivating to a jury and made him a most successful practitioner. No attorney could take more liberty seemingly at the bar than Lincoln, without a fine imposed for contempt of court. His peculiar manner of expression coupled with his imitative powers, caused the court to think of anything but contempt.

In swinging around the judicial circle, we struck Danville, Vermillion County, where we remained several days. There resided in Danville at that time, one Mrs. Corruthers, whose husband was proprietor of one of the leading hotels in the town. Mrs. Corruthers had a son by a former husband, who was admitted during that term of court, to the bar. In honor of the occasion, Mrs. Corruthers gave a party to the court and bar.

The spacious parlor of the Corruthers house was well filled with ladies, attorneys and other friends. Mrs. Corruthers was a remarkable lady in point of intellect as well as avoirdupois, in which she was a counterpart of Judge Davis, for when weighed in the balance, she was not found wanting. She was a niece of President Monroe, was well educated and

accomplished, and had for many years filled with credit the editorial chair. She was skilled in politics, and well posted in all the great questions of the day. Her vivacity, suavity and sparkling wit were the life of the company around her and made her the center of attraction, particularly so, when she and Judge Davis, at the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln, were seated side by side in large arm chairs in the center of the parlor, where their oleaginous appearance was the subject of many jocular remarks and much pleasantry. I observed Mr. Lincoln reclining on a lounge with his eyes fixed upon the corpulent couple who were styled by the company, the center of attraction, while a broad smile lit up his face, dispelling the last ray of melancholy, and told of self enjoyment. As I looked at him, I became curious to know the cause of his mirthful demonstration and approached him with the remark, "Mr. Lincoln, I would like to know what amuses you?" when he broke out in a hearty laugh, and said, "I have just been thinking that if there were no one here to-night but Judge Davis and Mrs. Corruthers, it might well be reported a large and respectable meeting, as both are large and both are respectable." During the evening, the conversation took a political turn; Mrs. Corruthers, who had recently spent several months in Washington, gave her opinion of men and measures. She was not very sparing on Stephen A. Douglas. After making some sharp criticisms on his political course, as well as his personal appearance, said she, "When I was in Washington, Judge Douglas was courting a Southern lady, who was spending the winter there. She was larger than I, and would tilt me up in the balance. When I saw Douglas walking by her side, I was forcibly reminded of a bantam rooster strutting along the side of a Shanghai hen."

Lincoln was a lover of poetry and courted the muse much. When alone, he was often heard repeating some favorite poem. Young was among his favorite authors. When retiring at night, as he approached his bed, he would often begin, as he rolled back the blankets, repeating Young's poem on "Life, death and immortality."

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He like the world his ready visit pays,
When fortune smiles; the wretch forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear," etc.

He could repeat much of Young, and it was said, all of Burns, as well as many others. On Sunday, he would entertain us by reading from some favorite poetic author. His style of reading was most interesting, as he usually adapted his voice to the character of what he was reading. If it was of a pathetic character, he read in a pathetic mood. If a jocular character, then in a jocular manner with an occasional mimic if required, for which he was noted. One could sit for hours and listen to his reading and not tire.

When addressing a jury, he sometimes read from a law or other book, a passage relating to his case, and when he came in contact with a Latin word or phrase, he would sometimes stop and remark that he had run on to a jaw-breaker, and would slowly spell out the word in a drawling manner, and then make a ludicrous blunder in the pronunciation, which was sure to convulse court and jury in laughter. In this way he was sure to get the undivided attention of all. As before remarked, he could take more liberties at the bar than any attorney in the same court and escape a fine for contempt. His witticisms, pointed jokes and keen discrimination of points of law, made him a universal favorite at the bar, which received his opinions when impressively given, with more weight than is usually given to the opinion of attorneys.

When courting the muse, Lincoln had a counterpart in Leonard Swett, for he seemed to recite poems by the volume; "Tom Moore" was one of his principal favorites. He could repeat every line of "Lalla Rookh." I once heard him challenged by a friend, on a wager that he could not. He readily accepted the challenge, and at once started in, and before he had completed the task, the challenger was so well convinced that he was equal for the occasion, that he yielded the point and passed over the wager.

Lincoln and Swett were men of very similar literary tastes, though Lincoln had only received a very limited education, while Swett, a classical; they were both eminent in their profession, possessing unbounded confidence in each other's judgment. After Lincoln had been elevated to the chief magistracy, he not unfrequently called Swett to Washington, to consult with him relative to the critical condition of the nation, and tendered him a foreign appointment which was declined on the ground that he did not want to abandon his profession, which yielded him a very large income. Years after, Mr. Swett delighted large Chicago audiences with lectures on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, his bosom friend—surely no one was more competent for the work. Lincoln and Swett were formidable lawyers to cope with; what Swett failed to accomplish with fine oratory and eloquence, Lincoln accomplished with his masterly capacity of grasping the strong points, and presenting them in his forcible and impulsive manner, and when found necessary, spiced with witticism and jocularly.

Judge David Davis, before whom Lincoln practiced many years, was doubtless more competent to give Lincoln's true character as a lawyer, than any other man who knew him. He spoke of him as follows: "In all the elements that constituted a lawyer, he had few equals; he was great at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal, he seized the strong points of a cause and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussions. Generalities and platitudes had no charm for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him, and he was able to claim the attention of court and jury when the cause was most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes. His power of comparison was large and he rarely ever failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The ground work of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong case was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers pos-

ness of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious methods was denied him. In order to bring into activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated; when so convinced, whether the cause was great or small he was usually successful." I was present at the trial of a cause in Judge Davis' court in Bloomington, Illinois, against a prominent physician for malpractice, in which case Lincoln was attorney for plaintiff. When he was cross-examining a newly fledged M. D. who was disposed to be somewhat bombastic, Lincoln thought to knock a little of the wind out of his sails, and cautioned the doctor not to use many jaw-breakers as none of the jury had ever swallowed a dictionary. During the examination, Lincoln read from two different authors on medical jurisprudence. One of the books was bound in blue pasteboard, which Lincoln denominated as "old blue back." The other was bound in calf. There was a grave conflict between the two authors upon the point at issue. Lincoln pressed the question upon the witness as to which of the two authors was right, "Now," said he, "doctor, which of the two do you pin your faith to, 'old blue back' or 'smooth calf?'" The doctor hesitated as if making up his mind, when Lincoln again propounded the interrogatory with a slight variation. "Doctor, which do you prefer, 'old blue back' or 'calf?'" The doctor thinking to treat the question with levity, retorted, "I prefer bull," when Lincoln replied, "I reckon so, from the bull you 've made."

No man ever possessed a higher sense of honor or was more ready to resent an injustice done another, let him be friend or foe, than Lincoln. This feature in his character was illustrated at a public meeting in the court room at Springfield, as related by a friend. The character of the meeting I now do not remember, but I think it was political. The speaker, Col. E. D. Baker, made use of some remark which angered the audience and made them clamorous to lay violent hands upon him. Lincoln's office at that time, was in an

upper room in the court house. There was a trap door in the floor of his office immediately over the judge's stand. Lincoln hearing the turmoil below, threw back the trap door and lay down upon the floor and looked down until he had fully taken in the situation, when his long legs were seen dangling down through the door, and he dropped upon the speaker's stand, when he seized a large pitcher that stood upon the speaker's desk, and called out, "Gentlemen, this is a land of free speech, where every man has a right to speak his sentiments, and the first man who lays a violent hand upon this speaker, I will break this pitcher over his head." The excitement at once quieted down and the speaker resumed without further interruption.

The late Rev. W. E. Johnson, of the M. E. Church, once related to the writer that when he was stationed at Springfield in 1849 and 1850, while holding meeting in a grove, in what is now a portion of the city, Mr. Lincoln was in attendance. During the service the meeting was attacked by some rowdies who threw missiles among the audience a stone striking Lincoln on the head. This sort of gospel hammer was not relished by Abraham, who had a desire for something more spiritual. He at once made an appeal to the city authorities for protection of the worshippers, which was granted, and a strong guard was placed around the meeting while it continued. In these two cases he showed his love of justice and his regard for the rights of others.

Lincoln's jocular proclivities were most natural and cropped out on almost every occasion and invariably quite appropriately. A Mr. Clark, of Sangamon County, Illinois, related to me an instance of his jocular wit. Clarke's father raised considerable tobacco, which after he had cured and twisted into large twists, or as they called it, hands, he sold it out to consumers of the weed. A customer in Springfield requested Lincoln, as he was to pass Clark's place on business, to call and get him a piece of tobacco. Clark threw down a large twist or hand, and said, "Cut off what you want," when

Lincoln picked it up and said, "Does it make any difference where I cut it?" "No," said Clark, "cut it where it suits you," then said Lincoln, "I'll cut it in Springfield," and walked off with the entire twist.

At the bar his vein of wit and humor appeared spontaneous, and to him it seemed an essential element in the trial of his case. When trying a case of assault and battery, in Bloomington, Lincoln asked a witness where the assault took place; the witness replied in a ten acre field on the farm of John Smith, in McLain County, Illinois. The witness was somewhat liberal and profuse in his statement. Lincoln being a good judge of human nature, at once sized him up and saw there was an opening for sport. He said, "Mr. Witness, you say that the fight took place in a ten acre field?" "Yes." "In your opinion, was it not a poor crop of a fight to the acre?" "Yes, Squire," said the witness, "the poorest crap that I ever seed, and arter this court thrashes and grinds it, and you lawyers toll it, there will be durned little of it left."

During the September term of court in Bloomington in 1854, just after Lincoln had arrived from Springfield, I met him on the street talking to some friends in his usual convivial manner; as I approached him he remarked, "Well, I am the handsomest man in Bloomington." "Will you leave that to the ladies?" said one, "Yes," said he, "to one down in Springfield." The mirror had often admonished him that nature in her finishing touches upon his person had omitted the lavishment of beauty on the bony angles of his ungainly form,—hence his irony as to his personal appearance for the amusement of others. When laughing, he usually thrust the fingers of one hand into the hair on one side of his head and began a vigorous scratching with a slight nodding of the head.

When I decided to take Horace Greely's advice, "Young man go West," Lincoln was in Bloomington attending court. As I was on my way to take the morning train, I observed the tall form of Lincoln on the opposite side of the street; he seemed to be wandering along rather aimlessly, when I called

to him and said, "Good-bye, Lincoln." "What, are you off?" said he with an air of surprise. "Yes," I replied. "Well, where are you going?" he queried. "To Iowa to hunt out a home and carve out a fortune," I answered. "Well if that is the case, I will accompany you to the depot and see you off; it is some time yet until court convenes, and I am out on a morning stroll," he continued. It was nearly a mile to the depot. As we walked along, he gave me many kind words of advice as to success in business in my new location. "My name," he said, "is at your service; use it in any way that it will be of advantage to you, and should you ever require my services in the way of legal advice, you have only to write to me and I will most cheerfully assist you." I thanked him, and was more than ever deeply impressed with his noble and generous impulse, which since has marked him as one of boundless generosity—for several years after, the name of "Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois," was a prominent reference on my business cards. Arriving at the depot in advance of the train, we were standing upon the p'atform conversing, when my train pulled up. The first passenger to alight was Coddington, a noted abolition speaker. So dark was his complexion that it seemed that the law of consanguinity claimed him as a relative of the oppressed for whom he was laboring. Lincoln's eye caught him as soon as he had struck the platform, when he turned to me and said, "Look! why there is Coddington; just look at him; he has preached abolition so long that he is now turning black." Lincoln did not express himself as in full sympathy with Coddington and his party—was opposed to inflammatory speeches and unjust measures that would irritate and inflame our Southern friends, "but I am opposed," he said, "to the further extension of slavery on just and legal grounds."

The whistle sounded our departure, when my hand was hid for a moment in the grasp of his large bony hand, while his lips gave utterance to a heart prolific with friendship. I could not realize then that I was grasping the hand that was to

strike the shackles from millions of the oppressed and elevate them in the scale of intellectual beings. That warm grasp of the hand, and friendly farewell still clings to my memory, and will until a throbbing heart shall cease to beat.

S. F. LATHROP.

SOLON FIELD LATHROP was born at Oriskany Falls, Onedia County, New York, in the year 1827, and at the time of his death was sixty-eight years old. He was educated at Augusta Academy, where he had for school mates, the late S. L. Rose, formerly a Judge in this Judicial District, and the late John J. Knox, at one time Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, D. C. In his early manhood he engaged quite extensively in the manufacture of household furniture in his native village. In the year 1852 he was married to Sarah E. Durkee, who survived her marriage but a few years, leaving an only daughter, who in her girlhood followed her sainted mother.

Inspired with the spirit of the time, he sold his possessions and came west, reaching the then Capital of the State on the first railroad train that entered that place on the first day of January, 1856. Looking for a place where he could make himself useful, he went to Waterloo, where he engaged, with the late Judge George W. Couch, in developing there the water power of the Cedar river, in erecting the mills that have contributed to the building up of that thriving town and its surrounding country.

In search of a better place for the founding of a home, and the employment of his time, skill and energies in bettering his own and the condition of his friends and neighbors, he came to Steamboat Rock late in the year 1856, purchased the water power on the Iowa river here, and commenced the

erection of the mill which stands to-day as a monument to his indomitable energy, perseverance and enterprise.

On the second day of December, 1857, Mr. Lathrop was married to Emily Moore, who went to her final rest in the month of May, 1893.

Failing health, and the rigors of our winter climate, induced him to seek a milder clime, and going to southern California where he found only partial relief, he returned home but a few days ago, and expired, where he had spent the best years of his laborious and useful life.

A public spirited citizen, an obliging neighbor, a kind and generous friend, and an enjoyable and social companion, he is in his own language "to be remembered for what he has done."

The funeral was largely attended by his old friends and neighbors of forty years from the residence of his brother-in-law, Walter Harned.

Steamboat Rock, June 11th, 1896.

DATES OF CERTAIN WARS, CAMPAIGNS, EXPEDITIONS, EVENTS, ETC.*



WAR of the Revolution, April 19, 1775, to April 11, 1783.

Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, disturbances, 1782-1787.

Shay's Rebellion, Massachusetts, 1786-1787.

War with Northwest Indians, Miamis, Wyandots, Delawares, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Chippawas and Ottawas, September, 1790, to August, 1795.

Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, 1791-1794.

War with France, July 9, 1798, to September 30, 1800.

* Reprinted from the *Army and Navy Register*.

War with Tripoli, June 10, 1801, to June 4, 1805.

Burr Insurrection, 1805.

Sabine Expedition, Louisiana, 1806.

Naval affair in Chesapeake Bay, July 9 to August 5, 1807.

War with Northwest Indians, November, 1811, to October, 1813.

War with Great Britain, June 18, 1812, to February 17, 1815.

Florida or Seminole War, August 15 to October, 1812.

Peoria Indian War, Illinois, September 19 to October, 21, 1813.

Creek Indian War, Alabama, 1813-1814.

Seminole or Florida War, November 20, 1817, to October 31, 1818.

Campaign against Blackfeet and Arickeree Indians, Upper Missouri River, 1823.

Winnebago Expedition (no fighting), June to September, 1827, also called Le Fevre Indian War.

Sac and Fox Indian troubles in Illinois, 1831.

Black Hawk War, April 26 to September 21, 1832.

Pawnee Expedition, Indian Territory, June to September, 1834.

Toledo War, Ohio and Michigan boundary dispute, 1835-1836.

Seminole or Florida War, November 1, 1835, to August 14, 1842.

Creek disturbances in Alabama, May 5, 1836, to September 30, 1837.

Southwestern Frontier, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas (Sabine disturbances), no fighting, April, 1836, to June 30, 1837.

Cherokee disturbances and removal, 1836-1839.

Osage Indian troubles in Missouri, 1837.

Heatherly Indian disturbances on Missouri and Iowa line, 1838.

Mormon disturbances in Missouri, 1838.

New York, Aroostook and Canada (Patriot War) Frontier disturbances (no fighting), 1838-1839.

Mexican War, April 24, 1846, to May 30, 1848.

New Mexico Expedition, June 30, 1846, to February, 13, 1848.

Cayuse War, Oregon, Oregon Volunteers, 1848.

Navajo troubles, New Mexico, 1849-1861.

Continuous disturbances with Comanche, Cheyenne, Lipan and Kickapoo Indians in Texas, 1849-1861.

Pitt River Expedition, California, April 28 to September 13, 1850.

Yuma Expedition, California, December, 1851, to April, 1852.

Utah Indian disturbance, 1851-1853.

Rogue River, Yakima, Klikitat, Klamath and Salmon River Indian Wars in Oregon and Washington, 1851-1856.

Winnas Expedition against Snake Indians, Oregon, May 24 to September 8, 1855.

Sioux Expedition, Nebraska Territory, June to October, 1855.

Yakima Expedition, Washington Territory, October 11, to November 24, 1855.

Cheyenne and Arapahoe troubles, 1855-1856.

Seminole or Florida War, December 20, 1855, to May 8, 1858.

Gila Expedition, New Mexico, April 16 to September 16, 1857.

Sioux Indian troubles in Minnesota and Iowa, March and April, 1857.

Utah Expedition, 1857-1858.

Kansas Border troubles, 1857-1858.

Expedition against Northern Indians, Washington Territory, July 17 to October 17, 1858.

Puget Sound Expedition, Washington Territory, August 10 to September 23, 1858.

Spokane, Cœur d'Alene and Paloos Indian troubles in Washington Territory, 1858.

Navajo Expedition, New Mexico, September 9 to December 25, 1858.

Wichita Expedition, Indian Territory, September 11, 1858, to December, 1859.

Colorado River Expedition, California, February 11, to April 28, 1859.

Pecos Expedition, Texas, April 16 to August 17, 1859.

Antelope Hills Expedition, Texas, June 10 to September 23, 1859.

Bear River Expedition, Utah, June 12 to October 18, 1859.

John Brown Raid, Virginia, November and December, 1859.

Cortina troubles on Texas and Mexican border, 1859-1860.

Kiowa and Comanche Expedition, Indian Territory, May 8 to October 11, 1860.

Carson Valley Expedition, Utah, May 14 to July 15, 1860.

Navajo Expedition, New Mexico, September 12, 1860, to February 24, 1861.

Apache Indian War and troubles in Arizona and New Mexico, 1861-1890.

War of the Rebellion, April 19, 1861, to August 20, 1866. Actual hostilities, however, commenced upon the firing on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, and ceased by the surrender of the Confederate forces under General Kirby Smith, May 26, 1865.

Sioux Indian War in Minnesota and Dakota, 1862-1867.

War against the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa and Comanche Indians in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Indian Territory, 1863-1869.

Indian War in Southern Oregon and Idaho, and Northern California and Nevada, 1865-1868.

Fenian raid, New York and Canada Border disturbances, 1865-1866.

Campaign against Lipan, Kiowa, Kickapoo and Comanche Indians and Mexican Border disturbances, 1867-1881.

Canadian River Expedition, New Mexico, November 5, 1868, to February 13, 1869.

Yellowstone Expedition, August 28 to October 25, 1871.

Fenian troubles, Dakota and Manitoba Frontier, September and October, 1871.

Modoc Campaign, November 28, 1872, to June 1, 1873.

Yellowstone Expedition, Dakota, June 4 to October 4, 1873.

Campaign against Kiowa, Cheyenne and Comanche Indians in Indian Territory. August 1, 1874, to February 16, 1875.

Sioux Expedition, Wyoming and Nebraska, February 13, to August 19, 1874.

Black Hills Expedition, Dakota, June 20 to August 30, 1874.

Big Horn Expedition, Wyoming, August 13 to October, 10, 1874

Expedition against Indians in Eastern Nevada, September 7 to 27, 1875.

Powder River Expedition, Wyoming, November 1 to December 31, 1876.

Big Horn and Yellowstone Expeditions, Wyoming and Montana, February 17, 1876, to June 13, 1877.

War with Northern Cheyenne and Sioux Indians in Indian Territory, Kansas, Wyoming, Dakota, Nebraska and Montana, 1876-1879.

Labor strikes in Pennsylvania and Maryland, July to October, 1877.

Nez Perce Campaign, June 14 to October 5, 1877.

Bannock Campaign, May 30 to September 4, 1878.

Piute Indian troubles, in Nevada and Idaho, 1878.

Ute Expedition, Colorado, April 3 to September 9, 1878.

Snake or Sheepeater Indian troubles, Oregon and Washington, 1879.

Disturbances of settlers in Indian and Oklahoma Territories, "Oklahoma Boomers," and the Cherokee Strip disturbances, 1879-1894.

Ute Indian Campaign in Colorado and Utah, September 21, 1879, to November 8, 1880.

Chinese Miner and Labor troubles in Wyoming, September and October, 1885.

Sioux Indian disturbances in South Dakota, November, 1890, to January, 1891.

Garza troubles, Texas and Mexican Border disturbances, 1891-1893.

Miner disturbances in Idaho, July to November, 1892.

"Industrial Army," "Commonwealers," "Coxeyites" and Labor disturbances, 1894.

Railroad, Pullman and Labor strikes extending from Illinois to Pacific Coast, June to August, 1894.

Bannock Indian troubles, July and August, 1895.

STATE BOUNDARY DISPUTES.

THE recent settlement of the Missouri-Iowa boundary by a commission under appointment of the United States Supreme Court calls attention to similar events in the history of our country.

One of these events is worthy of more than passing notice because of its prominence for more than two and a half centuries.

In 1630 a colony of Hollanders made a settlement upon the Delaware near the present site of Lewes, Delaware. The settlement was destroyed by Indians three years later. In 1637 the Swedish West India Company purchased the lands from Cape Henlopen as far north as Trenton, New Jersey. The Dutch disputed the settlement and built a fort at New Castle, Delaware, which the Swedes captured in 1654, but were dispossessed the following year. In 1664 as a result of the possession of New Netherlands by the English, the Duke of York became proprietor of the territory held by the Dutch. In 1682 William Penn, who had obtained the grant of Pennsylvania, purchased from the Duke of York his claim to New Castle and to a piece of land extending twelve miles from New Castle in all directions and upon the south to the sea. Penn then attached this newly acquired territory, divided into three counties, now known as Delaware, to Pennsylvania.

But he found a rival claimant in the family of Lord Baltimore, who rested his claim upon a charter given Lord Balti-

more about the year 1628, and renewed to his son in 1632. This charter covered the entire States of Maryland and Delaware. The charter named the lands granted as those "hitherto uncultivated." Penn claimed that the lands he had purchased of the Duke of York had been cultivated before the charter was given Lord Baltimore, since in 1630, a colony of Dutch had settled upon Delaware soil. The Calverts and the descendants of Penn were thus involved in a long continued legal contest before the English courts. It was at last determined that the lands in dispute should be equally divided. A very peculiar method of division was determined upon. 1. A circle of twelve miles radius was to be drawn around New Castle (Old Fort Casimir), as per agreement of Penn with the Duke of York. 2. A base line to be run due east and west was to be established across the peninsula between the Cheaspeake and the Delaware bays, what is now the southern line of Delaware. 3. From the center of this base line, the southwest corner of Delaware, a line was to be run as tangent to the circle about New Castle. 4. From the point of tangency a line was to be run due north to the parallel fifteen miles south of Philadelphia. 5. From this point of intersection westward a line was to be drawn as far as the boundaries of Maryland and Pennsylvania extended. Delaware thus became Penn's, and Maryland Calvert's property.

After some delay in settling details local surveyors began the work, but before its completion Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon came from England in 1767 to supervise the survey, and they ran the east and west line along the parallel of $39^{\circ} 43'$ to a point 244 miles west of the Delaware river where they were stopped by the Indians. This line is known as Mason and Dixon's line and so far as it extends marks the dividing line between Free Pennsylvania and Slave Maryland, though it was not designed as a dividing line between freedom and slavery as some people have been led to believe. A little later the arc was surveyed which marks the northern limit of Penn's three Delaware counties, but it so happened that a

triangular strip was left between Northeastern Maryland and Northern Delaware, which was of no consequence so long as Delaware remained as part of Pennsylvania. In 1776 the inhabitants proclaimed their independence and set themselves forth as a colony under a constitution of their adoption.

The triangle then became a source of contention, claimed by Delaware in spite of abundant evidence that it belonged to Pennsylvania. It was thus a sort of "No Man's Land," and for a century was a scene of duels and prize fights innumerable. Fifty years ago surveyors established the right of Pennsylvania and set stones upon the boundary, but this survey was not recognized by Delaware. At last, about three years ago, the dispute was referred to a commission headed by Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, and Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania.

In accordance with the decision of this commission, the Legislature of Pennsylvania ceded the triangle to Delaware, but made a new survey which placed part of the territory in Pennsylvania.

One good Quaker farmer whose property was thus transferred into Pennsylvania is making complaint over his expatriation, and declares that as he *cannot* vote in Delaware, the home of his ancestors, he *will not* vote in Pennsylvania. Born a Delawarean, he will never acknowledge himself a Pennsylvanian, but the collector of taxes will doubtless treat him as such.

J. L. PICKARD.

SAMUEL STORRS HOWE.

REPRINTED FROM THE ANNALS OF IOWA FOR APRIL, 1896.

BY FREDERICK LLOYD.

[The writer wishes to here acknowledge his obligation and extend his thanks to Mrs. Laura S. Huff (Mr. Howe's niece), of Washington, Iowa, for kind assistance rendered him in the preparation of this sketch by supplying

the notes relating to Mr. Howe's career before his coming to Iowa, and to his genealogy, all of which, as here recorded, was compiled by her, and much of it is given in her own phraseology]

THE first family of the name of Howe came from England, as we are informed by old manuscripts still in the possession of the Iowa family of this name. John Howe settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1640, and was the first-made "freeman" to vote. His father, another John Howe, was a direct descendant of the Howe family of Hadinghall, Warwickshire, England. This John Howe was connected with Lord Charles Howe, Earl of Lancaster, in the time of King Charles I.

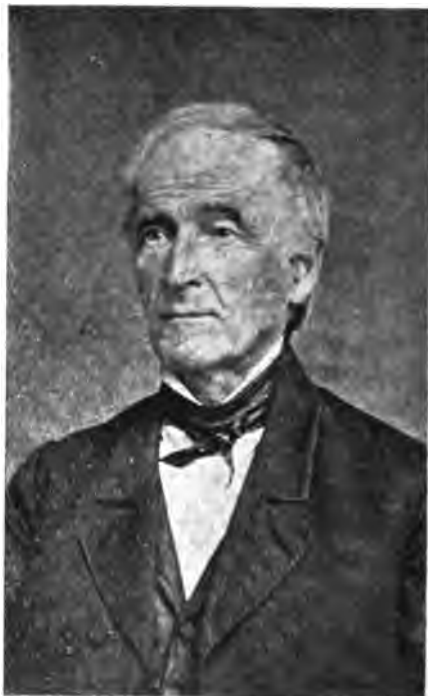
About thirty years after the formation of the Massachusetts Colony the Howe descendants emigrated to Marlborough and became "selectmen" to keep order in the church. In May, 1656, of thirteen persons signing a petition to the General Court to incorporate the town the second name is that of John Howe. The town was incorporated in 1660 by the records, and the Indian deed to the Howe family for lands bears date June 12, 1684. John Howe died in 1668, leaving a large family in Marlborough, there being twenty-eight voters alone of that name. In 1711 four of the twenty-six garrisons were commanded by Howes. David Howe built in 1776 at Sudbury the "Howe Inn," whose sign was the "Red Horse," immortalized by the poet Longfellow in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The coat-of-arms, a copy of which was presented to the Worcester Society, bore on its scroll the words, "By ye name of Howe." We quote from the verse of Longfellow a description of the landlord and his coat-of-arms.

"But first the landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'The Squire.'
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed

Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
A wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."

Of such ancestry sprang Samuel Storrs Howe, who was born in Shoreham, Vermont, June 20, 1808. His father was a son of Captain John Howe of the Revolutionary army. His uncle, Abner Howe, died in the same service, and the Worcester Society has erected a monument to his memory. The father of our subject was Job Lane Howe, born in the town of Brookfield, Massachusetts, who married Deborah Barrows, of Mansfield, Connecticut, and removed to Vermont in 1796, when it was quite a wilderness. He bought a farm at Shoreham, about three miles from Lake Champlain, and helped to build roads, leaving fine shade trees, some of which still remain on the "Cream Hill" road. He was an architect, a builder, a wheelright, a millright and a ship-builder, and had a contract to build the first "meeting house." Rev. Daniel O. Morton, whose son, Ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton, was born there, was one of the first pastors of this primitive Congregational Church. Under his preaching our Howe in 1821, when thirteen years old, was one of the many converts. The first American missionaries to foreign lands were sent out from this little inland town. Probably few of the newspaper critics who were wont to fling their poisoned political arrows at the former Vice-President of the United States for complicity in the *Shoreham* hotel management at Washington knew the derivation of the name.

Of this branch of the Howe family, which by the records was the sixth generation in America, there were four brothers



*Your brother,
Sam. Storrs Howe*

and one sister, of whom Samuel Storrs was the youngest. He and the oldest brother were thought too delicate for the farm or a trade and were sent to college. The eldest, after his graduation at Middlebury, Vermont, became Principal of Castleton Academy in Vermont, and in 1821-2 Samuel Storrs was fitted for college under this brother's instruction, and entered Middlebury College in 1825. His health was delicate, but he was graduated third in his class, August 19, 1829. In 1829-30 he pursued his studies at Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, and taught for a few months in the

Castleton Academy. His father had extended his business into Crown Point, and built the Church and some stores there which are still in good condition. So thoroughly was the work done and so durable was the material that it was not necessary to renew the shingles for fifty years. His parents are buried near the church. His brother, Professor Henry Howe, having accepted the position of Principal of the Canandaigua Academy, New York, Samuel Storrs acted as his assistant during the year 1831. It was then and still is one of the leading institutions of the State of New York. The distinguished mathematician Robinson was graduated under their instruction, and the still more famous statesman Stephen A. Douglas was also their pupil. The unfortunate young Philip Spencer, who, as a midshipman of the U. S. sloop-of-war "Somers," was sacrificed in the relentless cause of naval discipline and executed by Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie for mutiny, was also one of their students.* Indeed, students from all over the Union and even from Mexico, sought their tutorship.

*This event produced a great sensation, for Spencer's father, John C. Spencer, was Secretary of War at the time, and the vessel was only a few days' sail from a United States port. The commander's conduct was justified but not approved, and he was never given command of a ship again. Young Spencer was a mere lad, rash and adventurous but not malicious. When told of his fate he said, "This will kill my mother." A village society organized by him now counts many thousand members. Mackenzie was a brother of that Slidell, who with Ex-U. S. Senator Mason, was overhauled at sea by Capt. Wilkes of the U. S. Steamer San Jacinto, and taken prisoner from a British vessel, the Trent, while on their way to Europe in 1861 as envoys from the Confederate States. Mackenzie had taken this name which, as a *sine qua non*, went with a rich Scotch estate. One of his sons, General Ranald Slidell Mackenzie, was a brilliant young Union officer during the war, and when subsequently as Colonel of the fourth U. S. Cavalry he was seemingly on the point of promotion, his mind became deranged and his death soon ensued. It is thus that genius and insanity are so closely allied. The Spencer family is one hardly less brilliant than the Slidells or Mackenzies. They are scattered from one side of the continent to the other and even across the Pacific, and many of them have been distinguished. The third President of our State University was

Samuel Storrs, from the end of 1831 to August, 1834, was pursuing his theological studies, first at Andover, and finally at Princeton, latterly under the preceptorship of Professor Robert B. Patten, spending the vacation seasons teaching Greek and Sacred History, and to beginners Hebrew. August, 1834, he was licensed to preach on the recommendation of the Professors of Edgeville Seminary by the Middlesex Union Association, and was graduated September 10th of the same year. In 1835 he was appointed Tutor in Middlebury College, Vermont, but resigned the following year to take charge of the Classical Department of Cambridge Academy, New York, where he remained two years.

In 1838 he accepted a call to preach at West Dresden, Yates county, New York, and in 1840 settled at Painted Post, New York. It was soon after this that, contemplating entrance into foreign missionary work, he took a short course of practical medical instruction. In the summer of 1842-3 he preached in Ticonderoga,* New York, near Lake George, and from 1843 to 1846 he officiated in Brashear Falls, New York, very acceptably, having been installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church formed under his ministry, but resigned in 1846 to accept the Secretaryship of the "Western Educational Society" at Auburn, New York.

In June, 1849, he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church

Oliver M. Spencer who afterwards was U. S. Consul at Genoa, Italy, and later U. S. Consul General at Melbourne, Australia, where he died in August, 1895. George E. Spencer, of another family, was Secretary of the Iowa State Senate of 1858; during the war he was Colonel of a loyal Alabama regiment, and after the war was elected U. S. Senator from Alabama.

*Recently workmen while digging near a grave in Ticonderoga found an old decayed box and near by a grave stone roughly inscribed "T^e L' Howe." Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, the famous lecturer, who examined it with others, has expressed his conviction that it was the grave of Lord Howe, who was killed in that locality, although it was supposed he had been buried at Albany. Thus have two collateral descendants of the same ancestry been honorably associated at the same place in their antipodal capacities, one in war and one in peace.

of Iowa City, and was installed Pastor by the Presbytery of Des Moines.

Mr. Howe, in the course of his work in the ministry was tractable to the advice of his friends. On account of the delicacy of his health he at one time desired to enter the foreign missionary field. It was Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, who dissuaded him from this course.

On coming to Iowa City, he found what is now locally known as the "Old Stone Church," in a partially finished state, and set himself about collecting funds for its completion. His name is therefore doubly associated with this "venerable pile, so old it seemed only not to fall," for here the State Historical Society, (of which Samuel Storrs Howe was Corresponding Secretary and the first editor of its quarterly publication, *The Annals of Iowa*,) had its Cabinet and Library from 1868 to 1882. For more than fifty years its grey walls have turned the hurricane and blizzard, its vaulted dome trembled with pulpitish appeals and the resonance of prayer and anthem. But before being deserted by the Historical Society it had become the haunt of mice and rats which have left their impress on many a newspaper file and book-cover.

In 1862 Mr. Howe was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society. He saw the importance of the Society having a publication of its own as a medium of exchange with other similar societies, and the result was the issue of *The Annals of Iowa*, the first number bearing date January, 1863, a quarterly, at first of forty-eight pages, but later enlarged to eighty pages. Its forty-eighth number, dated October, 1874, was the last of this series published. (It may be here stated parenthetically that for the years 1868 and 1869 Dr. Sanford W. Huff, who in 1870 married the niece and protégé of Mr. Howe, Miss Laura S. Nickerson, was the Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society and the editor of the *Annals*.)

It was about this time that Mr. Howe was interested in the collection of Indian relics for the Smithsonian Institution, and

it was in this way that the thought which he cherished of preserving the early pioneer and Indian history of Iowa had form and effect, until now it has become a subject sufficiently important in the minds of our people to secure the approval of the Legislature for the establishment of a second organization for its promotion.

His work was rather desultory and perhaps lacking in method, for he was a scholar and student and was unversed in business formulas, and for this reason the good that he effected being scattered over a large field is hard to aggregate and present in its totality. He was still more careless of his own personal interests. With considerable opportunity to acquire wealth he died destitute. No suggestion of misappropriation could ever apply to him. He was a mathematician, a classical scholar, a student whose field of research was not bounded by a curriculum.

He was a bachelor. A cross in love in early life cast a shadow over his path, but it was not one which the sun of Christian hope could not dispel when it shone upon it. The vows he took on entering the ministry were faithfully kept. No scandal ever soiled his gown. He was chaste as one feeding on the vitex berry. Though standing for Presbyterianism he was no bigot. He said the most comfortable sacrament he had ever taken was administered by a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church whilst he kneeled between two lady parishioners. Orator, teacher, author, antiquary—"all things by turns," although capable if not eminent in all, he has left little distinctively impressive of his personality except in the memory of his friends.

One of the last rôles in which Mr. Howe appeared was as editor of "Howe's Annals," a faint revival of the old periodical, the first number of which appeared in 1883, and was continued at irregular intervals for three years, when failing health compelled its abandonment.

Mr. Howe was a kindly, genial man with his friends, and he had that faculty of adapting himself and his discourse to fit

his company which is not given to every one. Like the toad, locked in the rock of ignorant companionship he seemed dull and shriveled, but when liberated into the enlightened sphere of educated society he expanded into the dimensions of a genius.

In the autumn of 1887 Mr. Howe was invited to Castleton, Vermont, as the last living member of the Academy of his class, it being the centennial celebration of the institution, at which he was able to deliver an address.

Mr. Howe's health continued gradually to fail till October 26, 1888, when he died at his home in Iowa City, in his eighty-first year.

Iowa City, October 10, 1895.

"ANNA C. INGHAM."

BY MRS. ISADORE BAKER, OF IOWA CITY.



O nature will I take this weariness
That steals upon me with its mystic chill,
Till I am borne by its depression vast
Beyond the fortitude of human will.

Within the lake's blue heart there lies repose,
It's silvery murmurs shall my secret keep,
I long to pass from life as falls the rose
Into a gentle mystery of sleep.

My soul eclipsed by life's sad wonderment,
Sees but the star of faith's enduring gleam;
From out this shadow of environment
I follow, yes, I follow it in dream.

For love's sweet sake oh, dear ones—dearer now—
I fain would tarry; linger yet the while,
That I might clasp again your waiting hands
And warm my heart in sunshine of your smile.

A fate impels! I dare not disobey;
 It rules my spirit with untempered power,
 By its stern voice I know Gethsemane
 Is with me now and here—this very hour.

Farewell! The blessed Easter bells now fling
 Their rain of melody upon the air,
 I heed them not; my listening soul shall hear
 Their sweet triumphant music elsewhere.

Oh, bells of immortality, thy solace pour
 Into my troubled spirit, failing fast,
 I seek the Hand that leadeth evermore
 When hopes and joys of earth are overpast.

BUT the storm on the mountains gathers itself, every fold of it involved with thunder, doing its mighty work in its own dominion, nor snatching from you for an instant the abiding peace of the transcendent sky." Observe, in this description of Mr. Ruskin of a storm-cloud on the Alps, that it "*gathers itself*;" it is not acted upon but *acts*. In the tumultuous heart of it are the swift will and violence of passion; its anger, moreover, being emphasized by the "peace" of the infinite, "transcendent sky." In the literal truth of things, there can be in the cloud and in the sky neither rage nor rest; but into the unconscious agitation of the one and the unconscious calm of the other is breathed the poetic breath of life. Again, the aspiration of George Eliot to

"Join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world,"

is not only poetic but poetry. For, to the spiritual ear, the "gladness of the world" yields more heavenly strains than the anthems of cathedral choirs, and the thought is expressed in the melodious cadence of poetic form.

Mrs. Isadore Baker has written purely poetic lines. And if some benignly despotic, literary censorship should strangle at their birth the limping commonplace and modulated ravings of stupid and disordered brains, the excellence of her gift

would more signally appear. Many a true poetic note is lost in the din of unpoetic noise, and the noble name of poetry is persistently dishonored by imprinting its "broad arrow" on the meretricious verse that issues voluminously from the press. The space allotted to this article will not permit a review of Mrs. Baker's poetic work. But the readers of "Anna C. Ingham" cannot but feel its tender beauty, its entirely sympathetic touch with the heart whose unrest was forever stilled in the lake's calm depths, "whose secret is not joy but peace." The lines are pervaded with the "sad wonderment" of life; and mingled with it, like whisperings of spring in wistful autumn winds, are soft pulsings of the "bells of immortality."

J. P. SANXAY.

FREEMAN McCLELLAND.

FREEMAN McCLELLAND was born November 28, 1830, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. His parents were also natives of Pennsylvania, where his father was a miller.

When he was three years old his father died, and eleven years later his mother followed, leaving him in orphanage at fourteen years of age. Thrown upon the devices of his own resources he hired out on a farm, and later secured a clerkship in a store in the village of Madison, where he remained for two years. Then removing to Peru, Indiana, he entered a general mercantile store. While thus engaged he obtained his early self-education, by application to books in his spare hours. In 1849 he returned to Pennsylvania and became a pupil at Kittanning Academy for two sessions. In 1852 he began the study of medicine and in 1855 obtained the degree of M. D. from Jefferson Medical College.

After practicing a while in Pennsylvania he returned to Peru, where he had a good practice. But obeying the western impulse, in 1860, with two friends, a four-horse team and six months' provisions he started for the gold fields of Pike's



Peak, arriving in the locality of Denver July 4th, and remaining there till the following October, when he turned toward the east again, retracing his course as far as Cedar Rapids, destined henceforth to be his permanent residence.

In August, 1863, Dr. McClelland was commissioned by Governor Kirkwood Assistant Surgeon of the 16th Iowa, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr. C. D. McNeill. He found his regiment resting in the vicinity of Vicksburg, wearing well-earned laurels in the siege. To recount his military service onwards to the end of the war would be to tell of the Meridian Campaign in Mississippi, the Atlanta Campaign with its battles of a hundred days, the "March to the Sea" and the closing campaign of the war in the Carolinas.

After returning home at the close of the war, from arduous service his constitution was too much broken to justify him in entering upon a general practice in medicine, and he accepted an offer to edit the Cedar Valley Times, afterwards the Cedar Rapids Times, for a year. The year ended, he was fastened to it by natural affinity, and continued as its chief editor and finally its sole editor and manager to the day of his death.

During the administration of Governor Boies, Dr. McClelland was appointed, in the face of his newspaper republicanism,

visitor to the Insane Asylums and State Prisons, in recognition by the Governor of his own impartial independence and the Doctor's superior fitness.

In 1861 Dr. McClelland married Miss Josephine Stoddard, who became the mother of two children, one of whom only, Bertha, is living. The wife died in 1869.

In 1871 he married Miss Mary Gardner, who with two sons, Clyde and Ray, survives him.

At the election last November, Dr. McClelland was chosen with considerable unanimity a member of the House of Representatives in the State Legislature from Linn County. His health and strength, however, had been failing for a year, and when he was sworn into his seat the fangs of death were already fastened upon him, and after a short, fruitless effort to perform his duty as a legislator at Des Moines he was obliged to return home where he died February 13, 1896.

Dr. McClelland was popular as an army surgeon because skillful and attentive. He was respected and beloved as a citizen because he practiced industry and abstinence as he advocated them. He was influential as an editor because he was independent and fearless—not veering or flashy.

NOTES.

By the favor of Hon. Charles Aldrich, Editor of the Annals of Iowa, from the last April number of which we copy the sketch of Rev. S. S. Howe, we are enabled to present the portrait and autograph of this pioneer clergyman and antiquary as they appear in preceding pages of this number of *THE RECORD*.

WE welcome to the list of the able corps of contributors to the pages of *THE HISTORICAL RECORD*, Mr. J. P. Sanxay, whose terse and just estimate of the poetic genius of Mrs.

Isadore Baker enhances the interest of this, the July issue. The numbers of *THE RECORD* are illumined, quarter by quarter, by the light freely issuing from many pens without other reward for the writers than the enjoyment always derived from the consciousness of having accomplished a good work.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE, the Recording Secretary, has again placed us under obligations by sending us a copy of his "Report of the Proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-seventh meeting, held at Cincinnati, O., and Chattanooga, Tenn., September 16-21, 1895." This was repeating its war history as to localities for some of its regiments at least, as many of the troops of the Army of the Tennessee essayed their service from the "Queen City" and were partakers of the great battle on the river of their name under the frowning crags of Lookout Mountain. This "Report" is a book of 284 pages, as elegantly printed and bound as former editions, and is brimful of patriotic utterances by surviving veterans—Gen. G. M. Dodge, the President, Col. Fred D. Grant, the orator of the meeting, Gen. A. Hick-enlooper, Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan, Gen. O. O. Howard, Major S. H. M. Byers, and many others, both Federal and Confederate, reviving memories of bivouac and battle, camp and march, danger and privation, and all the concomitants of the bloody days of the civil war.

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WALTER TERRELL.

By G. R. IRISH, Iowa City.

THE subject of this sketch, Walter Terrell, the son of Samuel and Elizabeth Terrell, was born in Caroline County, Virginia, April 14th, 1805. His father was of English ancestry. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Harris; she was a descendant of the Huguenots. Mr. Terrell was placed with private instructors until 1822, when he entered the private academy conducted by John G. Nelson, in Richmond, Virginia. In that institution he devoted his time wholly to the study of mathematics and the classics. After leaving the academy he entered the high school of Wm. Nelson, in Louisa County, Virginia, where he perfected his knowledge of Latin, Greek, and the French language and higher mathematics.

In 1827 he became principal of Washington Henry Academy in Hanover County, Virginia, which position he occupied until 1829. In that year he left Virginia and made a complete tour through all the southern States, traveling upon horseback. From Louisiana he traveled up the valley of the Mississippi river and explored its principal tributaries, stopping at the Grand Rapids of the Wabash in Illinois. There he remained for some time, engaged in land surveying, civil

engineering, and teaching school, for the latter service his notes of the time show that he received corn in payment at ten cents per bushel, it being worth in that locality six cents in the field.

In 1836 Mr. Terrell received the appointment of Senior Assistant Engineer in the Southern Engineering District of Illinois, William Gooding being his chief. While in this service he was engaged upon the Illinois and Michigan Canal and other internal improvements centering at Alton, Mt. Carmel, and Shawneetown, Illinois. The money earned during several years was entrusted to a friend who became bankrupt by the crash of 1837, and closed his life and his accounts by suicide, leaving Mr. Terrell penniless. In 1838 he made a tour on foot through the Territories of Iowa and Wisconsin. His health much broken by close attention to his duties was improved by his extensive exploration of the western wilds, and for a short period he traveled in the South and formed the determination to make his home in Iowa.

Having fully regained his health, he resumed engineering work in Illinois and remained there until 1840, in which year he came to Iowa and procured a charter to erect a dam upon the Iowa river. This was probably the earliest charter of the kind granted in what is now the State of Iowa. In the following year he returned to Louisiana and having closed his business there he returned to Iowa City in 1843 and began the construction of a flouring mill which was soon completed. The use of wool having increased beyond the capacity of the old fashioned hand card he procured a carding machine and for many years its fleecy products could be found in almost every household in the State.

Mr. Terrell devoted himself to the operation of the mill until 1867, when he retired from active work. In October, 1850, Mr. Terrell married Margaret T. Crew, of an old Virginia family. She died in 1853 leaving an infant daughter, Mary; now the wife of Euclid Sanders, living at the old homestead. In 1854 Mr. Terrell married Jane T. Crew, (an elder

sister of his first wife) who survived him, dying August, 1888. The death of Mr. Terrell occurred January 30th, 1887.

Possessing a highly cultivated mind Mr. Terrell was the peer of Carleton, Folsom, Dodge, Mason, and other professional men whose names will adorn the pages of Iowa's early history. Always refusing public office he chose to take his place with Felkner, Cyrus Sanders, McCrory, Phil. Clark, Calkin, and other pioneers of this county, among the people laboring for the good of all mankind. Having acquired a thorough knowledge of the various interests of his county and State his advice and counsel were widely sought and invariably accepted as correct. Liberal in all his ideas his intelligence acknowledged by all, social, warm hearted and true he lived as became a fine old Virginia gentleman, and passing away has left as a heritage the record of a useful and spotless life.

JUDGE SPRINGER'S ADDRESS.

IN RESPONSE TO JUDGE WRIGHT'S WELCOME AT THE OPERA HOUSE,
DES MOINES, JANUARY 19TH, 1882.

LADIES and Gentlemen: When I look around upon the scenes before us—this elegant scenery, these badges, this orchestra of fine musicians, these charming songs, the address of our gifted friend, these dignitaries of state, this assemblage of 'fair women and brave men,'—I imagine and can almost realize that an order of the 'Legion of Honor' had been founded by this city, and that the performances here to-day are but the ceremonies practiced on the induction of new members into the order.

"But whether so or not, I beg to say for myself and my colleagues that we are deeply touched by the attentions and honors that are showered upon us by our friends of this noble

city—a city, as has been well said, which does nothing by halves. These honors and attentions are so far above and beyond what we had any reason to think of or expect that I find myself at a loss for words to fittingly express our appreciation of them. I will therefore only try to say in passing that our friends not only have our thanks, but we beg to assure them that we shall carry away with us to our respective homes an enduring sense of these poorly merited but nevertheless welcome expressions of their kindness and regard.”

This introductory paragraph was inadvertently omitted in publishing Judge Springer’s address. It should have appeared in the July number, page 487, of *THE RECORD*, just preceding the “Gentlemen of the Constitutional Convention, etc.,” as the audience was composed of *citizens* as well as “members.” We insert now.

STATE BOUNDARY DISPUTES. II.

By J. L. PICKARD.

THE “Toledo War,” 1835-6, was waged over the question of the boundary between Michigan and Ohio. It occurred while Michigan was seeking admission as a State.

A brief statement of facts precedent will furnish an explanation of the cause of the dispute.

Under the Ordinance of 1787 the territory west of Pennsylvania, north of the Ohio River, and east of the Mississippi River was known as the North West Territory. Not less than three nor more than five States were to be formed from the Territory.

Preparatory to the organization of the first State (Ohio) the Territory was divided into Ohio Territory and Indiana Territory. By Congressional act, approved May 7, 1800, it

was determined that "Territory North West of the Ohio River which lies to the westward of a line beginning at the Ohio opposite to the mouth of the Kentucky River, and running thence to Fort Recovery and thence north until it shall intersect the territorial line between the United States and Canada" shall be known as Indiana Territory. "Provided—all east of a line running due north from the mouth of the Great Miami River to the line between the United States and Canada belongs to Ohio."

This division of the territory gave to Ohio a small part of what is now included in southeast Indiana, and nearly half of the present State of Michigan.

When Congress passed an act providing for the admission of Ohio as a State, April 30, 1802, the boundaries of the State were designated—the western boundary starting from the mouth of the Great Miami River instead of from a point opposite the mouth of the Kentucky River, and running due north; the northern boundary "an east and west line drawn through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan, running east after intersecting the due north line aforesaid, from the mouth of the Great Miami until it shall intersect Lake Erie or the territorial line between the United States and Canada; * * * Provided, that Congress shall be at liberty at any time hereafter either to attach all the territory east of the line running due north from the mouth of the Miami aforesaid to the territorial line and north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan, running east as aforesaid to Lake Erie, to the aforesaid State or dispose of it otherwise."

The proviso related to the part of present Michigan which, by act of May 7, 1800, was made part of Ohio Territory. A subsequent section of the act above quoted (April 30, 1802) attached that part of the Ohio Territory not included in the State of Ohio, as provided in the said act, to the Indiana Territory.

By a Congressional Act of January 11, 1805, the Indiana

Territory was divided, and "all that part of the Indiana Territory, which lies north of a line drawn east from the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan until it shall intersect Lake Erie, and east of a line drawn from the said southerly bend through the middle of said lake to its northern extremity and thence due north to the northern boundary of the United States," was set off as Michigan Territory.

Thus the southern line of Michigan Territory was declared to be an east and west line extending from the southern extreme of Lake Michigan till it touched Lake Erie. Here let it be noted that this line touches Lake Erie at a point south of the mouth of the Maumee (Little Miami, or Miami of the Lake) River, and embraced in Michigan Territory the site of the present city of Toledo.

When Indiana was admitted as a state December 11, 1816, it was with a northern boundary fixed as an east and west line ten miles north of the southern extreme of Lake Michigan. This gave to Indiana a lake port at Michigan City, and reduced the territory of Michigan upon the south by a strip ten miles wide between Lake Michigan and a line drawn due north from the mouth of the Great Miami River, which line was the eastern boundary of the State of Indiana. There was still left to Michigan Territory its old southern boundary between itself and Ohio, jutting into Ohio, as it appears upon the map, by a ten mile strip. Over this strip the contest was waged. The first act of Congress looking toward the settlement of this dispute, was passed July 14, 1832, authorizing the President of the United States to "cause to be ascertained by accurate observation the latitude and longitude of the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan, and that he cause to be ascertained by like observation the point on the Miami of the Lake which is due east therefrom; and also the latitude and longitude of the most northerly cape of the Miami Bay; also that he cause to be ascertained, with all practicable accuracy, the latitude and longitude of the most southerly point in the northerly boundary line of the United States in Lake Erie; and

also the points at which a direct line drawn from the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan to the most southerly point in said northern boundary line of the United States, will intersect the Miami River and Bay." The due east and west line of previous acts seems to give place to a direct line from the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan to the most southerly point in the northern boundary of the United States in Lake Erie. The contest over territory centers in Maumee (Miami) Bay. Surveyors were required to report within the year, but were subsequently allowed till December 31, 1835. While the survey is pending Michigan desires admission as a State.

June 15, 1836. Congress determines that the northern boundary of Ohio shall be a direct line drawn from the point where an east and west line drawn from the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan intersects the north line drawn from the mouth of the Great Miami River, to the northern cape of Maumee Bay. The "Toledo War" cloud thickens.

June 23, 1836. "The northern boundary line of the State of Ohio shall be established at and shall be a direct line drawn from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the most northerly cape of the Maumee (Miami) Bay, after that line so drawn shall intersect the eastern boundary line of the State of Indiana, and from the said north cape of the said bay north-east to the boundary line between the United States and the province of Canada, thence with said line to the line of Pennsylvania." * * For Indiana: "This line shall be deemed and taken as the east and west line mentioned in the constitution of the State of Indiana, drawn through a point ten miles north of the southern extremity of Lake Michigan."

As compensation to Michigan for loss of territory claimed by her upon her southern border, her northern territory was extended westward as far as the mouth of the Montreal River, thence up said river to the middle of the Lake of the Desert, thence in direct line to the nearest head water of Menominee River, thence by said river to Green Bay, and thence to the original western line of Michigan.

Michigan accepts compensation, takes to herself "the Upper Peninsula," and is henceforth at peace with Ohio. The "Toledo War" is ended.

To the people of Iowa the "Toledo War" has special interest, since the Ohio troops mustered upon the border were commanded by Robert Lucas, the first Governor of the Territory of Iowa. They numbered six hundred men and were opposed (without bloodshed) by one thousand volunteers from Michigan.

EARLY DAYS IN CERRO GORDO COUNTY.

BY ENOCH WILTFONG, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

THE writer of this article was born in St. Joseph County, Indiana, near South Bend, February 25th, 1834. Some time afterwards he was taken by his father (Elijah Wiltfong) into Laporte County, Indiana, some nine or ten miles east of Laporte, which was then a small town, and there lived until the year 1853. Then with his father and family he moved to Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, driving an ox team, my father another, each of us having two yoke of oxen. My mother drove a pair of horses before a light spring wagon. Having arrived near our journey's end, as we approached the east bank of the Shell Rock River, which was very steep but short, just at the falls of the river, we locked three wheels of my wagon, I being in the lead and no road. All things being ready, I started down the bank and over went my wagon, nearly end wise, spilling my little brother George, who was then quite a little boy, into the water, giving him quite a wetting, as we had to get him out from under some bed clothing. Then we got the wagon on its wheels again. All hands then crossed over the river without any further trouble, and drove about fifty rods and pitched our tent for the night.

This was about the 3rd day of August, 1853. Our number in family then was seven. In a few days my brother Hiram, who was then about seventeen years old, joined us. Then we went to work cutting and hauling logs for a house, splitting shakes for roofing and hewing out puncheons for a floor. We built it on a nice little hill, from under the side of which flowed a beautiful spring of nice cold water. We rolled up a pile of logs, then covered it with lime stone rock, then set it on fire, burnt it up. There is where we got our lime for building a chimney and plastering the cracks between the logs so that our house might be warm, Then we put up about forty tons of wild grass hay as we thought, for we had fifteen or twenty animals to feed. Our nearest neighbor then was six or seven miles away, at what was called Rock Grove, down the river, and Lime Creek west of us.

Winter came on, then rail splitting was the order of the day, with now and then a day put in hunting for deer. We would some times get a nice fat one, too. My father killed a nice fat young black bear, and one big fat elk also. This happened after we had lived there a year or two. The first winter and spring we got rails enough to fence in forty acres of land with a seven rails high fence all around. We hired a Mr. Joseph Henry to do some rail splitting. We lived very well for a new country. We had to go some thirty miles for provisions and mail matter—Chickasaw, in Chickasaw County. Then Charles City later was located in Floyd County.

The first school house was built in Rock Grove some seven miles, where I went about two months to school to a lady teacher by the name of Sarah Griffith. A nice young lady she was, too. By the way, I boarded with a family by the name of Workman, where there were two more nice young ladies, so I became very much interested with the younger one. (But!) But what? Well she sacked me. Our school house was logs of wood rolled up in a square and calked with mud. Our nearest mill was in Chickasaw, Chickasaw County. Our school house was our place for preaching and Sunday

school. In 1854 the Indians gave the settlers quite a scare, but did no damage that I remember of worth mention.

In 1855, I think it was, that father laid out the town of Shell Rock Falls, just east of our house on the opposite side of the river. I carried the poll books to Mason City for the first election ever held in Cerro Gordo County. Mr. Robert Campbell, J. B. Long, and myself were the judges; Henry Van Patten and J. R. Byford clerks. Mason City had some half dozen or more log-cabins, if memory serves me right. There was one case of freezing to death that comes to my mind. That was an old man and his wife that lived in Worth County. They were brought to our house by my father and both buried in a big box together, as they were frozen in such a crooked way that we could not get them in the coffins, as Mr. Richard Morris had one made for each. We buried them in the timber south of our house. Perhaps some of the old settlers of Mason City will remember of Reuben and David Williams tending Mr. Green's cattle on the outlet of Clear Lake; how they got lost in a snow storm and had to stay out all night. Then early next morning they were found just west of Mason City, being so badly frozen that they were made cripples for life. The weather has been more severe in later years than it was during my stay, I think, as I have heard of more deaths by freezing than before.

I am not certain that there was any rail road west of the Mississippi River until near 1858 or 1859. In 1861 the cars ran to Cedar Falls, Black Hawk County. Our market was then Cedar Falls, some sixty miles distant, then the rail road terminus. I made one trip to McGregor's Landing with a load of wheat, and got sixty cents per bushel. That is about one hundred miles in an easterly direction from Shell Rock Falls. Charles City got to be something of a market in the fifties, as they got a good-flouring mill and stores, etc., there, Plymouth sprung into a little town some two miles in a north-westerly direction from Shell Rock Falls in the fifties. It was laid out by the Messrs. Tenneys, if my memory serves

me right, with a small store kept by a Mr. Shephard. Mr. A. J. Glover was the first man to have a store in Shell Rock Falls; that was in 1855. He also had a portable saw mill. Then afterwards he put up a little flour mill with one small run of burs. L. S. Eager bought Mr. A. J. Glover's store in '56, and afterwards built a nice frame building for his goods, and put in a nice little stock himself in later years. Mr. A. J. Glover sold his mill property to a Mr. Morley, who afterwards sold the mill property to my father, who enlarged the building. Then I learned a little about the milling business and ran the mill, one or the other, at different times, and finally I did a good deal of grinding; had customers come twenty miles or more for grinding, as our mill was the furthest west at that time in the country. The first bridge building that was done across the Shell Rock River was what was called an arch bridge; the Trevit Bros. were the builders I think. But it fell before being completed and broke the thigh of one of the workmen. The bridge was being built just below the mills at that time which was in the year of 1858 or '59. Thinking of cold winters in Iowa reminds me of a storm that J. M. Hunt and myself were caught in while on a trip from Shell Rock Falls, Cerro Gordo County, to Cedar Falls, Black Hawk County. As we were on our way home the storm was so severe that we drove our teams down a steep hill into a nice grove of timber well sheltered from the storm. There we remained for half the day or more, roasting and eating corn. Then in the evening we hitched up our teams and drove over the river and stopped for the night at Mrs. Gohene's and her son's, who was a young man. She had her right leg amputated between the ankle and knee. J. M. Hunt told them that one of his eyes froze shut—"so did one of the other mule's eyes freeze shut too." He made the remark, I suppose, in that way for a joke as he was driving a mule team.

In the year 1856, the neighbors of Shell Rock Falls built a small house and had about three months of school taught in

it. Then in 1860, I think it was, we built a pretty good school house just east of town on a nice little hill. There in the winter of 1860 and '61 the school was taught by Walter Harriman, a young man who had partly decided to emigrate with me to the Pacific coast, but afterwards declined. Then in the year 1862 I emigrated.

UNITED STATES COINAGE.

By J. L. PICKARD.

PREVIOUS to the Revolutionary War the Colonies used foreign coins chiefly, though some of the Colonies furnished themselves with silver and copper coins in small denominations. In 1652 Massachusetts commenced the coinage of shilling, six penny, and three penny pieces, and continued the same till 1686. These coins were irregular in shape and contained upon one side the Roman numerals XII, VI, III, according to value, and upon the other side the initials N. E. They were in circulation only in New England.*

At a little later date the above named shilling piece bore upon the obverse the figure of a pine tree encircled by the words IN MASSACHUSETTS, and upon the reverse $\frac{1652}{XII}$ encircled by the words NEW ENGLAND AN. DO. They were known as "Pine Tree Shillings."

John Hull was contractor for the Massachusetts mint, receiving for his services one coin out of twenty. It is said that upon the marriage of his daughter he gave her as dowry her

* For this and most of the following statements regarding Colonial coins see an illustrated article by W. C. Prime in *Harpers' Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XX, pp. 468-479.

weight in pine tree shillings, the weight being determined upon her wedding day. In 1662 a two penny piece was issued.

The Colony of Maryland issued a shilling coin containing upon the obverse a bust of Lord Baltimore encircled by the words, CÆCILIUS DNS TERRÆ MARIÆ & CT. Upon the reverse appeared in the center a shield surmounted by a crown and encircled by the words, CRESCITE ET MULTIPLICAMINI.*

The first copper coin struck in America was by one Higley, of Granby, Connecticut, in 1737. Upon the obverse were the words I AM GOOD COPPER, and upon the reverse VALUE ME AS YOU PLEASE, with three hammers in the center upon one side and a deer with III beneath upon the other. Upon another coin in place of the three hammers† is a broad axe encircled by I CUT MY WAY THROUGH.

In 1776 a pewter or lead coin made its appearance bearing upon one side a monogram U. S. A. and upon the other thirteen bars. The same year appeared the pewter cent having upon the obverse in center WE ARE ONE surmounted by the words AMERICAN CONGRESS, and upon an outer circle thirteen rings interlocked, each ring bearing the name of one Colony. Upon the reverse in center a dial having at one side the word FUGIO and beneath it MIND YOUR BUSINESS. This design was afterwards struck in copper and was called the Franklin cent or Fugio cent.‡

The mint established by Congress in 1786 was employed solely in the coinage of the Franklin cent. A few half dimes were struck but were never in circulation.

In 1788 a silver shilling piece was struck by J. Chalmers, of Annapolis, Maryland. On the obverse were clasped hands within a wreath encircled by J. CHALMERS, ANNAPOLIS, and upon the reverse two birds with four bars encircled by the words ONE SHILLING, 1788.§

* *Harper*, Vol. XX, Page 469.

† *Ibid* Page 470.

‡ *Harper*, Vol. XX, Page 476.

§ *Ibid* Page 471.

STATE COINAGE.

At the close of the Revolutionary War several States issued copper coinage. Georgia in 1783, a cent known as the "Tory Cent" because of its bad Latin inscription *GEORGIUS TRIUMPHO*.

Between 1783 and 1787 Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Kentucky issued copper coins of various devices, value one cent each.

NATIONAL COINAGE.

Although a mint had been established by the Continental Congress in 1786 no attempt had been made to coin either gold or silver.

The first coinage act under the Constitution was approved April 2nd, 1792,* after establishing the mint at Philadelphia. Section 9 of the act names the coins provided for: Of gold, *eagles*, ten dollars or units, $247\frac{1}{8}$ grains pure or 270 grains standard; *half eagles* and *quarter eagles* of relative weights.

Dollars are called units. The section defines dollars or units as follows: "Each to be of the value of a Spanish milled dollar as the same is now current, and to contain three hundred and seventy-one grains and four-sixteenths part of a grain of pure, or four hundred and sixteen grains of standard silver."

Half dollars, quarter dollars, dimes, and half dimes of one-half, one-quarter, one-tenth, and one-twentieth the weight of the dollar respectively.

Cents were provided for, "Each to be of the value of one-hundredth part of a dollar and to contain eleven penny-weights of copper." Half cents of corresponding weight.

All coins are thus referred to the silver dollar as the unit of coinage.

Section 11 provides, "That the proportional value of gold to silver in all coins which shall by law be current as money within the United States, shall be as fifteen to one, according to quantity in weight, of pure gold or pure silver; that is to say,

* Statutes of United States, 2nd Congress, 1st session.

every fifteen pounds weight of pure silver shall be of equal value in all payments, with one pound weight of pure gold."

As the pure metals would prove too soft for durability it was provided that an alloy of inferior metal should be used.

Section 12 provides alloy for gold should be of silver and copper not exceeding one-half silver, the entire alloy to constitute one-twelfth the weight of the coin. The gold eagle weight (standard) was 270 grains. Less $\frac{1}{12}$ or 22.5 grains of alloy, the pure gold in the eagle was $247\frac{1}{2}$ grains. Reduced to the dollar unit it is 24.75 grains of pure gold in each dollar.

Alloy for silver was pure copper and was $44\frac{3}{4}$ grains in the standard silver dollar of 416 grains, leaving $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of pure silver.

Section 14 provides for coinage of gold and silver "free of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought." If immediate exchange was demanded one-half of one per cent was charged for coinage.

Section 16 provides, "all gold and silver coins to be a lawful tender in all payments whatsoever."

Section 20 declares "that the money of account of the United States shall be expressed in dollars or units, dismes or tenths, cents or hundredths, and milles or thousandths."

FEDERAL MONEY.

The coinage act of 1792 provides for:

GOLD.	{	10 units value ten dollars standard weight,	270 gr.
		5 units value five dollars standard weight,	135 gr.
		$2\frac{1}{2}$ units value two and a half dollars standard weight,	$67\frac{1}{2}$ gr.
SILVER.	{	1 unit value one dollar standard weight,	416 gr.
		$\frac{1}{2}$ unit value one half dollar standard weight,	208 gr.
		$\frac{1}{4}$ unit value one quarter dollar standard weight,	104 gr.
		$\frac{1}{10}$ unit value one tenth dollar standard weight,	41.6 gr.
		$\frac{1}{20}$ unit value one twentieth dollar standard weight,	20.8 gr.
COPPER.	{	$\frac{1}{100}$ unit value one hundredth dollar weight,	11 dwts.
		$\frac{1}{200}$ unit value one two hundredths dollar weight,	$5\frac{1}{2}$ dwts.

Coinage to be free and unlimited to all who would allow time for coinage, and all coins to be of full legal tender value.

No coins were struck for the first year.

In 1793 several varieties of the cent were coined. The most prominent, because the first, has upon the reverse ^{One Cent} surrounded by a chain of sixteen links and encircled by ¹⁰⁰ the words United States of America, upon the obverse a representation of the head of Liberty of wild aspect, the word Liberty above it and the date 1793 below. The design met with bitter criticism because of the terrified appearance of Liberty and the inappropriate chain which it was thought might have alarmed the goddess.

Silver dollars were coined in 1794. Upon the reverse appears the eagle within a wreath surrounded by the words United States of America, and upon the obverse the head of Liberty with "Liberty" above and 1794 below, the encircling spaces filled with sixteen stars, representing the number of states in the Union.

There was no change in the coinage Law until 1834.

From 1792 to 1833 inclusive the mint at Philadelphia issued coins as follows:*

Gold,	\$11,825,890.00
Silver, Full Legal Tender,	36,275,077.90
Copper and Minor Coins,	658,591.08

The coinage varied in devices from year to year especially in silver.†

Silver Dollars were issued only during the years 1794 to 1805 inclusive, \$1,439,507.

Silver Half Dollars were issued every year except 1792, 1798, 1799, 1800 and 1815.

Silver quarters were issued only in 1796, 1804 to 1807 inclusive, 1815, 1818 to 1825 inclusive, 1827, 1828, 1831 to 1834 inclusive.

Silver Dimes were issued in 1796, 1797, 1798, 1800 to 1805 inclusive, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1814, 1820 to 1825 inclusive, 1827 to 1834 inclusive.

* Treasury Circular, No, 123.

† W. C. Prime, *Harpers' Magazine*, Vol. XX, p. 477. Coinage Table.

Silver Half Dimes were issued 1794 to 1797 inclusive, 1800 to 1803 inclusive, 1805, 1829 to 1834 inclusive.

Copper Cents were issued every year except 1815.

Copper Half Cents were issued 1793 to 1797 inclusive, 1800, 1802 to 1811 inclusive, 1825, 1826, 1828, 1829, 1831 to 1834 inclusive.

From the above statement it will appear that the greater part of the silver coinage was in fractional pieces. The bullion value of silver was above its mint value, hence the call for silver coins was small, except for the fractional pieces needed in trade. The coinage of silver dollars ceased in 1805. In 1806 President Jefferson directed his Secretary of State to request the Secretary of the Treasury to refrain from the further issue of silver dollars, as he had been informed that dollars were purchased for conversion into bullion. This suspension continued till 1840 except some pattern pieces struck in 1836 and 1838.

During this period the bullion value of both gold and silver was above their mint value, gold being a little higher than silver. Gold therefore gave place to silver as a circulating medium and our currency was mainly silver, and this in fractional coins.

ACT OF 1834.*

To prevent the hoarding of gold Congress changed the weight of gold in the eagle and other gold coins by an act approved June 28, 1834.

Section 1. "Each eagle shall contain two hundred and thirty-two grains of pure gold, and two hundred and fifty-eight grains of standard gold."

This change reduced the weight of the eagle by twelve grains, and of pure gold in the eagle by fifteen and a half grains. The alloy was by this act increased from one-twelfth the entire weight to a trifle more than than one-tenth.

Section 2 provides for a charge of one-half of one per cent

* United States Statutes, 23rd Congress, 1st session.

for all coins delivered in five days, and absolutely free if claim is not made until forty days after the bullion is brought to the mint.

The change in the weight of the gold coin brought its bullion value below the mint value, and gold at once appeared in circulation, while silver began to disappear, paper taking its place. Before 1837 state bank issues increased to an alarming extent. Still farther to change the relative bullion value of gold and silver, the production of gold had increased steadily, reaching in 1836 about thirty millions, while silver production was stable at about forty millions annually.

ACT OF 1837.*

Discrepancy in fineness of gold and silver coins was remedied by an act approved January 18, 1837.

Section 8 provides that, "the standard for both gold and silver coins of the United States shall hereafter be such, that of one thousand parts by weight, nine hundred shall be pure metal, and one hundred of alloy."

There was to be no change in the metals employed in alloy.

Section 9 changes the weight of the silver dollar and of its fractional parts from four hundred and sixteen grains standard to four hundred twelve and a half grains for the dollar and proportionally for fractional coins. The change in weight was in alloy and not in pure silver. It repeats in the matter of gold coins the provisions of section 1, act of 1834.

Section 11 continues the legal tender power of all coins of previous issue.

Section 18 continues the free coinage privilege but provides for a charge for coinage sufficient to meet the expense of the coinage.

1. "For refining when bullion is below standard."
2. "For toughening when it contains metal unfit for coinage."

* United States Statutes, 24th Congress, 2nd session.

3. "For copper used for alloy when bullion is above standard."

4. "For silver introduced into the alloy of gold."

5. "For separating gold and silver when these metals exist together in the bullion."

Standard bullion is determined by the assayer.

Section 25 provides for deviation from the weight required.

In gold coin one-quarter of a grain.

In silver dollars and half dollars one and a half grains.

In silver quarter dollars one grain.

In dimes and half dimes one-half grain.

By act of March 3, 1835,* mints were established at Charlotte, North Carolina, and Dahlonega, Georgia, for coinage of gold mined in their vicinity, and at New Orleans for coinage of Mexican silver.

By act of July 3, 1852,† a mint was established at San Francisco, California.

The coinage at all mints from 1834-1852 inclusive was:‡

Gold,	\$224,962,920.00
Silver	{	Dollars,	.		\$	1,066,373 00	
		Fractional,	.			41,900,403.60	42,966,776.60
Minor Coins,		787,875.81

The act of 1837 in changing the weight of the standard silver dollar also changed the alloy so that the amount of pure silver in the dollar was not changed.

The change of the weight of the gold coins effected a change in the ratio of gold to silver making it 15.988+ to 1 practically 16 to 1.

During this period, 1834 to 1853, silver at a stable rate of production continued more valuable as bullion than gold and so disappeared from circulation. To add to this discrepancy the production of gold had such a marvelous increase between 1849 and 1853, from \$30,000,000 annually from 1835 to 1849

* United States Statutes, 23d Congress, 2nd session.

† United States Statutes, 32nd Congress, 1st session.

‡ Treasury Circular No. 123.

up to \$190,000,000 in 1853, that the coinage of silver had well nigh ceased.

From 1840, when the coinage of silver dollars was resumed, till 1853, gold, silver, and copper coins were issued each year from the mints in such numbers, except the half cents, that collectors of coins find little difficulty in obtaining the issues of any one of these years.*

ACT OF 1853.†

The very rapid increase in production of gold after the discovery of gold in California was accompanied by a fall in its bullion value but by no means corresponding to the increased production. Silver fell also but not in proportion to gold, and it was still above gold as currency so that it largely disappeared from circulation. To prevent the conversion of coin into bullion and to keep in circulation needed fractional silver coins the act approved February 21st, 1853, was passed.

Section 1 declares that the "half dollar or fifty cent piece shall be one hundred and ninety-two grains,‡ and the quarter dollar, dime and half dime shall be respectively one-half, one-fifth and one-tenth of the weight of said half dollar."

Section 2 restricts its legal tender to sums of five dollars or less.

Section 3 provides for purchase of bullion for coinage of fractional silver, the excess being covered into the United States Treasury.

Section 5 stops free coinage of fractional silver.

Section 6 provides that depositors of gold or silver bullion may receive ingots or coin as preferred, except as to fractional silver from which the privilege of free coinage was removed by section 5.

Section 7 provides for a three dollar gold coin at standard of other gold coins.

* W. C. Prime, *Harpers' Magazine*, Vol. XX, p. 477

† United States Statutes, 32nd Congress, 2nd Session.

‡ A reduction in weight of fourteen and $\frac{1}{4}$ grains, or 7 per cent. nearly Change in weight required recoinage of former issues.

The coinage of a silver three cent piece began in 1850. In 1856 the coinage of the nickel cent began. The coinage of half cents was discontinued in 1857.

From 1853 to 1872 inclusive there were coined*

Gold,	\$558,302,880.00
Silver dollars, full legal tender,	5,227,748.00
Silver, limited legal tender,	58,995,548.20
Minor coins, copper and nickel,	10,264,511.06

During the Civil War metallic currency disappeared from circulation. Legal tender paper took its place and for fractional silver what was called Postal currency.

The discovery of gold in Colorado and Nevada led to the establishment of a mint at Denver, Colorado, in 1862, and another at Carson, Nevada, in 1863. The Denver mint was never used for National coinage, but in 1873 was with the Charlotte, North Carolina mint changed into an Assay Office.

Coinage at the New Orleans mint was suspended in 1861 and was not resumed till 1878.

ACT OF 1873.†

Change in standard, and suspension of silver coinage, notably in France and Germany, led the United States Congress to pass the act, which was approved February 12th, 1873.

Section 14 makes the gold dollar of 25.8 grains, 900 fine, the unit of value.

Section 13 changed the alloy of gold coins from copper and silver not more than half silver to copper alone or copper and silver not exceeding one-tenth silver.

Section 15 substitutes for the silver dollar of four hundred and twelve and one-fourth grains, a dollar of four hundred and twenty grains, 900 fine, to be known as the *Trade Dollar*, with a half dollar of twelve and one-half grams weight, or one hundred ninety-two and nine-tenths grains, a trifle

* Treasury Circular No. 123.

† United States Statutes, 42nd Congress, 2nd Session.

heavier than the coinage of 1853. The smaller coins to be legal tender for sums under five dollars, (raised to ten dollars by act of June 9, 1879.)

Section 16 provides for five cent and three cent pieces, $\frac{3}{4}$ copper and $\frac{1}{4}$ nickel, one cent pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ copper and $\frac{1}{2}$ tin and zinc.

Weight of 5 cent piece, 77.16 grains.

Weight of 3 cent piece, 30. grains.

Weight of 1 cent piece, 48. grains.

Legal tender quality limited to 25 cents.

Section 21 takes away the free coinage of silver from all except Trade Dollars.

Section 25 provides a charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% for coinage of gold, and also a cost charge for Trade Dollars.

Section 27 continues the purchase of bullion by the United States for fractional silver coinage.

Section 28 provides that fractional silver shall be paid out for gold at par.

As silver declined in value to such an extent as to make it profitable for owners of silver bullion to present it for coinage into Trade Dollars, congress by joint resolution July 22nd, 1876,* in Section 2 takes away legal tender right from Trade Dollars and limits their coinage to the necessities of foreign commerce. It also limits the coinage of fractional silver to \$50,000,000.

The coinage of Trade Dollars ceased in 1878 when the coinage of the old dollar of 412 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains, 900 fine, was resumed. The value of the coinage of Trade Dollars was \$35,959,960, about 75 per cent. of which was used in foreign trade (\$27,089,877), the remainder entered into home circulation.

The coinage for the period 1873-1877 inclusive, was:†

Gold, \$215,808,634.00

* United States Statutes, 44th Congress, 1st Session.

† Treasury Circular, No, 123.

Silver	{ Dollars, .	\$31,699,460.00	
	{ Fractional, .	47,421,310 30	79,120,770.30*
Minor Coins, .	.	.	1,188,225.00

The dollar of 412 ½ grains, a few of which were coined each year, retained its full legal tender power.

ACT OF 1878.†

The act of Congress approved February 28th, 1878, provided for the resumption of coinage of Silver Dollars of four hundred twelve and one-half grains, not restoring the Free Coinage privilege, but continuing the full legal tender quality.

Section 1 provides for the coinage of not less than \$2,000,000 a month nor more than \$4,000,000.

An act approved July 14th, 1890,‡ Section 1 provides for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month or such part thereof as may be offered.

Section 3 demands the coinage of not less than \$2,000,000 a month until July 1, 1891.

Seignorage to be covered into the United States Treasury.

ACT OF 1893.¶

After providing for the repeal of the purchase clause of the act of 1890—It proceeds to declare it “to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the parity in value of the coins of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts. And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the Govern-

* Deducting Trade Dollars the issue of silver of weight fixed by statute previous to and including 1873, was \$47,421,310 30.

† United States Statutes, 45th Congress, 1st Session.

‡ United States Statutes, 51st Congress, 1st Session.

¶ United States Statutes, 53rd Congress, 1st Session, called in advance of regular date.

ment should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bi-metallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts."

From the time of resumption of the coinage of silver in 1878 to the repeal of the purchasing act of 1890 in 1893—1878 to 1893 inclusive, there have been coined:*

Gold,	\$642,105,839.00
Silver	{	Dollars,	.	\$427,556,103.00†			
		Subsidiary, .	.	37,465,595.40		465,021,698.40	
Minor Coins,	13,164,140.32	

Eighteen ninety-four to June 30, 1896.‡

Gold,	\$161,686,090 00
Silver	{	Dollars,	.	\$11,457,264.00			
		Subsidiary, .	.	12,297,810.80		23,755,074.80	
Minor Coins,	1,766,705.40	

Total coinage to June 30, 1896:

Gold, (a)	\$1,814,692,253.00
Silver, (b)	696,464,344.10
Minor Coins, (c)	27,830.048.67

a. Eagles, Half Eagles and Quarter Eagles have been issued since gold coinage began in 1794.

Except of Eagles, 1805-1837.

Except of Half Eagles, 1817-1818.

Except of Quarter Eagles, 1794, 1795, 1800, 1801, 1809-1820, 1822, 1823, and 1828.

Double Eagles coined since 1850 under an act approved March 3, 1849.

Three Dollar pieces were issued from 1854 to 1890 under act approved February 21, 1853; repealed September 26, 1890.

One Dollar pieces were issued from 1849 to 1890 under act approved March 3, 1849; repealed September 26, 1890.

* Treasury Circular, No. 123.

† Including Trade Dollars, \$4,266,464.

‡ Treasury Circular, No. 123.

b. Silver three cent pieces were issued from 1851 to 1873 under act of March 3, 1851; repealed February 12, 1873.

Twenty cent pieces were issued 1875-1878 under act of March 3, 1875; repealed May 2, 1878.

Columbian Half Dollars and Quarter Dollars were issued 1892 and 1893 named Souvenir Coins of same value as regular coins, under act of August 5, 1892, and of March 3, 1893, respectively.

c. Copper cents were issued from 1792 to 1857.

Half Cents were issued from 1792 to 1857.

Bronze Two Cent pieces issued from 1864 to 1873.

Nickel Cents were issued from 1857 to 1864.

Bronze Cents are issued since 1864.

Nickel Five Cent pieces are issued since 1866.

Nickel Three Cent pieces were issued from 1865 to 1890.

SOME PIONEER PREACHERS OF IOWA.

BY C. W. IRISH, IOWA CITY.

IN the number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD for July, 1894, I began this notice of our pioneer preachers. My writing since has been interrupted by press of business until now. Mr. Brier, whom I was last writing about, was a man of great force of expression, and possessed a stentorian voice. When about to depart from this city with his train for California he preached a farewell sermon in which, with almost prophetic power, he outlined the dangers of the trip. How true his picture of the trials to be overcome on their way, was made manifest to his suffering and dying companions as they dropped exhausted upon the desert or the rocky slopes of the mountains, there to die unattended, and forever lost to relatives and friends.

Bishop Matthias Loras came among us ministering to a

small flock of Roman Catholics, faithful to their church, who had cast their lot among us.

He was a most remarkable man; born in France, his family aristocratic, he grew to manhood surrounded by an atmosphere highly refined by wealth, learning, and devotion to religious duties. From his home thus exalted he, in the year 1829, came to Mobile and there began his labors which soon led him to the frontiers of the Louisiana Purchase. Here he came into contact with the degraded white men associated with the lowly Indians, and at a time too when the spirit of evil was much more rife among these ignorant and vicious classes of humanity than has since been the case. He established himself in the town of Dubuque in 1839, he having been ordained Bishop of the see of Dubuque the year before. At this time began his great labors among the people of the frontier, establishing missions among the Sioux, Sauks, and Foxes, and the Winnebagoes. His missionaries traveled among the Indians in this early day from Green Bay to Ft. Pierre on the Missouri and from these northern outposts southward to Missouri, a great field of labor. He, by the means of these missionaries, discovered the great extent to which the whiskey traffic had grown among the Indians of this vast field and to his efforts in great degree was due the action of Congress in making the sale of whiskey to Indians a felony, which action soon checked the trade and has finally very nearly abolished it.

He early grasped the idea that the magnificent territory of his see was destined to invite and support a great and prosperous population, and early engaged in calling attention to the fertility of its soils, the healthfulness of its climates and the grand opportunities which it afforded for comfortable homes for all who would come, and in a spirit of industry take them. Thus he became the guide and counselor to the tide of immigration which flowed from Europe to our shores in the forties and early fifties, bringing to us many valuable citizens from the German States.

Bishop Loras frequently visited this city, at the time it was being staked out and immediately afterwards. He was in those times frequently my father's guest; their friendship was begun in New York City during the cholera epidemic of 1832-3. These visits of his gave me the opportunity to know him, and I well remember his kindly genteel manners and his often expressed zeal in plans for the development of the then Territory of Iowa. He purchased a tract of land adjoining the city plat at its northeast corner.

It was upon this tract that the first Catholic burial ground in Johnson County was laid out.

To Bishop Loras belongs the credit of the erection of the first church building in this city, the date of which is 1841, the corner stone being laid July 12th of that year.

There is scarce a city or settlement in the valley of the Mississippi above the State of Missouri having its beginning in the territorial times in Iowa, but that, in those times, felt the impulse of improvement coming from his effort and enjoyed the kindly impress of his presence.

While the writer was a school boy, enjoying the aid of Dr. Wm. Reynolds as his teacher, somewhere about 1844, the Doctor, who then officiated in the basement of the old blue church on the site of the present Christian Chapel, called attention of his scholars, and told us that on the coming Friday forenoon, an accomplished and highly educated gentleman direct from New England would appear before us and give us a talk upon good manners, the proper pronunciation of words and correct grammar talk. Well the day came and the Doctor ushered before us a rather tall, slim, gentleman with a most decided New England air about him, and introduced him to the school as the Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe, who had come to Iowa as a missionary, and brought with him unbounded learning from the schools of the east.

Mr. Howe at once took the platform and in the first sentences of his lecture told us that "in the east it was understood that the people of the west were ignorant and sinful, that he

had come among us as a missionary and had found these conditions much worse than he had expected."

"Why," he said, "since I have been in the Territory of Iowah, (putting the accent upon the vowel o) I have not heard a person pronounce the name of the Territory correctly." Said he, "in the east it is well known that the name is from the Indian language, and that its correct pronunciation is I-o'-wah." He dwelt upon this as a sign of the dense ignorance of our people and said much more, all of which aroused not only the scholars whom he was addressing, but also the Doctor, who as soon as Mr. Howe closed, gave us the lead by remarking that while the schools and learning of the west could not be compared with that of the east, yet he felt that a good beginning had been made and that as a very large bulk of the grown up people of the west had but lately come from the east he thought that they in learning, intelligence, and morals, would very favorably compare with later arrivals from that illuminated point. He then called upon us to reply, as we saw fit, to the remarks of Mr. Howe. The debate on our side was opened by Otis Gower who controverted the statements of the gentlemen from the east and wound up by pointing out several ungrammatical expressions used by him and called attention to his habitual mispronunciation of words, in particular pronouncing stairs as *stahs*, etc.

Other scholars took him up on his pronunciation of the word Iowa, as we all had more or less association with the young Indians, and had picked up much of their language and knew that their pronunciation of the word was Ioway' with a strong accent on the last syllable. The writer took up this part of the discussion and pointed out the error of the reverend gentleman in that regard. Knowing Parson Howe for many years after, the writer found him holding to the I-o'-wah pronunciation, and discovered that the old gentleman did not know of the great differences between the tribal languages of this country, but that he all his life believed that they were all of one stock, and that the languages spoken by

the tribes of King Philip in Massachusetts, or Powhatan in Virginia, and Blackhawk in the valley of the Mississippi were one and the same. Hence his continual misrepresentation as to the pronunciation and meaning of the name of this State.

He lived long among us, was quite a vigorous writer, but never a successful preacher, and to the day of his death believed that New England held the lead of the west in the matters of learning and morals.

Doctor W. W. Wood came early to Iowa, bringing his family to this city and making his home among us. By his efforts the "South Presbyterian Church" (the stone structure) was built in 1845. It was thus called to distinguish it from the brick structure built in the north part of the town by Mr. Hummer. I am not able to, at this time, give such sketch of Doctor Wood as I wish too, and must leave it to a future writing.

Other preachers came and went in the territorial days; among them was the man to first preach the doctrine of Universalism to us. His name was Westphall. He was a good scholar and a first class controversialist, which gave him great power when debating differences of doctrine with ministers of other denominations, which he was often called upon to do. His labors gave to his sect a rapid growth in the new west, and brought about the construction of our first Universalist Church in 1842.

I will not dwell upon the career of Hon. Jas. Harlan who, came among us a circuit rider of the Methodist Church, and became in succession a school teacher, Superintendent of Public Instruction, a cabinet officer, and United States Senator. Nor can I stop now to more than mention Rev. Dexter P. Smith, who labored many years among us as pastor of the Baptist Church in this city.

In the time from 1851 to 1858, the writer was engaged upon surveys for the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Our headquarters were at Iowa City and Lyons and our lines terminated on the Missouri at Council

Bluffs or near there. In the early portion of the period mentioned we passed beyond the substantial settlements after leaving the town of Marengo. The prairies were altogether in a state of nature from the mouth of Bear Creek just above that town onward to the "Big Muddy" as the Missouri was then generally called. Some cabins and small fields were to be met with on the outskirts of groves of timber, but in general the groves were wild and the ax had never yet been laid at the roots of the trees composing them. They were the abode of the wild beasts of the plain, and west of the river Des Moines herds of buffalo roamed at will over the green grassy slopes of Iowa accompanied by bands of Indians, their companions in traversing the great plains further west.

We soon became used to daily contact with the wild denizens of the prairies and found the best spots for our camps, and always repaired to them when upon our yearly journeys with rod, chain, and stakes.

Among these favorite spots was Sugar Grove on the line of Poweshiek and Jasper counties. This grove grew upon the heads of Sugar Creek and here we had the purest of spring water, plenty of grass for our beds and our horses and enjoyable shade from the trees.

The grove had its inhabitants, some of which were migratory like ourselves, these were deer and elk with now and then a few buffalo. Its permanent inhabitants consisted principally of a pack of the large, dark-grey, timber wolves, daring and ferocious—so much so, that on the occasion of our first camping at the Grove, they killed and partly ate a saddle horse belonging to one of our engineers. The horse was a small pony and the favorite of his master who greatly mourned his loss and we all did our best to avenge his taking off, from time to time succeeding in killing members of the tiger-like band, which killed him. We found that the carcasses of the wolves which we killed were invariably eaten by their companions. After the death of the pony our horses were kept under guard when grazing by day, and at night were brought

to the camp and there guarded until dawn. We procured some strychnine, then just coming into use among trappers and hunters for the wholesale killing of wolves, and with it soon reduced the ferocious pack to a few individuals.

In the early part of May, 1854, we reached our Sugar Grove camp on a Saturday night in a rain storm.

The following Sunday was bright and clear, and we saw by its early morning light that we had been preceded to the grove by men with wagons, and while we were at breakfast were surprised by a visit from a well dressed gentleman who after inquiring our business and destination, told us that he was a Congregational minister, that his name was Grinnell, that he had but a few days before landed upon the heads of Sugar Creek with a colony of people from New England and New York to found a settlement in Poweshiek County. He said that while he took the deepest interest in our work, and the great advancement of the country which was to certainly grow out of it, he would not stop then to discuss it with us out of deference to the day, but would invite us to come and hear him preach at two o'clock that afternoon. Calling us to the door of our dining room tent, he pointed out the top of a large oak tree and said that the services, to which he invited us, would be held under that tree.

We all repaired, at the proper time, to the place and there heard divine services, for the first time in our experience, resounding through the grove and awakening its echoes. What a contrast to the conditions which we had always before met with here, for aside from the lovely picture of its prairie surroundings in the midst of which it arose and stood out against the sky back ground a thing of beauty in shape and color, it otherwise had all the attributes of a savage wilderness; lonely and alone, it had stood from prehistoric times the habitation of savage brute and man until the advent of the blossoms of the year 1854, then to be awakened to a new order of things. For now as the swelling buds and blossoms of that year foreshadowed the coming of the fruits.

of its later seasons, so this gathering of courageous men and not less courageous women, listening to the words of the preacher under the widespread branches of that monarch of the grove, together with the accompaniment of sacred song swelling and resounding through the forest was the forerunner of the grand empire of improvement, of the learning, and accomplishments which have followed their coming among us in that eventful spring.

The next day we ventured out to get acquainted with the colonists. Mr. Grinnell showed us around and introduced us to many of them and we found them to be a people very much the superior in intelligence and refinement to the general run of the immigrants of that time to this State.

There were doubters among them, and also those who claimed that they had been deceived, many of them were already homesick, but in general they took with their pastor a rosy view of their surroundings and of the future in store for them.

I found them living in all sorts of shelters, some made houses of the covered wagons in which they had come to the grove, others had taken the wagon beds off of the running gears, and had placed them across logs to keep up from the damp ground; others had tents, while some had succeeded in building rude log cabins for temporary homes.

They had procured a portable circular saw mill and a power, such as was then used to impel threshing machines, and had, with eight horses begun to cut lumber from the trees of the grove.

As I wandered about the grove inspecting the camp I came upon a quaint looking log cabin nestled among the trees upon a little knoll overlooking a babbling spring branch which made its way among the grasses and flowers in front of it. The roof was of rough lumber; the door of the same material was standing partly open, smoke was curling upward from a stove pipe which came through the roof. Near by a young man was chopping upon a tree body which had been

uprooted by a tornado storm of the preceding year. As I stood looking at the scene a dog discovered a rabbit and gave chase, whereupon the young fellow caught up his gun with as much excitement in his manner as if he expected to see the rush of a band of deer from the cover of the nearby brushwood. These features of the scene made such an impression



upon me that I drew forth my sketch book and pencil, and as well as I could do so, transferred them to paper. I then inquired of the young man the name of the owner of the cabin. "Why," he said, "it is the home of our minister, Mr. J. B. Grinnell." I have now by aid of the photographic art transferred the drawing, made more than forty-two years ago, to these pages. The title being "A Pioneer Home Out West."

Mr. Grinnell's attempt to colonize the prairies of Iowa we all know was crowned with the greatest of success.

We now behold the fruits of his labor in the magnificent agriculture, the grand town bearing his name, with its renowned college, and public schools, the important system of railroads traversing its borders, and the riches and happiness of a highly educated, prosperous community which have taken the place of the wild scenes and savage wilderness, which I have above described, and all within less than half a century.

I will let himself relate his experiences during the early days of the Grinnell Colony.

I quote from "*The Silver Wedding of Hon. J. B. Grinnell and Wife*" a portion of his reply to the speech of Professor Parker on that occasion. He said:

"The eloquent historical allusions of my friend Prof. Parker, I may notice to say that he too was a pioneer; himself and lady our earliest instructors in the Grinnell University, and long esteemed teachers after the removal of Iowa College to Grinnell. As to 'cheap preaching,' I thought for years *that* was the fact most highly appreciated for I was expatriated from an eastern city by hoarseness, and my professional engagements were of a ludicrous nature—ready as a minute man to do the marrying in all the country round, *gratis*, with a remote prospect of return to a landowner trusting the maxim that 'population is wealth.' Then teasing a rattlesnake on Sunday morning in front of the rude meeting room, to learn more of the nature and power of the 'original serpent;' watching and spearing at Sunday noon, while the family were at dinner, a gopher that had sacrilegiously undermined my walk while away at service.

“Later being a contractor and builder of the first school and meeting house which was such ‘open work’—yet fashionable at that day, save for houses—that the falling rain would moisten the minister’s manuscript without the requisition of a parasol—Friends those deferred payments I am now ready to receipt for in full with compound interest, a church debt canceled with *silver* before resumption.

“You have hinted at my fanaticism and I gloried in the cognomen when of each of you I could say—‘you are another;’ giving me your united suffrage as legislator for free schools at Des Moines, and against slavery and for the Union at Washington; and I now frankly confess to be no more worthy of the designation, having been invited by both parties on the same day in the late canvass to take the stump on the battle field of Indiana. Besides I am a conspicuous failure as a dignitary, you all know, but I have the autographic letter and praise of old John Brown, who was my guest, and his best picture is in my parlor, and the bed is safe which has rested many a way-worn traveler of doubtful politics; and the Family will survive the odium incurred by their parents who were designated as ‘keepers of a negro boarding house,’ on account of the numerous arrivals by the subterranean railway.

“An abiding faith in our city, and loyalty to friends and home I have ever held, and am thankful for the humble part borne in our history, and grateful to the Almighty for successes. Iowa College, the oldest in the State, with halls tasteful in architecture, and richer in the endowments of a christian people, supplanting before our eyes the wolf and the reptile on the ornamented *campus* rising hundreds of feet above the Father of Waters—The town with three railroads and thousands of people, and never tolerating alcoholic beverages, and never publicly sold—makes an exceptional landmark in American progress; where ‘opportunities for education are abundant, and for intoxication none,’ a fact which may truthfully be emblazoned. Then numerous churches planted and prosperous without sectarian rivalries, and the earliest vexed with a

home moveable as the Tabernacle borne in the wilderness, now the largest of its class in the State, and near to the building of a new edifice so comely that 'heaven shall look down to see'—all give promise of a trinity of blessing in education, morality and religion, in which each have part and give brilliancy to the crown jewels of a State which it is our pleasant duty to burnish and defend."

Mr. Grinnell took a leading part all his busy life in the political and financial development of his section of the State and always with credit to himself.

He not only took his part in shaping the laws of the State, but also became a member of Congress, and it was largely due to his efforts that the railroad system now known as "The Central of Iowa" became a success.

Iowa City, Iowa, September, 1896.

INTERNATIONAL HYMN.

BY PROF. GEORGE HUNTINGTON, OF CARLTON COLLEGE,
NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

[At the beginning of the year when differences between our Government and that of Great Britain relating to a dispute between England and Venezuela threatened to eventuate in war, the following verses were published, which, on account of the sentiment they express as well as the excellence of the composition, we think worthy of preservation in THE RECORD.]

TWO empires by the sea,
Two nations, great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
 What battles we have fought,
 Let fame record.
 Now vengeful passion cease.
 Come victories of peace;
 Nor hate nor pride's caprice,
 Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide,
 'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
 Binds strand to strand.
 So be the gulf between
 Gray coasts and islands green,
 Great populace and Queen,
 By friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
 Guard the dear lands we love,
 Or East or West.
 Let love more fervent glow,
 As peaceful ages go,
 And strength yet stronger grow,
 Blessing and blest.

THE WIVES OF THE BRIGADE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE EIGHTH BIENNIAL REUNION OF
 CROCKER'S IOWA BRIGADE, AT MARSHALLTOWN,
 SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

BY MRS. MORTIMER A. HIGLEY, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

ONE day last month when the thermometer showed the mercury to be prancing about in the nineties, I received a hurriedly written letter from your worthy President Col. Rood, asking me to reply to the sentiment, "The Wives of the Brigade," on this occasion.

As a result of my affirmative reply, I find myself here to-night a victim of circumstances!

I'll take you all into confidence enough to assure you I am not in the least like one of our presidential nominees. I don't want to talk, whenever I see an audience, besides the audience might object. Especially, when the pressure of every day life has pushed one on, from duty to duty, with no time left for adequate preparation. Silence would much better befit me. But, after all, it doesn't make much difference, for if I were gifted with the tongue of an angel I could not do full justice to those assigned me to remember in words of tribute to-night.

We can well afford to recall the "Wives of the Brigade" with tenderest memories and crown them anew on every occasion, when we meet to do honor to the brave men who gave up life, and all that men hold near and dear to maintain the Nation's honor unsullied.

Gentlemen, I never meet a Union Soldier, I never have one clasp my hand without a peculiar feeling of thankfulness passing through my heart, the vicarious offering made for all loyal women living in our beloved land through the dark days of the early 60's and for those who have lived here since then, should make women in deed and in truth loyal friends of the "boys in blue."

The "boys in blue" are synonymous with our nation itself. They staid destroying hands and preserved to us a land worthy of the occupancy of the highest manhood and womanhood. The responsibility of guarding this high trust rests upon those who stand at the fore front to-day.

The trend of our civilization for several decades past has fostered intense individualism. Out of this prevailing thought has sprung a restlessness, an unreasonable discontent with existing conditions, that can only be likened to a smothered fire. It embraces within itself embers easily fanned into roaring flames, and the arch traitors to the *real* good of humanity to-day, and all that humanity holds highest and best, are those who stand ready (like the uncanny witches in "Macbeth") to stir the boiling cauldron and then turn, and misquote the utterances of great and good men to justify their diabolism.

God grant especial wisdom to every man who ever wore the "blue" to see the dangers lurking in the problems that vex us as a nation to-day. Do not thrust them from you my beloved brothers. Study them. Study them well. Not that I fear the wrong man will be called to the Presidential Chair, but there is a law of possibilities underlying things in this world we must take into consideration.

This reminds me of a story:—An Irishman had a goat of which he was very fond, he was also the possessor of a brilliant red flannel shirt, which needed washing. He washed it carefully, hung it on the line back of his little cabin, and sat down to enjoy his pipe while it dried. Hearing an unusual noise he looked up, found the goat had swallowed the shirt all except one sleeve. Pat in his wrath exclaimed, "You hathen baste you have despoiled me of my clothes, now ye shall die!" But Pat was a tender-hearted man and did not like to inflict suffering upon his beloved goat, so he began to think of the most humane way to dispose of him. At last he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I have it now, you hathen baste, I will tie ye down good and tight to the railroad track, the cars will run over ye and end yer good-for-nothing life." Pat tied his goat down and then retired to await the rumble of the approaching train. The goat in its frantic endeavors to escape threw up the shirt—flagged the train—and saved itself.

Your bullets will not decide the battles of '96. But your ballots can, so put them in the right place.

I fully understand the etiquette of this occasion, gentlemen, and would not overstep a courtesy by telling you *where* to put them.

I was a school-girl in Washington City through the years from '61 to '65. My home in a city pastor's family, thus the war and its incidents were daily object lessons with me. In those days I saw many of the wives of the brave men who were "down at the front." I can recall these women as they impressed me in those girlish days, with my own larger experience of to-day I can now only look back upon them in awe,

wondering how they ever lived at all through those days of heartache and anxiety. Only the comparatively few could come to Washington and be that near their hearts' idols. What of those who sat in the solitude of darkened homes, hoping bravely for the best? Can you not see them, going about their narrow round of household affairs, with smiling faces, but aching hearts; sitting down in the loneliness of the eventide, when the childish prattle was stilled, and the little curly heads were resting on their pillows to write words of love and tenderness to "Papa" who was perhaps at that moment on the bloody field of Shiloh, or fighting under the very shadow of the battlements of heaven above the clouds on Lookout.

With the magnetism that binds a true husband and wife the dear ones in camp and on the field felt the current that came to them on unseen wires, and could read the home heartaches? But these heartaches were instantly transmuted by some subtile agency, into a force that gave them courage, patience and patriotism.

The wives and babies were indeed the power behind the throne!

Imagine if you can, a regiment of bachelors, utterly devoid of all sentiment, are they not? The ideal soldier must be a Benedict. There must be a wife and bairns, or we cannot enthuse over him. However plaintively the bachelor soldier may whistle "The girl I left behind me," we only half believe in his grief. On the other hand I wouldn't have you suppose marriage was necessary to the highest development of a man's combative faculties. Such an admission would be most damaging to the "Wives of the Brigade."


We all, however, recognize the American home as one of our great national safeguards. Motives are mighty powers, it is of infinite importance to have them high and clear. The homes that dot our hillsides are silent sentinels guarding our country's ensign. It has been said that you can always trust a man to defend the flag if he has a wife, a baby, a little

cabin, a cow and a few chickens. In such a man's heart there is no place for the demagogue. No place for the serpentine traitors who would betray a nation's honor. When a man has the true American home instinct in his heart he will know no sectionalism, no north, no south, no east, no west, only one common country, thrice blessed because governed by nature's noblemen, the common people. We believe in the common people—we trust them for we are *all* of them. But we cannot, we dare not shut our eyes to the fact that there is a great deal of nature in human nature, and that human nature is full of freaks and foibles. We have seen it can be swept entirely out of plumb occasionally by a tornado of words, or wind! But the pendulum soon swings back to rhythmic measure. Storms may come, clouds may threaten, but "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." So let us go bravely on, keeping step in the march of civilization, always cheering the dear old "stars and stripes," and believing that we can soon attune our lives to the music of brighter, happier days!

" But if peace whose snow-white pinions
 Brood over our land to-day
Should ever again go from us,
 (God grant she never may)
Should our nation in her peril
 Call for six hundred thousand more,
The loyal women would hear her,
 And send you out as before.

" We would bring out the treasured knapsack,
 We would take the sword from the wall,
And hushing our own hearts' pleading,
 Hear only the country's call.
For next to our God is our nation,
 And we cherish the honored name,
Of the bravest of all brave armies,
 Who fought for the nations fame."
 'The Crocker Brigade! ' "

WAR MEMORIES.

N a former number I referred to Brigadier General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant General of the Army during the War.

He will not be confounded with the abler and more famous general officer of the same name, Major General George H. Thomas—"Old Pap Thomas," as the men were fond of calling him—"The Rock of Chickamauga," as he was styled for the immovable stand he took with the fourteenth corps which he commanded at that great drawn battle, and by which he won his promotion to the command of the Army of the Cumberland and held when in the spring of 1864 Sherman reorganized the Western Armies for the Atlanta Campaign.

It was my good fortune once to fall directly in contact with this Thomas, as I had with the other—that is to come close enough to him to be able to measure him from personal observation.

In April, 1864, I was on the staff of Brigadier General Absalom Baird who commanded the third division of the fourteenth corps. Our division was stationed at Ringgold, Georgia, occupying the most advanced position of the army, and on the road to Buzzard's Roost, eighteen miles away, in the western foothills of the Georgia Mountains, where the outposts of the Confederate Army were encamped.

This eighteen miles of rocky, devious road was a sort of neutral ground over which the late General Judson Kilpatrick and General Joseph Wheeler (now a member of the lower house of Congress from Alabama), the former on the Union and the latter on the Confederate side, rode at will with small reconnoitering bodies of cavalry to a midway point where on the side of the road stood the house of a publican, as neutral as the spot, or at least as unpronounced as circumstances would permit. Kilpatrick and Wheeler had been classmates at West Point, and the messages they would leave for each other at this house were more emphatic than elegant. On

Baird's staff at this time Major James A. Connolly, of the 123rd Illinois regiment, a very gallant officer, and now also a member of the lower house of Congress, representing the 17th Illinois district, was the Inspector General, and in his visits to the dead point mentioned, he would sometimes have opportunity to inspect these epistles.

While here it was, and at this time, that General Thomas came with his staff from his headquarters at or near Chattanooga to review Baird's division.

General Thomas, as I recollect him and as I gauged him, was a large muscular, slow-moving reticent man, about six feet tall, plain in his manner, reserved but not difficult of approach, thoroughly devoted to his military duty, but unambitious. I recollect afterwards seeing him, when an action was imminent, and when I was selecting ground for a field hospital. As he rode along the road he called to me asking if I was going to make a hospital there, and on my replying that I was, he bowed his head as if in approval. But it may have been in disgust, thinking it was too far in the rear.

Another time on that campaign during a cannonade, the weather being intensely hot, I remember seeing him with his coat off in shirt sleeves with field glass in hand, sitting on a log at the edge of some timber observing the enemy's movements in front.

He was evidently a temperate, if not an entirely abstemious man. I did not observe that he even smoked, and I believe he was a religious man, as I understood at the time that, like General Howard, when in camp on Sunday, it was his custom to have religious services at his headquarters—giving preference to the form of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, I believe.

He was a strict disciplinarian, and held every man under him of whatever rank, to that devotion to duty which he imposed upon himself. On the subject of leaves of absence or furloughs he was a stumbling block to the volunteer, who wanted to go home once in a while to see his folks or look after promotion with the Governor of his State.

I remember after the battle of Shiloh and the capture of Corinth, when military operations in the west seemed to have come to a lull, with many others I applied for a leave, which from the standpoint of my narrow vision and contracted horizon seemed as if it should be but a matter of course.

Immediately after the battle of Shiloh, which Grant had fought because of the disabling illness of General Charles F. Smith while under the displeasure of General Halleck, and practically in arrest, Thomas had been put in immediate command of the Army of the Tennessee, with Grant as nominal superior and Halleck commanding all the troops in the field in person till the capture of Corinth, when Halleck was ordered to Washington and Grant, only by the force of circumstances, again became Commander-in-Chief of the troops around Corinth.

I was then serving with the eleventh Iowa in Crocker's Iowa Brigade, and felt certain if I had a "character" from my immediate superiors and could see "Old Sam. Kirkwood," who was then the "War Governor" of Iowa, I could obtain promotion, as new Iowa regiments were being formed.

We then had in Crocker's Brigade an officer of extraordinary energy and force of character who had begun his military career as Adjutant of the thirteenth Iowa (Crocker's own regiment), and was destined to wield great influence in the Army of the Tennessee and to rise to the rank of Brigadier General. This was the late General William T. Clark, who, at the breaking out of the war, was a young attorney of Davenport, and at this time Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of our Division Commander, the late General A. J. McKean, of Marion, Iowa.

Clark, when he wanted anything particular done which needed the approval of superior authority, was in the habit of going directly to the headquarters of that superior authority, and breaking through the cordon of guardian staff officers who surrounded the superior general, slapping him on the shoulder, shaking hands, and declaring in a loud voice that

his people were the worst treated of any in the command, and demanding as an act of simple justice, that his applications should be approved. This nervy form of sardonic assurance would generally succeed, but never with Thomas.

In seeking the interposition of Clark in my application for leave, he said: "Well, if this application has to go through Thomas it will not be granted, but if it goes direct to Grant I can get it for you." Luckily for me before it got away from division headquarters, Thomas had been assigned to another command, and when the answer came back through the "regular channels," it was one of permission to go.

Returning to the Army of the Cumberland, I remember an anecdote which had currency on the characteristic of Thomas just referred to. The General and his wife, who were childless, if not estranged, at any rate lived apart in those days—she in the east and he in the field. One day a soldier who had applied to Thomas through the "regular channels" for a furlough and had been denied, visited the General in person at his headquarters to entreat him to grant his request. Thomas dwelt on the importance of the command not being weakened by frequent and numerous absences, to which the soldier replied that he had not seen his wife for a whole year. "Humph," said the General, "I have not seen mine for two years." Upon this rebuff the soldier retired from the place where the interview had taken place, but when he had gotten a little way off he turned about, facing the General again, and called out in rather a loud voice, "General, me and my wife aint that kind."

DEATHS.

JOHN BELL, a prominent pioneer, who had resided in Du-buque for fifty-nine years, died at his home there July 28th last, aged 78 years.

MRS. MARY HARLAN, the mother of Ex-Senator Harlan, died in Parke County, Indiana, last July, aged 100 years and 5 months. She was survived by two daughters and our distinguished citizen.

GEORGE W. JONES, one of the first National Senators from Iowa, died at his home in Dubuque, July 22nd last, in his 93rd year. He was born in Vincennes, Indiana, April 12, 1804. At the age of ten years he was a drummer boy during the war of 1812. He was a graduate of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, with the class of 1825, and was admitted to the bar. In 1827 he came to the district of country near where he died, then a part of Michigan Territory, which contained what is now the States of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, as well as Michigan. He was aide-de-camp to General Henry Dodge, in the Blackhawk War in 1832, Colonel, and afterwards Major General of Militia. He was later County Judge. He was elected to Congress in 1834 as a Delegate from Michigan Territory, his residence being then at Dubuque as it was from then till his death. He was twice reelected, and resigned in 1839, accepting the Surveyor Generalship of Iowa Territory, which at his instance while a Delegate in Congress had been separated from Michigan, as was Wisconsin, and erected into a separate Territory. When the Territory of Iowa became a State, Jones was elected United States Senator, his colleague being A. C. Dodge. He served two terms as United States Senator. During Buchanan's administration he was appointed minister to Bogota. When recalled in 1861, during Lincoln's administration, in consequence of a letter written by him to Jefferson Davis, with whom he had served in the Senate, he was thrown into prison at Fort Lafayette, for in those agitated days at the beginning of the rebellion to be suspected was to be condemned. Davis and Jones had been long personal and political friends in Congress, and Jones was not the man to desert a friend in trouble or in contumely, as was shown by his attending Davis' funeral. But though his personal friend-

ships were fast, his patriotism and loyalty to his Government and country were greater. His early political life occurred before the decadence of duelling in America, and he was principal in one duel and a second in five. In this latter capacity he acted in the fatal duel between two Congressmen, Cillely, of New England, and Graves, of Kentucky, in which the former fell, and with him the "Code," for the storm of disapproval was so great that stringent laws abolishing the practice were thereupon enacted. He was the last Delegate in Congress from Michigan Territory, the first from Wisconsin, and the first Senator from Iowa. In April, 1894, on the occasion of his 90th birthday, the Iowa Legislature gave him a reception in the Capitol in acknowledgement of his honorable public services, and Congress had a short time before by special act granted him a pension of twenty dollars a month with arrears for his military services. In the April number for 1887 of *THE HISTORICAL RECORD*, a biography of General Jones, written by the late Franc B. Wilkie, was published together with a portrait of this distinguished Iowa pioneer.

NOTES.

OF the twenty-three persons who have held the Presidency ten have had names ending in the fourteenth letter of the alphabet.

THE continuation of Mr. C. W. Irish's paper relating to "Pioneer Preachers" is even more entertaining than the former, and the engraving illustrating it is true to the days of log cabins in Iowa.

As the frontispiece of this number of *THE HISTORICAL RECORD* we present the portrait of the late Walter Terrell, contributed in filial reverence by his daughter, Mrs. Euclid

Sanders, accompanied by a biographical sketch written by Mr. G. R. Irish, who from intimate personal acquaintance, is well able to recount the works wrought by this worthy pioneer.

WE take pleasure in introducing and welcoming a new contributor to THE RECORD, Mr. Enoch Wiltfong, of Los Angeles, California, who in this number gives some interesting recollections of the "Early Days in Cerro Gordo County," of which he was one of the first pioneers. We hope to have other papers from him.

THE Military Association of Crocker's Iowa Brigade held its eighth reunion at Marshalltown the 23rd and 24th of last month, on which occasion Mrs. Higley, wife of Col. Higley, of the 15th Iowa Regiment, delivered a felicitous address that was warmly received by the audience of soldiers and citizens, ladies and gentlemen. It is with pleasure that we reproduce it in the pages of this number of THE RECORD.

Now, when the subject of money is uppermost in the minds of the people, seems an opportune time to present a condensed account of the mintage of the country from Washington to Cleveland, from Hamilton to Carlisle, which is given by Dr. J. L. Pickard in the article on the history of the "United States Coinage." Dr. Pickard had already contributed an article on "State Boundary Disputes," which was in type when we asked him to write one on coinage, which explains how he became his own "double" in this number.

THIS number, the forty-eighth, which is supplemented with a triennial title page and index for binding, completes the twelfth year of the publication of THE HISTORICAL RECORD. The *Annals of Iowa*, the Historical Society's former quarterly, was also published for twelve years—from 1863 to 1874, both inclusive—making twenty-four years that the Society has issued a regular quarterly publication, besides other pamphlets put forth by it from time to time, as means permitted or occasion required, relating to the early history of Iowa.

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